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THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO
THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

VOLUME VIII.

LANCASTER, PA.
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THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1857.

No. 1.

JANUARY.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

THIS is the name of the month that opens the year. We have received the name of this month from the heathen. The Romans, who worshipped many gods, had one among them whom they named JANUS. This god they believed ruled the year, presided over the fortunes of men, declared war and made peace. To him they devoted in great festivity the first day of each year, and the first hour of each day. This was a better service than many, who call themselves Christians, give to Jesus Christ, who is the True God and Eternal Life.

Janus was represented, in their painting and sculpture, as a man with two faces—one looking backward and the other forward—a very significant symbol of the New Year. It is a period of time when we ought to look back into the Past, and forth into the Future—back, in the spirit of humble penitence for our errors, and of lively gratitude for our mercies—forward, in faith on God's guidance, and in hope on His promises.

Janus held in his hands a key and a cane. Neither is this symbol without its solemn teachings. With the key would he forever close up what is past. Its treasures, whether of evil or of good, of weal or of woe, are now beyond reach. "Is not this laid up in store with me, and sealed among my treasures." In eternity alone will open the treasures of the Past. The cane is a confession, even of heathenism, that man needs a support as he travels into the Future.

The Guardian would begin the New Year thus. Looking back, it would say: O bless the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever. Looking forward, it would say: Uphold me in my goings, that my feet slide not, and lead me in the way everlasting. Whether the period of time on which we now enter shall bear us on to another New Year, or bear us on to eternity, a wiser and better Being than we are shall decide.

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

THE EDITOR'S NEW-YEAR WISH.

WE greet our readers with "A Happy New Year." True, this is a custom of heathen origin. On this day, in heathen Rome, the votaries of the double-faced Janus, after having brought to the god round cakes, incense, and wine, presented to one another the simplest articles—to remind each other of the earliest and simplest ages, and no doubt also thus to keep fresh in their memories the danger of falling into habits of luxury and extravagance—such as dates, dry figs, still to be gathered from the wintry trees, honey, and old coins. With these gifts they connected the wish for a happy New Year.

There is, however, after all, some good sense in this pagan custom. There is great propriety in reminding one another, at the opening of the year, that there is safety and peace in simplicity, and danger and misery in extravagance. If all, to whom we are in the habit of wishing a happy New Year, would seek to make it happy by a simple and temperate life the wish would be oftener fulfilled.

At the risk of being regarded behind the "glorious nineteenth century," we do not wish our readers French candies to rot their teeth and spoil their stomachs—no canvass-back ducks and all the rare birds on which epicureans glut—not oysters every night at ten o'clock to make them writhe with the night-mare—not the choicest liquors to eat their brains and bloat their bodies—no! no! These things and a happy New Year cannot go together. Hear! hear!—we wish them good bread from a German farm-house bake-oven; yellow butter from the farmer's cows, fowls from the barn-yard, sausages from the smoke-house, milk from the cellar, and water from the fountain. If they have this, and even much less than this, and use it with regularity and reason, it will not be necessary to wish them pure blood, red cheeks, and a fine flow of good spirits.

In dress we do not wish the ladies five hundred dollar shawls, two hundred dollar dress-patterns, one hundred dollar bonnets, or fifty dollar capes. Nor do we desire that the young men shall have twenty dollar beavers, and ten dollar cloths, hundred dollar watches, fifty dollar chains, and rings to suit. Something less will do for the outside. We are more concerned about the "hidden man;" for it is the old philosophy—and we adhere to it—that neither wisdom, nor purity, nor peace, dwells in hats, bonnets, boots or shawls, and not often under the most costly of these. We would rather include in our wish a full head, a good heart and a modest covering of moderate cost.

As to money matters, we are not anxious to wish that they may make great and sudden speculations, as these are very frequently upset, and thus upset those who are engaged in them. Trees of gradual, regular growth, are the most useful, the prettiest, and least likely to break in the storms. We wish our readers a regular business, a steady, honest advance in their worldly condition, the fruit of their own industry and sober habits. These things, with godliness, bring great gain, with peace, and a Happy New Year.

All such as we have designated, east and west, north and south, far

and near, The Guardian hails with a hearty shout: "A Happy New Year." To all others it preaches, in John the Baptist style, repentance from luxury, extravagance, and folly, on pain of ruined health, empty pockets, a guilty conscience, and final wo.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust return'st,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. PATRICK POWER.

THE *impious empire*, as the Jews called the Roman nation, had planted her eagles at the very extremities of the globe. The Romans had made themselves masters of the oriental world: Sarmatia to the very interior of her deserts trembled before them, and the peaceable Chinese, the most remote people of Asia, deputed an ambassador to Cæsar, to court his powerful friendship. Egypt and Syria were already subject to Roman sway; Judea even was become a tributary province, and its king, having purchased a capricious protection, was no more than a crowned slave. The time marked out was come; the oracles regarding the Messiah were about being accomplished; the power of Rome was at its apogee, as Balaam had foretold; and, according to the grand prophecy of Jacob, the scepter was departed from Judea, for the phantom of royalty which still hovered over the holy city, was not even a national phantom. Then it was that an edict of Augustus Cæsar was published in Judea, that a *census* should be taken of all the people subjected to his sceptre. This enrolling, much more complete than that which had taken place in the sixth consulship of the nephew of Julius Cæsar, comprised not only persons, but even properties, and the very nature and description of such properties; it was the ground-work on which the tribute of slavery was to be laid.

The Roman governors were charged, each in his own department, with the execution of the imperial edict. Sextius Saturninus, governor of Syria, first commenced through Phenicia and Syria, rich and populous cantons, and so requiring long and patient labor. That which was done a thousand years later in England, by order of William the Conqueror, in order to prepare the famous registry, known among the English as the Domesday-book, can alone give us an idea of the nature of that *census*.

After the execution of the orders of Cæsar, in the Roman province, as well as in the different kingdoms and tetrarchies tributaries to it, and about three years from the date of the decree, the census opened at Bethlehem, just at the memorable time of the birth of the Redeemer. Cæsar and his agents were, without knowing it, the docile and blind instruments of Providence; the pride and ambition of the Romans came in to aid the prophecies: *Man proposes, but God disposes*.

It appears that, in conformity with an old custom, the Jews were enrolled by families and tribes. David being born at Bethlehem, his descendants considered this little town as their native place, and the cradle of their family; here it was, then, that they assembled to give in, conformably to the edict of Cæsar, their names and the nature and the particulars of their possessions.

The autumn was just closing; the torrents were roaring along the valleys; the northern blast was whistling through the branches of the high firs, and the sky lowering with heavy grayish clouds, indicating the

approach of snow. On a heavy gloomy morning, in the year 748 of Rome, a Nazarene might be seen engaged in hasty preparations for setting out on a journey, which, it would appear from the unpromising aspect of the day selected, could not admit of delay. A young woman cautiously sitting on a quiet and gentle ass—a beast still highly valued by the women of the East—appeared to be his companion for the journey, though far advanced in her pregnancy. To the saddle of the beautiful animal, on which the young Galilean was sitting, a palm basket was tied, containing provisions for the journey: dates, figs, raisins and barley biscuits; in it was also an earthen vessel of Ramla, for the purpose of drawing up water from a cistern or well. A leather bottle of Egyptian workmanship, was suspended from the other side. The traveler throwing over his shoulder a bag in which some clothes were packed, girded up his loins, enveloped himself in his goat-hair cloak, and holding his crooked staff with one hand, seized with the other the bridle of the ass, on which the young woman was sitting. In this way they quitted their poor and now lonely home, and descended the narrow streets of Nazareth, accompanied by the blessings of their relatives and friends, wishing them a prosperous journey and a safe return, and crying out to them on all sides, *Peace be with you*. These travelers, setting out on their journey on a gloomy winter's morning, were no other than Joseph and Mary, the humble descendants of the princes of Judea, who were going, in obedience to a pagan and foreigner, to inscribe their obscure names alongside the most illustrious names in the kingdom.

Painful, indeed, must this journey be to the Virgin, taking into account both the peculiar circumstances of her condition at the time, and the rigorous season of the year, together with the nature of the country through which she had to pass. But yet she makes no complaint. Though young, with a tender and delicate frame, yet her mind was strong and resolute, and her lofty soul could neither be puffed up by prosperity, nor daunted by adversity. Noble Mary! Joseph walking pensively by her side, was revolving in his mind the ancient oracles which gave promise, after the lapse of a thousand years, of a Saviour to the world. On his way towards Bethlehem, he was pondering on those words of Micah: "But thou, BETHLEHEM Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judea, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel: whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting." Then casting a look on his poor, unpretending equipage, and fixing a glance on his unassuming companion, whose simple attire was just suited to her condition, he began to reflect on the grand oracle of Isaiah: "For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness: and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not." And the patriarch seemed to understand God's designs, regarding his Christ.

After a fatiguing journey of five days, the travelers distinguished in the distance Bethlehem, the city of kings, seated on high, amidst smiling vineyards, olive groves, and clusters of oaks. Camels bearing women enveloped in purple cloaks and wearing white veils; Arabian

nakas forced on a full speed by young and gorgeously dressed cavaliers; old men riding beautiful white asses, and conversing in solemn tones, like the ancient judges of Israel; all were ascending to the town of David, where had already arrived, during the preceding days, a great number of Hebrews. Without the precincts of the town a square built edifice arose, surrounded with a green paling of olive-trees; a Persian caravansary it might have been. Through the open gate a great number of servants and slaves were seen going from and coming into, a large court-yard; and here was the inn. Joseph, quickening the pace of the animal on which the Virgin was seated, hurried on with the expectation of obtaining one of those narrow cells which belonged, by right, to the first comer, and which of course could not be refused. But the caravansary was overcrowded with merchants and travelers, and not a vacant space remained; gold perhaps might have procured a place, for the porter was a Jew, and more, a Jew of Bethlehem, but no gold had Joseph to offer.

The patriarch, with a dejected mien, returns to Mary, who receives him with a smile of resignation, and then laying hold of the bridle of the poor animal which had almost fallen down through fatigue, he wanders up and down through the streets of the little town, hoping, but in vain, that some charitable Bethlehemite would offer him a night's lodging for the love of God. But no one there was to make such an offer. The night wind was blowing sharp and cold on the young Virgin. She made no complaint, but her countenance was becoming every moment more wan and pallid; she was scarcely able to support herself. Joseph in despair still persevered in his fruitless attempts; and more than once, alas! he saw the very door which had been rudely closed against him opened for a richer applicant.

Self-interest, the ruling passion of the Hebrews, must have indeed hardened every heart, when the position of Mary could not excite the slightest pity in the breasts of those of her own country. Joseph and Mary, seeing themselves rejected by the whole world, and abandoning every hope of being able to procure a place of refuge in the city of their forefathers, departed from Bethlehem without knowing whither to direct their steps. Accidentally they gained the open country, now glimmering with the fading twilight, and resounding with the cries of the jackals roaming about in search of their prey.

To the south of, and not far distant from the inhospitable town, the mouth of a gloomy cave cut out of the rock presented itself. This grotto, looking towards the North, and becoming narrower as you enter it, served as a common stable to the Bethlehemites, and sometimes as a place of refuge to the shepherds during stormy nights. Joseph and Mary returned thanks to heaven for having guided them even to this wild and savage place of shelter, and the wife, supported on the arm of the husband, took her seat at the end of the grotto, on a naked rock, a seat indeed narrow and inconvenient.

It was here, on that cold stone, at the very time when the stars were telling the midnight hour, that the innocent and immaculate Virgin, without assistance and without pain, brought forth a Being, tender, patient, compassionate like herself; wise, mighty, powerful, and eternal as God: the Shiloh of Jacob, the Messiah of the oracles, the Christ of

christians, he whom David called his Lord, and whom, veiling their faces with their wings, the angels adore in the highest heavens. The Redeemer of the human race, not provided even with a wicker cradle, as Moses had been, was lying in a manger, on a handful of damp straw, providentially forgotten by some camel driver of Egypt or Syria, setting off hurriedly before dawn. God had provided for the bed of his only Son in no other way than that by which he provides for the nests of the birds of the air.

"Ah! Mary," cries out St. Bernard, "cover over the splendor of this new sun, place him in a manger, envelope in mean swaddling clothes, this infant God; these swaddling clothes are our riches; the swaddling clothes of my Saviour are more precious than purple, and this manger is more glorious than the thrones of kings; the poverty of Jesus Christ is richer than all other treasures."

St. Basil, removing the veil thrown over the raptures of Mary, points her out to us as equally divided between the deep affectionate love of the mother, and the ecstatic adoration of the saint. "How can I call thee," cries out the daughter of the patriarchs, bending over her infant God, "a mortal? but can it be that I have conceived by the divine operation a God? but thou hast a human body! Shall I offer thee incense or present thee with my milk? Shall I tend thee as a mother or as a slave? Shall I wait on thee with my head bowed down to the earth?"

Thus it was that the predestined Virgin, verifying the prediction of Isaiah, brought forth her first begotten Son, and thus it was that the **WORD** was made flesh, to repair every thing, and to suffer every thing.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY THE EDITOR.

ALL the leaves of summer
Are lying dry and drear;
O'er the earth's cold surface
The wailing winds do veer:
Fare-thee-well for ever,
Sighs the passing year.

Look upon the dial,
See you not the sign:
How the gnomon's shadow
Falls upon the line—
Backward lies the darkness,
Forward gleams the shine.

Onward bravely travel,
Star of hope before:
Shadows fall behind you—

Gloom your path no more;
And the coming glory
Brightens evermore.

What the Old Year buried,
That the New will bring;
Through the misty winter
Peers the cheerful spring—
In the mourning woodlands
Joyous birds will sing.

Life moves bravely onward,
Death must drop away:
Where the wrecks lie scattered
Who would wish to stay?
Earth is night and shadow,
Heaven is joy and day.

THE VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS.

BY HOWARD.

'T WAS night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plumbs danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap ;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash—
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below—
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name :
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer ! now, Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Dunder and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away ! dash away ! dash away, all ! ”
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof ;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow ;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread,
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all his stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle ;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“ Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night ! ”

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

BY THE EDITOR.

[See Engraving.]

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES! What are they? Not gold and silver. Not full wardrobes, and well stored cellars and pantries. These are all of the earth, and earthly. The treasures of the household are the young immortals, that bear the image of their parents—the olive plants around the table.

Lo, children are our heritage. There is no possession equal to this—none so priceless. Parents have no earthly interest to be compared with those bound up in their little ones. This fact has received abundant practical illustration. Even the natural life of a child is above all price in the eyes of its parents. All that a parent hath, will be given for his child. Yea, a sense of the value of the natural life of an infant, is not even confined to the parental heart, but is general. Let a fire break out in a building worth fifty thousand dollars, and the crowd will look on with comparative composure, till some one exclaims: “There is a child in the building!” At these words the multitude will roll in commotion like a forest, when a mighty wind has suddenly come upon it. An almost superhuman strength will seize upon the nerves of the firemen, and hearts, in which nothing tender was supposed to slumber, will dare and do what in other circumstances, would have been thought impossible. Gold bags and silver bags and bundles of bank notes will be forgotten, all will cry out, “save the child!”

Reader, look again at the little Innocents in the picture. Would you not run through whipping flames, and rush in under a falling roof, to save them? Yes you would do all that; and the whole multitude of lookers-on—even the hardest specimens of seared humanity among them—would make the welkin ring with their shouts of, “Well and bravely done!” The morning papers would print your name with large letters, use mightiest words in your praise, and all the parents in the land would read with tears of joy, and echo, “Well and bravely done.” All this would be done and said for a little child.

Such is the value put upon these Household Treasures. But what is the natural life of a child compared with its immortal part. In this precious casket the spirit is the jewel. Look at the picture. What is it that shines out of the eyes, and plays like the smile of an angel upon the countenance. Look at those faces! Is there a light like that in sun or star?

What a value has christianity given to infant life. Look at the picture again. Are those heathen infants? Would you expect to find the same tender surroundings in a picture of a pagan family. No. Heathenism is dark, cruel. It first undervalues, and then neglects infant life. It even offers them a sacrifice to ferocious gods! Not knowing their immortal destiny, they cannot value their temporal life.

Judaism is in advance of paganism in its estimate of infant life. In-

deed it seems as if its system was constructed with a view to the elevation of the parental feeling and affection. The great Hope centres in an infant—the covenant includes them—the promise nurses them. Every Jewish mother sees in her infant, one which may be either the mother of Christ, or Christ himself. Oh, who can measure the influence which this fact exerted upon parental feeling, and thus upon the value of infant life, through all the ages of types and shadows. Thus, in fact, Christ was blessing little children before he was born.

Christianity, however, brings the value of infant life to light. The model mother and the model child have sanctified and elevated parental affection, as the world never did know, and never could have known it without this mystic influence. Those infants are most blessed which are imbedded in the holy bosom of a christian family. Jesus truly became an infant for infants. The “Infant God,” as Milton calls Him, in a thousand senses is the Saviour of infants. Let all parents sing with good Ottfried, in Coleridge’s beautiful translation of his Ode :

“Blessed, blessed was the mother,
Who wrapped His limbs in swaddling clothes,
Singing placed Him on her lap,
Hung o’er Him with her looks of love,
And soothed Him with a lulling motion.
Blessed! for she sheltered Him
From the damp and chilling air—
Blessed, blessed! for she lay
With such a babe in one blest bed,
Close as babes and mothers lie!”

Household treasures. Look again at the picture, or look around you in your own family, christian parent. Bless God for christianity. Above all, bless Him for a christian heart, and a christian home, if He has graciously given you these priceless blessings. Train your infant treasures for heaven, and rest assured they will look yet more beautiful in our father’s house above, with white robes and palms of everlasting victory, than they do in the picture.

Perhaps a god-less parent may see this picture, and read these reflections. Look again at the picture—look at the dear little immortals around you, whom you have brought into this sinful world, and who so fondly calls you father—mother! Are you worthy of that name? Go too, now, and show yourself worthy of such a trust of treasures. Angels would be proud of such a charge—and will you train them up, outside of the Church, to curse you in the presence of the Judge in the day of awful retribution, and to share your perdition forever!

LIFE IN DEATH.

THERE is hope for the blossom folded,
In the dark unsightly germ;
In his silken tomb enshrouded
Hope for the buried worm;
For to each shall come a summons,
And a Resurrection Morn
For the bursting of the blossom,
And the worm on swift wings borne!

There is hope for the seed we scatter,
In the furrow dark and cold;
Hope, in the harvest promise,
That quickens ’neath the mold;
For soon shall come a summons,
And a Resurrection Morn,
With the joyous shout of reapers,
And sheaves in triumph borne!

MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

VI.

BY NATHAN.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam
His first, best country, ever is at home,
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

ONE half the world don't know how the other half lives ; that both halves do live is pretty certain. But that man, with all his facilities for acquiring knowledge, should know so little of his brother, from whom he is only separated by the boundaries of a ten days' voyage, is a reflection upon his interest in the world abroad. Indeed, the great bulk of mortals never dream that there are souls living beyond their state, or country, or that the world is a large forum, all parts of which are thronged with a busy race, coming and going, never to return again. And that each of this vast throng is a little world in himself, whose heart has a history that could many a thrilling tale unfold, if we were allowed to read it. Ah, what precious food for the moralist or philosopher, as he elbows his consciously unimportant person through the millions of earth's children, and watches the diversity of motives and pursuits, the anxiety or indifference, the passion or apathy, which their visage and conduct unrolls like a heart's panorama, before his vision ; finding good where he least expected it, and discovering evil where he only had hoped for good. And then what a pure delight to get back into his cell, to redistil the honey he has extracted from sweet and noxious flowers, and see and feel how his treasures grows.

Hoard after hoard his rising rapture fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.

A few days ago, I visited a gentleman in a retired region, unfrequented by travelers, who expressed his surprise at the refined appearance of Americans. Why, said he, a few years ago I was visited by an American, the first I had ever seen, and I could scarcely persuade myself that he was actually such, because he was not black. Although we have a better opportunity to become acquainted with European society, through emigrants, such a large part of them are from the dregs sent off to purify the country, that they give us a very incorrect idea of the state of things at home. Though we may not be surprised to find that they are white, many would be surprised to find them generally so thoroughly educated and of such refined manners—I speak not of their religious habits.

Nearly 2000 years ago, while yet roving over the uncultivated plains of the North, in wild nomadic tribes, Tacitus praised the Germans for

their respect and kindness to woman. Though they still deserve praise concerning this virtue, for some reason or other they are not entirely guiltless, in permitting woman to be pressed out of her sphere among the laboring classes. Some ascribe it to poverty, others to the rigor of government or the rapacity of capitalists; I fear a vitiated public opinion has something to do with it. Let the fault be where it will, after seeing females mowing their swarths of grass with men, sawing wood on the streets, threshing grain with heavy flails, and wheeling long lines of heavy-laden barrows in the constructing of railroads, I could not resist the conclusion that there is a fault somewhere. I will not be so uncharitable as to charge them with selling their glorious birth-right, but ascribe it to the stubborn force of unpropitious circumstances. Though not a universal custom, it is prevalent enough to attract the attention of travelers and incurs severe reproach.

There is a certain intimacy and mutual tenderness in the family life of Germany, which seems to be a national characteristic. I have frequently seen and felt it, but know not how to define it. The family here, often becomes a kind of domestic retreat—*das stille hauslich leben*—in a very peculiar sense, a little circle of mutual enjoyments, entirely undisturbed by the cares and vexations of out-door life. And then the habit of addressing each other with the little pronoun *Du*, everywhere used here, between intimate friends, sounds so sweetly familiar, that the conversation between the different members of the family has a peculiar charm to the ears of a stranger.

German hospitality has become proverbial. "If a man be gracious to strangers, he shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is not an island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them." Their freedom from pomp and formality, and their unsuspecting, artless simplicity, enables them to exercise this agreeable virtue with great success. It is a hospitality that takes you by violence, dispels all timidity and reserve, and in a few moments kindles in you the sympathies and spirit of the whole circle. Perhaps you approach a man whose world reputation and long string of titles have taught you to look upon as a being to be dreaded, and you wonder what will become of you when you get into his awful presence. But a warm grasp of the hand, a short familiar conversation, and a place among the little circle gathered around a centre table, sipping a cup of coffee and asking a thousand questions about the new world, with child-like frankness, disarms you of every vestige of that embarrassment which a person naturally feels in a foreign country. You feel so agreeably at home, that it afterwards will almost seem like a dream. This is a delightful art, and happy the nation so proficient in its practice. The abundance of titles, and the punctilious manner in which they are used in some circles, are impediments to a person not thoroughly at home in the German language. Almost every professional man, even down to the architect, is a *Rath* of some kind. A lawyer, is a *Justizrath*; Physicians, *Medicinrath*; and so up to the top. In conversation it is customary to address persons by their titles instead of their proper names, and some of these are of such an unpronounceable length, that a novice in the language is in danger of breaking a cog out of the wheel by his clumsy speech, which would make some titles exceedingly ludicrous. Even the wife often takes the title of her

husband, with a feminine termination. Think what a task to our Republican tongues, unschooled in this art, titles like the following must be: Herr Friedensgericht-Schreiber, Herr Oberhoffprediger, Frau Oberconsistorialrathin. My landlord calls me, Euer Ehrwurde, (Your Reverence,) or Herr Prediger; and one of my correspondents addresses me with Hochwohlgeborener. I believe it is generally considered the safest to err in the upward direction, which perhaps accounts for the illustrious aim of the latter. In familiar circles they are often dispensed with, and when used, seldom interfere with the flow of social intercourse. Their only inconvenience is to persons whose tongues can not patter them off with sufficient accuracy.

We, benevolent republicans, who wish all might become as happy as we are, often squander a great deal of precious sympathy upon our suffering German brethren, the fancied slaves of oppression, which might be put to better use in some other direction. We should give even monarchies their due. To suppose that Germany is ruled by thirty-one tyrants, would be as unfair as for the Germans to regard the California Lynch law the efflorescence of Republican jurisprudence, and Congressional caning a legitimate function of a free Press and free Speech. That Russia has devoured the liberties of Poland, (which by the way are not German) or that Austria has oppressed Hungary, is no reason to suppose that Germany is pining away in chains. Austria and Hungary are not Germany. They are not so free as we are, they do not pretend to be, and we are very foolish to expect that they should be. The isolated wailings of unprincipled exiles and the vituperations of the lawless bands of German infidels, are a poor authority upon which to found our views of the political tyranny of Germany. They are the best proof of the prevalence of that lust for liberty which must be held in with bit and bridle. A liberty that aims at the subversion of the Christian religion, which tries to undermine the pillars of all sound morality, needs a king to rule over it.

“License, they mean, when they cry Liberty,
For who loves that must first be wise and good.”

Politically the surface of society looks so calm and harmless that one can scarcely conceive how the order-loving citizens of Berlin could have so far forgotten themselves eight years ago, as to have chased Prince William of Prussia, the King's brother, out of the city, and pelted him with stones like a Jewish malefactor. But the politics of the people has undergone no radical change since. Germany is as full of a latent French Democracy as the soil of Holland is full of water, brimfull, only not running over. To prevent an inundation, part of it is drained off to America, and artificial dykes are constructed by standing armies, to stem the rising tides. The abating of the Revolution of '48, was effected by opposing to it a powerful army. But this method does not purify the waters nor diminish their quantity. The opening of a few sluices will submerge the whole country with another flood. Rulers, Statesmen, and the Clergy, see very well that the only hope of safety for European society, and governments too, is the diffusion and cultivation of sound religious principles among the people, to work at the numberless little rivulets that fill up the stream.

The popular festivals of Germany, are quite an original social feature to a foreigner. Every village has its annual fair—*Kirmes*—which originally was the anniversary for the dedication of the village church. In modern times the most of them have been changed to the fall of the year, a season in which people have more time and money to spend. In most parishes, its religious design is lost in the convivial, where the neighboring villages flock together in whole families, to have a grand hey-dey of eating, drinking, and dancing. It forms a little era from which the curious and gossiping—and often the serious too—count loves and betrothals. Here, for once, they throw Kings and police to the winds, and give full reins to unrestrained merry-making. The toil-worn laborer and the thrifty peasant, the modest milk-maid and the *fleisige hausfrau*, look towards it with sunny anticipations. And when it comes, chests, drawers and jewelry-cases are ransacked, to aid in getting up an apparel worthy of the occasion. From early morning already the streets are alive with a gay, chattering throng. Oxen and cows plod heavily along with their noisy loads. As the village gradually fills up, small groups quaff their flagons over mirth-inspiring, half-forgotten tales and legends, while others press through the streets to amuse and be amused. Finally they crowd around the hotels, a few quick tuning-wraps of the violin thrill new life into the scene. Old men and matrons spring to their feet, the peasant throws aside his long-skirted, home-spun coat, and while every face beams with impatient joy, they pair off amid hurried confusion, to join in the merry whirl. The drudging dullness of labor is thrown aside and clumsy worn-out forms, trip over the floor as nimbly as in the days of yore. The old man and the companion of his long-life, again glide through the sports of their single days with laughing glee, in spite of the wrinkles which time and toil have written on their brow. Parents, children, and grand-children, seem to forget their difference of age and habits, and wind around the circle with vieing gracefulness. I have seen persons whose springless nerves were suddenly startled into buoyancy, by the sound of a familiar waltz, which would send them spinning over the floor, all radiant with joy.

And the gay grandsire skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burthen of three-score.

Germany owes much of its present interest to associations with historical events. And through its excellent system of schools, few can help but become acquainted with its history. The German possesses an intelligent attachment to his fatherland. Speak to an emigrant about the natural or historical interests of the Rhine, or those of his native province, and his face will at once kindle with patriotic enthusiasm. He will tell you of the heroes along the Rhine, of the battles around his home, how foraging parties had been a terror to the villages, and how rude soldiers were quartered upon unwilling hosts. Almost every town boasts of historical mementoes; a church in which a mediæval bishop preached, a gray ruin of what once sheltered a king, prince, or knight. Many towns were founded by the old Romans, whose annals are connected with some of the proudest names in their history. Poets, philosophers and artists, have intervoven their fame with certain localities. The hundreds of German celebrities who have associated their names with

the places where they have lived and died, and the mounds that cover their dust, become shrines to which literary pilgrims from the remotest countries continually resort. Their places of birth, where they have studied and taught, are sacred and shielded against the march of improvement. Genius and godliness can shed a halo of lustre around the humblest spot. Humble country villages seem more interesting because they gave a meal to Luther, or a reposing night's rest to Melancthon. "Sweet Auburn," or "Stratford-on-Avon," have greater attractions for many, than "busy London" with all its wealth and gorgeous modern finish. The gray old streets of Nuremberg,

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic—
Quaint old town of art and song."

have a more soothing charm to the lover of the pure and good, than the dazzling follies of Paris, or the thrifty comforts of Berlin. What our American bard has sung over Nuremberg, applies with equal force to many an humbler town:

Fairer seems the ancient city,
And the sunshine seems more fair
That they once have trod its pavements,
That they once have breathed its air.
Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers,
Win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter, Albrecht Durer,
And Hans Sachs, the cobbler bard.

Berlin is a remarkable city. I can scarcely conceive how it ever could grow to its present dimensions. It possesses no commercial advantages. It lies in a vast sandy plain, about as sterile by nature as could well be found. It is only with a great deal of labor and care, that the farmers extort a stunted crop. Where these 450,000 human beings get all their marketing from I have not yet been able to ascertain. On market days, the town swarms with vegetable hucksters; many seem to come from a great distance. It must have originated by some accident, for no sensible man, monarch or subject, would locate the future of such a great city in a region that has neither beauty of scenery, fertility, nor maritime advantage to commend it. Its first beginning consisted of two little fisher villages, whose inhabitants were attracted hither by the abundance of fish in the Spree. Little is known of it beyond the thirteenth century. Several Kings of Prussia have done much in its extension. The large number of the nobility which live in and around the city have greatly enhanced its attractions, and from its early history, it became the home of learning, the northern metropolis of German Science, which makes it one of the most interesting cities in Europe. The University of Berlin, numbers 160 Professors, and during the summer, had 2025 students. The many literary celebrities in Berlin, make it a favorite place of resort for educated men.

The Broadway of Berlin is *unter den Linden*, with a double avenue of lime trees through the middle. Along the middle of the street, is a broad promenade; along each side of this, is a road for persons riding on horseback; and outside of these are carriage roads. The principal hotels, royal palaces, and the University are along this street. Several weeks ago the University celebrated the King's birth-day. Through the kind-

ness of a friend, I procured a ticket of admission. The ministers of state and many of the nobility were present, arrayed in gorgeous robes. The Professor of Rhetoric read an essay on the history of the University, especially in the development of principles by different men. He read so low that I could not hear the half of it, and his manner was exceedingly unrhetorical and limber, but he is said to be a very eminent man in his department. Berlin has decent streets compared with other cities. To be sure its pavements are only from two to three feet wide, and if you pass any one you will most likely have to step off upon the sharp-toothed stones. But its streets are wide and not so enigmatical. Some are in the form of arcs, while many run in straight lines through the town.

There is that fellow again with his hand-organ. Here he comes, almost every day, under my window, and grinds the same old tune through his sorry musical mill. Sometimes when I am floating pleasantly along on a quiet current of pleasant ideas, he suddenly puts his little animal to barking through all its pipes, which puts all calm study to flight. I have been thinking whether the man would not stay away for an extra fee. This organ music is quite a marketable commodity in Berlin. A large class get a living by it, who are tolerated more out of charity than love for their music.

Every day during the week, at 11 o'clock, a. m., one of the military bands plays before the guard-house, where large numbers can hear a more elevating kind of music. Last week was *Jahr Mark*, the annual fair. Double lines of booths extended along whole streets, which formed temporary stores, where every variety of cloth, clothing, jewelries, and the hundred and one domestic necessities which would be hard to name, were offered for sale. I noticed a street within a street, made up of an avenue of shoe stores. One large market place was covered with basket stores and another with tub shanties. Country dames brought in large boxes of cloths and linens which they had made during the year. Leipzig is said to have the largest fairs of this kind, which are attended by persons from a great distance.

Berlin is like the German, whom Lærtus calls unlike anybody but himself. It bears not the slightest resemblance to Philadelphia, New York, or London. The absence of all commercial activity gives it a quiet appearance. A few streets look busy during certain hours of the day, but the rest are exceedingly inactive. A stranger wonders where the people keep themselves. The hacks add much to the noise and confusion of a few streets, and during the afternoon the splendid equipages of the nobility and wealthy citizens, enliven the roads to the country-seats around Berlin. But no street can afford a jam of omnibuses like Cheapside, London, or five running abreast, like Broadway, New York. On Sunday afternoons the streets literally swarm when the city pours its little world through its gates into the park and gardens. On Monday morning, all go on again, in the quiet even tenor of their way.

Berlin has an excellent Police and Fire organization. With all the profusion of intoxicating drink, it is very seldom that drunken persons are seen on the street. The fire department consists of over five hundred men, quartered in different parts of the city, under the direction of their proper officers, with stringent military regulations. The several depot-

are connected with the telegraphs. In four minutes after the first alarm a sufficient number of men and engines can reach any spot in the city. They have long wagons to which their engines are attached, with four horses hitched to them, these dash through the street at full speed, with twenty firemen and their necessary tools.

The winter has given repeated signs of its near approach, awaking in me the desire to do like birds of passage, flee to a warmer clime. In a few days and I shall bid adieu, perhaps forever, to Germany. Lovely country! "with all thy faults I love thee still." How refreshing have been thy genial frankness, how soothing thy country scenes of undisturbed simplicity; thy little fields where busy youth and maidens sing their cheerful melodies over their contented toil. What an elevation of spirit have I felt among thy ruins and thy Rhine! Heaven give thee a prosperous future and safely guide thy bark over dangerous seas. Many pleasant memories link my thoughts to thy hardy, honest children, and pleasant landscapes; and when soon my reluctant eyes shall turn towards other climes, it will be

"With the thankful glance of parting praise."

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Don't tell of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present,
If we act, and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of a past that comes too late!

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
There's much to do to-day,
That ne'er can be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty:
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow,
What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
Let us look upon the past:
How much there is we've left undone,
Will be undone at last!
To-day—it is the only time
For all on this frail earth:
It takes an age to form a life—
A moment gives it birth!

THE FOLLIES AND THE FASHIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a very evident tendency just now towards the extravaganees of fashion. Next to money-making, this is the prevailing mania of our present American society. Nor is it confined to this country. It is a world-wide folly. A friend, writing from Berlin, in Prussia, says: "With much less money, generally than Americans, these people are just as passionately fond of all the tinsel of fashion. On Sunday afternoon the streets are thronged with walking milliner shops. Such displays of velvets, silks, satins and jewelries, would puzzle a Chestnut street lion or lioness. Almost every minister flourishes several rings, or a gold chain, or both."

Far be it from us to open a crusade against genteel dress, or even the moderate use of ornaments; but these things must all be in subjection to the inward adornings and graces of the spirit. The evil, as it now prevails, is the vanity or emptiness of fashion—supreme attention to the outward, with the neglect of the inward. Fashion now is a vain display. The outward ornament, instead of being the symbol of a corresponding beauty within, is but too often the covering of emptiness, if not of corruption and sin. Two persons may be dressed alike, and yet with the one it may be ornament, with the other display. The whole movement and outward habit will always point out the difference to the most casual observer.

Though it may be difficult to indicate the boundaries between a proper ornamental propriety in dress, and sinful extravagance, yet there is such a line of limit. A deep christian spirit and an unfeigned modesty will indicate it more readily than can be done by any rules given from one to another. A true sense of propriety, like true piety, is a law to itself. But this is the very reason why our present lust of fashion has run mad. It has grown up from a social soil where true piety has died out. It is the decoration of a sepulchre. Because Zion is desolate, wild weeds have grown up in her gates. Because the soul is empty, the body loads itself with follies.

The evils of this extravagance are many. Not the least of these is, that it turns the heart away from the greater to the less, from the mind and heart to the body, from heaven to earth. It absorbs the thoughts and wastes the time of thousands, on that which brings no substance to the spirit. A lady acquaintance remarked to us, in all seriousness, and from facts which her own eyes had seen and her own ears had heard, that in the village where she resides, the prevailing conversation in social circles, is on the subject of dress and fashion. In all her calls and visits, wherever the conversation might begin, here it was sure to end. This is the god that is in all their thoughts. This is her testimony. There are exceptions. This she granted, and this we cheerfully grant; but this is the *prevailing* tendency of the time—a truth, which no doubt

the reader will confirm from actual personal knowledge. How must the higher interests of intelligence, piety, and true social communion, suffer from such a state of things!

Another evil resulting from such extravagance is, it induces a wrong and sinful use of money. Have they plenty of it? Well—but when has God given us a right to use our money as we please, and to waste it in vanity. Are the treasuries of the church overloaded? Have the poor all been supplied? Is there no one whom our charities can render wiser, better, happier? Is it a right use of God's gift, to hang them upon our own poor, sinful, perishing bodies, that we may attract the gaze, provoke the envy, or pain the poverty of the world? Alas, are not the very treasures that should be devoutly carried to the sanctuary as offerings for Jesus' sake, borne thither for prides sake! The Lord, and the poor, are robbed that the god of fashion may have his shrines graced with vain adornings.

Nor must it be forgotten, that by this extravagance, such as are comparatively poor, are allured beyond their means. The contrast is painful to the weak, and provokes imitation. Money, otherwise greatly needed, is drawn into the prevailing current, till insolvency and want are invited into homes, where competency and comfort might have reigned. Let any one but a moment reflect upon the prices of such articles of dress as every hour pass before his eyes, and then say whether the single folly of fashion is not alone sufficient to paralyze the business and overturn the steady prosperity of thousands.

Certainly this fearful contagion is manifest enough to arrest the attention of thoughtful minds. Is it too much to say, that one-fourth of the community are employed in preparing vanities for the rest? Is it an over estimate to say, that one-fourth of all the money spent, goes for luxuries or vanities? It is not. Is it then seriously the business of immortal beings, whose life is a vapor, to spend their lives and their means in such a chase? Are there no higher interests to engage us? Is there nothing more earnest in this brief and solemn life?

Young man—young woman—the mind first, the heart first. Intelligence first. Piety first. The ornament of the inward first. That is the true beauty. Seek that in this New Year. If your robes are less costly, and your jewels less bright than those which others wear, let your mind be clearer, your heart holier, your Heaven surer.

THE CRADLE AND THE OLD ARM CHAIR.—No house is complete without two pieces of furniture—the cradle and the old arm chair. No house is full that hath not in it a baby and a grandfather or grandmother. Life becomes more radiant and perfect when its two extremes keep along with it. The two loves which watch the cradle and serve the arm-chair are one. But how different in all their openings and actions. To the child the heart turns with more tenderness of love. To the aged parent, love is borne upon a service of reverence. Through the child you look forward—through the parent you look backward. In the child you see hope, joys to come, brave ambition, and life yet to be drawn forth in all its many-sided experiences. Through the silver-haired parent, you behold the past, in its scenes enacted, its histories registered.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

THIRD ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE must yet say a few words in reference to monuments, epitaphs and emblems. These ought all to manifest the reigning christian spirit. The spirit of the world ought not here be permitted to display its proud extravagance, its vapid sentimentalism, or its vain flatteries. In monuments there ought to be a free, christian liberality manifested; but not the rivalry of pride. In epitaphs, christian faith, and hope, and love, and humility, ought to appear. Nothing is more inappropriate in an inscription, than morbid melancholy, or sickly sentimentalism. "Our Mother," is much more touching than, "Our *dear* Mother."—"Our Father," than "our *excellent* father,"—"my husband," than "my *precious* husband"—and so of the rest.

All flattery is disgusting. How common is this offence against all taste, and against a modest christian spirit. No wonder that the little girl, reading epitaphs by her mother's side, in a cemetery, innocently enquired: "Mother, where are all the sinners buried?" There is only too much occasion in truth to apply the sarcastic couplet:

"Here lie the dead,
And here the living lie."

The subject of emblems in a christian cemetery requires careful attention: it receives but little at the present day. The emblems ought to be distinctly, and clearly christian. Those which are at once understood to be such, and which come to us in the use of the church, from the earliest ages, are such as these: A hieroglyph formed by the two first letters of the Greek word *Christos*, intersecting the *chi* longitudinally by the *Rho*.—A palm leaf, or a wreath of palm leaves, indicating victory—a crown, which speaks of the reward of the saints—a vessel supporting a column of flame, indicating continued life—an anchor, which indicates hope—a ship under sail, which says, "Heavenward bound"—the letters *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Apocalyptic title of Christ—the dove, as the emblem of innocence and holiness—the winged insect, escaping from the chrysalid, prophesying of the resurrection—the cross, the christian's true and only glory, in life and death, by which he is crucified to the world, and the world to him.

How is the christian spirit often shocked in our modern cemetaries, not only by the absence of all christian ideas in symbols and emblems, but by the bold intrusion of such as are purely sentimental, and often heathenish. The rose and the willow, may have a place, but only subordinately; they embody nothing but natural sentiment. The rose fades too soon, and the willow,

"That gloomy tree, which looks
As if it mourned o'er what it shadows,"

when chiseled on the stone is too cold, and has too much of earthly

sadness in it—it sighs too much to wave over the grave of hope. Time, with his hour-glass and scythe, is too cheerless. The skull and cross-bones are horrid, yielding the victory to the last enemy which is conquered. The broken rose-bud, and the broken column, convey unchristian ideas; for death is not a breaking off, either of the life of the departed, or of our communication with them. Life is not broken off, half finished, but is truly finished by the change of death. Death does not leave life, like an unopened bud, it truly opens it: in death it only truly bursts into bloom, and is now open and fragrant in heaven.

But what shall we say of the *urn*, so common in our cemeteries—this is purely heathenish. The pagans burnt the bodies of their dead, as if in defiance of the doctrine of a resurrection, and put the ashes in an urn. And this relic of the most terrible pagan barbarity and profanity, is placed over a christian's tomb! O, tell it not in Gath! It would be truly edifying for a pagan subject of Nero, to enter one of our cemeteries, and see how a christian community immortalizes the burning of bodies, and ridicules the resurrection, by placing his favorite urn over their graves.

Though this is bad, it is not the worst. We have seen cemeteries in which were enclosures with iron fence, for family burial, in which every upright baluster in the railing, was an inverted torch!—and as if that were not enough, the inverted torch was yet carved in the stone posts of the gate! Now it is known—and if not—be it known, that the inverted torch is the heathen symbol, of their belief in the extinction of the spirit! As a torch when inverted is extinguished, so man's existence ends in death. So they believed—and so they taught by this emblem. What an emblem for a christian's tomb! What a conception to proclaim in the face of our Saviour's words: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth, and believeth in me shall never die."

Let not the matter of trees and shrubbery be overlooked in a christian cemetery. Plato assigned the most barren ground for sepulchres. This is pagan. Dry, desolate, treeless regions have, by the consent of all nations, been designated as the melancholly abodes of spirits unblest. The christian feeling asks that the homes of the sainted dead, be rural and vernal. Abraham covenanted not only for "the field and the cave," but also particularly, for "all the trees that were in the field, and that were in the borders round about." These "were made sure" to him. Our Saviour was buried in a garden; and the Jews, especially in early times, delighted to bury beneath some large and venerable tree. The renewal of nature over and around the dead, is an abiding festival of the resurrection. Blooming flowers are prophets of hope, and their fragrance is as the memory of God and the good, which lives around their graves. Ever-greens, which piety in all ages delighted to plant over the dead, proclaim that they abide in life.

Of many a grave-yard, it may be said in sad complaint, with the Poet:

"Above doth lie the turf too bleak and bare"

The very sod grows barren and dies under the fiercely burning sun. Nothing flourishes save "briars and thorns," the symbols of the curse, the fruits of sin—under which are the lairs of slimy serpents and fearful

things. So do we not neglect the spot where we lay a bean, or a grain of corn! O, send us not to seek the living in such a spot of desolation and death.

Let the graves of our dead be more attractive than all other spots. Wave there ye greenest trees, bloom there ye loveliest flowers. Thither let us repair when our hearts are most empty of earth and most full of heaven, and whenever we bear the body of a beloved one to those hospitable receptacles, let us say: "May the angels, which minister to the heirs of salvation attend around thee; the glorious company of apostles and the goodly fellowship of prophets receive thee; may the noble army of martyrs, the triumphant band of confessors, the multitude of saints which have gone before, welcome thee to thy rest."

WHIPPING THE UGLY CHAIR.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE cannot be too careful in making impressions upon the minds and hearts of children. As we handle their bodies carefully lest we injure their tender frame, so ought we to deal gently with their spirits lest we morally cripple and lame them forever. As upon a tender plant, so upon the tender spirit of a child an impression is easily made to bless or to curse it in all future time.

We have been led to these reflections by seeing a child fall against a chair, and the nurse running to it and whipping "the ugly chair," telling the child that it is "a wicked chair," and inducing it to join in whipping it. The reader may have seen the like. No doubt many a child has been quieted by this method; and parents and nurses have been greatly pleased to have soothed a child's pains and tears in so easy a way. But have they seriously reflected upon the wrong which is thus inflicted upon the child, and the evil consequences which must result from such a system of training?

1. It is a deception practiced upon the child. The child is deceived in two ways. In the first place, it is made to believe that it was the fault of the chair that it fell against it. Which is not the truth. In the second place, it is made to believe that the chair can be hurt and punished by whipping it. Which also is untrue. Deception is always wrong, and to deceive a child is to injure it.

2. It is training the child to act childishly. We do not mean that it is instructing it to be child-like. There is a difference between child-like and childish. The first is becoming a child. The last is silly and foolish. Whipping a chair is a childish act. A child would never do it of itself—an insane person would.

3. It is giving the child a lesson in revenge and retaliation; and cultivates in its young heart the spirit of cruelty. Thus it draws out a feeling that ought to be suppressed. The same feeling which leads it to "whip the chair," will lead it to take revenge on its brothers and sisters when an occasion shall provoke it.

"THIS YEAR THOU SHALT DIE."

BY JOSEPHUS.

As we are standing on the threshold of another year, it becomes us, as we are mutable beings—subject every moment of our existence to some unforeseen danger or event—to pause and reflect upon the occurrences that may befall us during this year: that we may be wise in making preparation to meet them. The precise changes which the revolution of this year will bring are unknown to us; and this ignorance is as pleasing "to our present state, and as conducive to our improvement and happiness, as our knowledge of the things which it concerns us to know." In these things "ignorance is bliss." It is a dictate of wisdom, "Watch, and be ye ready," that they come not upon you unprepared.

Though we cannot predict to a certainty the events that may befall us this year, yet the events of life in general, are not so accidental and beyond our knowledge as to leave no room for intelligent suppositions and very probable results. Are there not certain occurrences and events, the consequences of certain causes, which regularly happen to mortal man every year? and may we not therefore expect that they will happen this year also. There are other events that sometimes happen in the course of a year, and sometimes do not: such are various blessings and afflictions of life. The possibility of these things should make us apprehensive that the voice of wisdom may not be in vain, and we stand ready for them. There are events which every reader of *The Guardian* knows to a certainty are before him; but the precise time they will occur, whether this year or not, whether to-day or to-morrow, is an utter uncertainty. Such is that solemn event—the close of the present life—dreaded by so many—the entrance from time to try the realities of the fathomless ocean of Eternity. It becomes you to reflect seriously and conscientiously upon the consequences of such an event, should it happen to you. Is it something impossible in your case? Look back upon the past year, and all the preceding years you can enumerate, and behold the young—as young as you—who have been overtaken by that event, and your conclusion must be, that it is probable that it may meet you, and that "man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble;" he must die: As "he cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not."

That you must die is just as certain as that you now live: but the appointed time is wisely and kindly concealed that you may be always ready and prepared for the summons of death, and stand in constant, vigilant expectation, that you be not surprised. It certainly becomes you to reflect seriously, as you stand upon the threshold of this year, amidst the pleasures of a "Happy New Year." and realize to yourself those important consequences which may result from this supposition. Even the mere possibility of this should affect you more than your plans

and pleasure of the future. Is it not highly probable that death will meet some readers of *The Guardian* this year, before its revolution shall be accomplished, and it numbered with the past? Enquire, "Is it I." Yes, it is altogether likely that if some prophet, like Jeremiah, should open to you the book of Divine decrees, you might there see your sentence written, and the time of its execution fixed: *Thus saith the Lord, This year thou shalt die!*

Could we read the future, some readers of this monthly visitor would find it written: "This year thou shalt enjoy a series of prosperity, to try whether the goodness of God will lead thee to repentance." Others might read this sad and gloomy sentence: "This year shall be to thee a series of afflictions—this year thou shalt lose thy dearest earthly support and comfort—this year thou shalt pine away in sickness, or agonize with torturing pain, to try if the kind severities of a Father's chastening rod will reduce thee to thy duty." Others, I hope, would read this kind sentence, over which the angels of heaven might rejoice: "This year thy stubborn and impatient spirit, after so long a resistance against the truth, shall bow in humble submission to the despised gospel of Christ, and to the sceptre of His righteousness; this year thou shalt be born a new creature in Christ Jesus, and become a child of God and an heir of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, which the revolutions of years shall never—no, never change and destroy." What a jubilee would it occasion to others to have you added to the "communion of Saints!" May we not hope that this mercy is reserved in the secret councils of Eternity for some careless, thoughtless and impenitent sinning reader of *The Guardian*. And that it will bring forth this year—this year which finds you in a deep sleep, unconscious of your everlasting interest, may it awaken you from that thoughtless impenitence and presumptuous security, in which the preceding ones have left you! Others, no doubt, would read this terrible and heart-rendning doom: "This year that Spirit so long resisted and grieved, shall cease to strive with thee—this year I will give thee up as a fruitless and unprofitable servant, and swear in my wrath thou shalt not enter into my rest." O, gloomy thought! Terrible idea for mortal man to cherish! To think that the spirit of all truth and sanctification has taken his departure forever, and left him a hopeless outcast of heaven's bliss. No other sentence can equal it with terror, save one, and that is, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." The former is the infallible precursor of the latter. Others would read this joyful sentence: "This year fear not, when you are called to pass through the fires of persecution for Christ's sake; for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Others would read this line: "This year I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Him who was manifest in the flesh." Seeing that the harvest is ripe, and the laborers are few, we will hope and pray that such a blessing is reserved to be fulfilled this year to some of the readers of *The Guardian*. Let it be the subject of your thoughts and the burden of your prayers, to know your duty in this respect. Others no doubt would find the doom of the false prophet Hananiah

gone forth against them: "Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will cast thee from off the face of the earth; this year thou shalt die." Art thou a rebel against God and his Christ? then fear and repent for the time is short. Fear with a godly fear; and repent because thou hast rebelled against a loving Father and a loving Saviour, in that he died that you might live. O, may the thought of such a probability, that you may die this year, incite within you actively to grasp the weapons of your warfare, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace. Above all, may you take the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, that you may stand prepared to meet the Divine decree that shall gather you with patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, and saints, and all those who have been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. Have you any assurance of another year? If not, then you may die for several reasons.

You may die this year, because thousands have died during the past year. It will be like the last—a time to die. The constitution of man will still be liable to the same diseases. Death will float on every breeze and drop the seeds of death to be inhaled by mortal man.

You may die, though you are now in health, and your constitution seems apparently to promise a long life. Many with the same hopes and promises a year ago, are now either rejoicing in the enjoyment of eternal life and ascribing "Blessing and honor, and glory, and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever;" or are writhing under the heavy curse of sin—the pains of the second death. The elements of death may even now be working within you, notwithstanding your seemingly robust and healthy appearance, and you may be a cold, pale, lifeless corpse, sooner than many an invalid whose life seems to be near its close.

You may die, though you are in the bloom of youth. Go and converse with the tombstones which mark the resting-place of the dead; there you may learn, if not by having their ages inscribed, you may see by the shortness of their graves, that youth, blooming youth, is no barrier against the shaft of death.

This year you may die, though you are unwilling to admit the thought. Death does not turn from his appointed course because you fear his approach and hate him. Your thoughtlessness cannot lengthen the distance that exists between you. He is drawing nearer and nearer, and soon you may feel and realize what you cannot bear to think of.

This year you may die, though you may not be prepared for it. When death shows you his warrant, under the great seal of heaven, it will be a fruitless excuse to plead, "I am not ready." Though the consequences of your dying may be your everlasting ruin, yet the loss of the soul will have no weight to delay the execution. Go you must.

This year you may die, though you have laid many plans and schemes for the future, which will lead you to honor and gain you praise from the children of men. You may anticipate many pleasures and visits to loved ones. Yet the dreaded monster of men may disappoint and consign your plans and schemes with you to the silent tomb to molder into dust, and call you to visit the invisible realities of the other world. He will not consult your convenience and be put off till you have accom-

plished your designs, and enjoyed your pleasures. The hopes and expectations of thousands have been blasted during the past year, and will also the present year. And what has happened to others may be in store for you.

You may die this year, though you are going through a course of studies to fill some important station in life; or you may have finished your course, and are ready to step upon the stage of active life. How many have been disappointed. Our own memory recalls two room-mates, and several fellow-students, who were overtaken by death and disappointed in their future hopes. Many more there are of such abortive students; and such, this year, may prove to you.

This year you may die; though you deliberately delay your preparation to meet your God in judgment. You may fix some future time, the next year, or the decline of life, for the season of religion; but before that time may arrive, you may be numbered among those who are laying the realities of the invisible world, and your time for preparation be over forever. O, what consequences hang upon a moment of time!

You may die this year, though you hope to the contrary, and flatter yourself with a long life. How many hopes are thus blasted; and those disappointed who entertained them! Before this year shall be numbered with the past, the brittle thread of life will be severed in many, and the hopes of those who expect a long life will perish with those who were foolish enough to entertain them.

Thus it appears very possible that one or more readers of *The Guardian* may die this year. It is not only possible, but very probable, if we consider that it is a very uncommon and almost unheard of thing, that not one should die in a whole year, out of two or three thousand readers of this monthly visitor. Has not more than one of its readers passed off of the stage of life during the past year? Therefore let each reader of this monthly—for you know not on whom the lot may fall—realize this possibility, this alarming probability, "this year you may die." "Is it I," ask yourself. What, reader, will be the consequence, if you should? Are you ready, and would it be your gain, or are you unprepared, and does your blood run cold at the thought of such a change?

"If you die this year, then all your doubts, all the anxieties of blasted hopes and fears about your state and character will terminate forever in full conviction." If you are an impenitent sinner you will be no longer able to hope better things. Hope will be gone, and the things hoped for will be beyond your reach. You will see, you will be conscious of it. If you lie under the condemnation of the divine law, then every ray of hope will be lost in blackness and darkness, for ever and ever. The execution of the sentence will sadly convince you as you feel the power of the sentence permeating every nerve of your system. But, on the other hand, if you are ready, and to die would be your gain, then such an event would be followed by the most happy consequences. You would meet with the welcome plaudit, and be unquestionably the favorites of Heaven. We might enumerate several happy consequences of such persons, who die the death of the righteous; they would be in full possession of the heavenly inheritance, they will be free from all cares, anxieties, troubles and persecutions to which they are exposed and subject in this life; they would be in company with the angelic hosts of

heaven, uniting in one harmonious strain, in ascribing thanksgiving "unto Him that loved them and washed them from their sins in his own blood, and made them kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever." But let us devote a few thoughts to those who are in a more dangerous and alarming situation; such who may die this year, of the readers of *The Guardian*, that are not prepared; such who are as near to weeping and wailings of the lost in hell, as they are to death. Should you die this year, you will be forever cut off from all the enjoyments of life. It will be a farewell, an everlasting farewell to all the gaiety, amusements and mirth, and vain and tempting delights of youth. It will be a farewell to all the pleasures of the senses—of taste, of touch, of smell, of hearing and of vision. Nature will lose its enrapturing prospects, the sun its lustre, music its charms, and all the gratifications of the palate become insipid, and all the delightful colors will become obnoxious, in the pit of misery and wretchedness. It will be a farewell to all the empty pleasures of riches and honor. These disappointments may be your case, beloved reader, in the course of the following year.

Should you die this year, all your hopes, plans and prospects, as to your future life, will perish. Youth is the time to build castles; it is the season of promise, full of blossoms; but the frost of death may nip these fair blossoms and wither and destroy the expected fruits before maturity. How many who have just entered upon the stage of public life have vanished away like a phantom, as soon as they appeared. If you die, and in your sins, "you will be fixed in an unchangeable state of misery; a state that excludes all hopes of making a figure, except as a monument of the vindictive justice of God, and the deadly effects of sin." How awful the idea of youth, promising youth, dying unprepared, and cut off from the land of the living; useless and hopeless in both worlds! Ushered from the highest summit of hope, into everlasting ruin. May not this be your doom, beloved reader, if you persevere in a state of impenitency, and should you die this year.

Should you die this year, you will be deprived of all the means of salvation. This is the world of probation. "There is no wisdom, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave whither thou goest." These means are all confined to the present life. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Here you are called to "behold the Lamb of God;" to repent of your sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God. In the eternal world, the thunders of the divine law roar, but the trumpet of the gospel never sounds to call to repentance. "There the Lion of the tribe of Judah rends his prey;" but never exhibits himself as a Lamb—the Saviour of the guilty.

Should you die this year, then all your hopes of heaven will vanish forever. No more happiness for you. Every spring of the painful sensations will be touched with the vibrations of the voice that says, "thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things;" thus increasing the intenseness of your misery. What a doom, tremendous doom, is in store for those who die in their sins, and play with time as with a toy.

Reader, wilt thou choose to risk your eternal happiness for such uncertainties of life? Wilt thou still sport with the golden moments of time, and the precious means of salvation offered to you to work out

your salvation and secure the pearl of great price? This secured, is the only way to a Happy New-Year; a year of time that will unfold itself in usefulness, and lead the way to a happy eternity. Sell all the vain amusements and pleasures of life and secure it now and forever in Christ.

DEATH OF THE CHILDREN.

THE present season will be marked among the years for the sad fatality which is bearing infants from their cradles to their graves, as the wing of a night-bird might brush drops of dew from the leaves to the earth in a noiseless flight. Happy are those parents who in their affliction can recall the past without the accusation of wrong upon their own part as the cause why their little ones are no longer with them. To such, and only such, can these lines of Longfellow be of any solace :

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with a sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My lord has need of these flow'rets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And Saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred garments wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE many marbles rest,
On the lips that I have pressed
In their bloom:
And the names I loved to hear,
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

THE WIFE OF CALVIN.

IDELETTE DE BURE, may be a new name even to well informed theologians, who have carefully studied the annals of the Reformation. I confess humbly that, for my part, I had hardly read here and there three or four lines on the wife of Calvin, and that I knew nothing of his domestic life. The same ignorance exists probably in a majority of those who will cast their eyes upon this sketch. M. Jules Bonnet has thus rendered a real and important service to the numerous friends of the Genevese Reformer: this notice of him is an historical resurrection.

Of Luther's wife everybody has heard—that Catharine de Bora, who left a nunnery to enter the holy state of matrimony. The German Reformer often alludes to the character, habits and opinions of his dear Katy, as he called her. He shows us, under her different aspects, this good, simple-hearted woman, who had little intellectual culture, but earnest piety. He acquaints us minutely with his domestic life. We weep with him over the grave of his Magdalen; we listen to his conversations with his son, to whom he speaks in poetic terms of the joys of Paradise. In a word, Luther's house is thrown open, and posterity see the sweet face of Catharine de Bora, drawn by the pencil of the illustrious Lucas Kranach, as distinctly almost as Luther's. Why is it not the same with Calvin and his wife?

It was not till 1538, when Calvin was banished from Geneva by the Libertine party, and was invited by Bucer to come to Strasburg, that marriage seems to have occupied his thoughts. In a letter addressed to Farel, in May, 1539, (he was then thirty years old,) Calvin sketches his ideal of a wife: "Remember," he says to his friend, "what I especially desire to meet with in a wife. I am not, you know, of the number of those inconsiderate lovers who adore even the faults of the woman who charms them. I could only be pleased with a lady who is sweet, chaste, modest, economical, patient, and careful of her husband's health. Has she of whom you have spoken to me these qualities? Come with her
* * * * * if not, let us say no more.

There was in Strasburg, a pious lady named Idelette de Bure. She was now a widow, and all her time was spent in training the children she had had by her first husband, John Storder, of the Anabaptist sect. She was born in a small town of Guelders, in Holland. She came to the capital of Alsace as a place of refuge for victims of persecution. The learned Dr. Bucer knew Idelette de Bure, and it was he, apparently, who recommended her to Calvin's attention.

Externally, there was in this woman nothing very attractive. She was encumbered with several children of a first marriage; she had no fortune; she was dressed in mourning; her person was not particularly handsome. But for Calvin, she possessed the best of treasures, a living and tried faith, an upright conscience, and lovely as well as strong virtues. As he afterwards said of her, she would have had the courage to bear with him in exile, poverty, death itself, in attestation of the truth. Such were the noble qualities which won the Reformer.

The nuptial ceremony was performed in September, 1540. Calvin was then thirty-one years old and two months. He was not constrained by

juvenile passion, but obeyed the voice of nature, reason and duty. The Papists who constantly reproach the Reformers are mistaken. Luther and Calvin, both of them, married at mature age: they did what they ought to do and nothing more.

No pomp in Calvin's marriage, no ill-timed rejoicings. All was calm and grave, as suited the piety and gravity of the married pair. The Consistories of Neufchatel and of Valengin, in Switzerland, sent deputies to Strasburg to attend this marriage; a striking mark of their attachment and respect for Calvin.

Hardly were the nuptials passed when the leader of the French Reformation was constrained to leave the sweets of his domestic union. A diet was convened at Worms, in which most important questions, relative to the future conditions of Protestantism were to be discussed. Calvin was naturally called on to take part in them. He went to Worms, then to Ratisbonne, trying to conclude a peace between the two branches of the Reformation. During his absence, he confided his wife to the care of Anthony Calvin, and the noble family de Richebourg, where he fulfilled for some time the office of preceptor. The plague broke out at Strasburg to his great alarm, and penetrated the house where Idelette de Bure lived. Louis de Richebourg and another inmate of the family, had fallen a prey to the disease. Calvin trembled for his dear wife. "I try," he writes, "to resist my grief—I resort to prayer and to holy meditations, that I may not lose all courage." During his residence at Ratisbonne, where the fundamental interests of the new Churches were discussed, Calvin received a deputation from Geneva, begging him earnestly to return to that city. The Libertine party had disclosed their detestable designs. The strong will and the moral power of Calvin were necessary to restore order. He resisted this call a long time. His hesitation, his tears, his anguish attested that he viewed with a sort of horror the heavy burden which was laid upon him. At last he yielded, saying: "Not my will, O God, but thine be done! I offer my heart a sacrifice to thy holy will!" And on the 13th of September, 1541, he returned, after an exile of three years, to the city of Geneva, the face and the destines of which he changed.

In spite of the honors which were accorded by the political councils at Geneva, Idelette de Bure was not ambitious to play a brilliant part in society. Always modest and reserved, practising the virtues which suited her sex, and shunning noise and pomp with as much solicitude as other women seek them, she consecrated her days to the duties of her pious vocation. Her private correspondence with Calvin—on the rare occasions when he mentions his wife—makes us see her under a very engaging aspect. She visited the poor, consoled the afflicted, and received with hospitality the numerous strangers, who came without knocking at the gate of the Reformer. In fact, every one recognized in her the pious woman, of whom it is said in Scripture, that she had "a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price," and was worthy to be praised forever for her works.

Idelette de Bure devoted herself particularly to the care of her husband. Exhausted by his constant labors, Calvin was frequently ill; and treating his body roughly, after the example of Paul, he persisted amidst bodily sufferings in performing the multiplied duties of his office. Then

his wife would come and tenderly recommend him to take a little repose, and watch at his pillow when his illness had assumed an alarming character. Beside (and this will surprise the reader,) Calvin had at times, like ordinary men, desponding feelings; he was inclined to "low spirits." "Sometimes," he himself says, "although I am well in body, I am depressed with grief, which prevents me from doing any thing, and I am ashamed to live so uselessly." In these moments of dejection, when the heroic Reformer seemed, in spite of his energy and incomparable activity, to sink under the weight of our common infirmities, Idelette de Bure was at hand, with tender and encouraging words, which the heart of woman can alone find; and her hand, so feeble, yet so welcome and so affectionate, restored the giant of the Reformation, who made the Pope and kings tremble on their thrones!

Idelette's greatest pleasure was to listen to the holy exhortations of Farel, Peter Viret, Theodore Beza, who often sat at the hospitable table of their illustrious chief, and loved to renew their courage in converse with him. Sometimes, but rarely, she accompanied her husband in his walks to Coligny, to Belle-Rive, on the enchanting banks of Lake Lemman. At other times, in order to repose after her fatigues, or when Calvin was called away to attend to the business of the Reformed Churches, Idelette would go and spend some days at Lousanne, with the wife of Viret. We see her in this christian family, in 1545 and 1548, careful not to give trouble to her hosts, and troubled because she could not render them some good offices in return for those which they had shown her.

C H A R I T Y .

NIGHT kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew-drops hung upon its bosom, and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it swung to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-god, sweeping from the East, and smote the young rose with its scorching rays, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in its loveliness and despair. Now the gentle breeze, which had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound bark, sweeping over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease and frisking the curls of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose, she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed her head in cool, refreshing showers, and the young rose revived, and looked and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured upon her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in heart, and went away singing through the trees. Thus charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness which steals on the heart like rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN. By Rev. Frederick A. Rauch, D.Ph., First President of Marshall College, and author of "Psychology, or a View of the Human Soul." Edited by Rev. E. V. Gerhart, President of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856. pp. 333.

Here are seventeen finished discourses, originally delivered in the chapel of Marshall College. Dr. Rauch is already well known by his work on Psychology, which has passed through a number of editions. While this work admits us into his psychological mind, these discourses lay open to us his theological mind. They are attractive even in their style, rising at times into true christian poetry; but their chief excellence consists in their elevated and elevating thoughts. There are few readers who will not feel that the truths presented are THINGS ABOVE to them. One feels himself rising with the author into the regions of unselfishness, purity and peace. These Discourses combine in a singularly happy manner the severe in logic and the æthetical in their manner of thought. The reader knows not which most to admire, the logic or the poetry, while he continually forgets the first in the power and beauty of the last, even as one forgets the solid earth in admiration of the flowers and things of beauty which cover it. The Editor has done his work with judgment and care. The arrangement is happy, and the titles true to the contents. He has also accompanied the work with a compact preface, giving a sketch of the author. It was well to print this work with large type, as has been done. It is gotten up in Lindsay & Blakiston's best style. Price \$1.

THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA: Being a condensed Translation of Herzog's Real Encyclopedia. With additions from other sources. By Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D.D. Assisted by distinguished theologians of various denominations. Part III. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856.

We have already noticed this work favorable at the appearance of the Second Part. This Part brings down the work to Bassel, page 384. The translations and condensations are done with evident care, and the laborers in this great work deserve well for their success. Dr. Bomberger has undertaken a heavy work, but he shows himself adequate to it, and its completion will be a lasting service to the church of Christ. This Part bears on its cover a letter from Dr. Herzog, fully approving of the English work as far as it has gone, and giving his views entirely favorable to the plan pursued by the American Editor. This work is issued in Parts of one hundred and twenty double column pages at 50 cents for each Part. Will the Publishers send us the First Part, which, if sent, did not come to hand.

A LITERARY ANTIQUITY—Among the literary treasures in Durham Cathedral, England, is a book with the cover executed in needle-work by Lady Arabella Stuart, niece of Mary, Queen of Scots, and grand-daughter of Henry the Seventh, who died a lunatic in the Tower. She was a well-educated woman, and worked the cover to show her respect for Greek and Hebrew learning. Her handiwork is now a little tattered, and one day a lady visitor to the cathedral, being admitted to the library, with a young woman's kindness and love of neatness, offered to "mend the cover"—an offer which, of course, was declined.

ROYAL BIBLES—The New York Observer reports that John Tappan, Esq., of Boston, has ordered of the American Bible Society a number of imperial Bibles, bound in Turkey morocco, with panel covers, each to be enclosed in a rosewood case, and presented to each of the crowned heads of the world. The books will cost about \$30 a copy, and are said to be magnificent specimen of the works.

THE GUARDIAN:

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No. 2.

THE GOOD CHURCH MEMBER.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

OUR relation to the church, and that of the church to us, is very solemn and interesting. It ought to be well understood. To be careless and indifferent in regard to it is to show that we are not in earnest in the matter of religion.

Piety and indifference to the church never go together. We might as well say that a child can love father and mother and yet care nothing for the family, as to say a person can love God and not care for the church. We cannot love the bridegroom while we disrespect the bride.

Facts show that piety and devotion to the church go together. As sure as ripe apples are on the trees, so sure are ripe christians in the church. The measure of devotion to the church, is the measure of our piety.

The relation between the church and christians is, in an important sense, mutual. The church sustains christians, and christians sustain the church. The family supports the children, and the children support the family. To be sustained by the church is a *privilege*: to sustain the church is a *duty*. Both these sides of the relation are set forth in the scriptures:

1. The church sustains us, as a mother her children—as a vineyard, garden or field the things which grow in them—as a vine its branches, as a body its members, as a kingdom its subjects. This is a great privilege.

2. We sustain the church. We honor it by our piety. We sustain it by our labors. We extend its powers by our zeal. Its interests are, in a solemn degree, committed to us.

We are called upon to build it up, to pray for its peace, to prepare its way, to edify its members, to sustain its interests and honor. "Seek that ye excel to the edifying of the church."

What is our duty as members of the church? We will present a few points.

I. To begin with the least, the more outward—it is the duty of a member of the church to be concerned for its outward order, conveniences, and respectability.

An earnest christian will look to the outward condition of the church. He will desire to worship in a decent, respectable edifice. Any thing imperfect, unfinished, dilapidated will distress him. He will desire to have things in order, neat, convenient. He will wish the furniture of the church to be chaste, tasty, appropriate, solemn.

Even a good house-woman feels uneasy when all is not in its place. A good mechanic is distressed when things are not in proper order. A farmer is uneasy amid any derangements on his farm, or about his buildings. So a good church member will be restless and unhappy till all is right about the church where he worships.

Let not such outward matters be regarded as small and unimportant. The outward affairs of the church are what the body is to a man. A sound spirit demands a sound body. Say not that the spirit need not care for a sore hand, a lame foot, a bleared eye, a crooked, crippled, bruised and blemished body. In like manner, say not that a pious congregation need not care for the outward affairs of the church. Outward things do affect us, and they do affect a congregation. By the outward the world judges us. We edify the church when we set outward matters in order; and we dishonor it when we are indifferent about them.

If the matter were carefully inquired into, it would be found that far more than we are apt to think, are the interests of piety hindered and crippled by disorders and blemishes in the outward concerns of a church. The defects may seem small matters, and wholly disconnected from the interests of what is spiritual; but they are sores—spots in the feasts of charity. A good member of the church will *feel* this—will labor for its correction—will not rest till it is rectified.

II. It is the duty of a church member to honor the services and ordinances of the church.

He will of course attend them. Not some, but all; not those which please him best, for all will please him alike, if he is possessed of the right spirit. Whatever God has appointed for his good, that will he love. He will feel that in these is his life, strength, joy.

As the child to the mother, so will he hang to the privilege offered by the church. As the bird in the twig, so will he rest in them. As the plant in the soil, so will he grow in them. As the members in the body, so will he live, act, and be strong in them.

He will not lack in outward respect to the services of the church. He will enter the church reverently. He will sit and stand in it solemnly. He will listen attentively. He will sing heartily. He will pray devoutly. He will not speak, smile, lounge, sleep or be restless. He will feel that God is in his holy temple, and that all the earth should keep silence before Him. He will feel as if he saw God, and Christ, and the Spirit, and angels looking upon him, and his spirit will be subdued in humble devotion, and inspired with earnest praise.

Let it not be said that outward reverence, and propriety, and order are of no importance in religion. Is politeness, civility and courtesy of no account in social life? Do persons of proper cultivation lounge in a

parlor, sleep in social company, or show themselves listless when spoken to, or manifest indifference to the entertainments and attentions of those who are doing them honor? No. And will christians do these things to God? Will pious persons act irreverently and carelessly in the midst of the service of Him before whom the angels prostrate themselves and veil their faces in token of the deepest reverence.

Let the most careless and thoughtless of mortals look over a congregation of christian worshippers, for instance, in time of prayer, and see some standing, some sitting, some lounging, some reclining, some speaking, some looking around over the audience: and will he say that such a scene befits the church of God, and that it is proper in a congregation of worshippers. Will he say that outward propriety is of no account in a worshipper? Will he be edified or disgusted with the scene?

A good, pious member of the church will feel this. He will do his part to prevent such offence. He will watch prayerfully over his own deportment in God's house, and in the exercise of divine worship.

III. A good church member will seek to honor the church in his intercourse with those that are without.

He will, of course, seek not to dishonor it in his own conduct. He will feel that he is its representative, and that the world will judge it by him, even as a family is judged by the conduct of the children that belong to it.

But he will do more than that. He will speak well of it. It is an easy thing to see things in the church which are not as they ought to be. It is an easy thing to find fault. And it is an easy thing to open the wounds of the church to the world. There are those who find it much easier to whisper the faults of the church to the wicked than to cover it with the mantle of charity. There are those who find it more pleasant to publish the weaknesses of the church upon the housetops than to weep over them in silence and in secret.

There are persons standing in the church as members who resemble those birds which soar and wing their way over all the beauties of a landscape, admiring no lovely tree, no fragrant flower, no graceful stream, no golden field, but light at last to gloat upon a horrid carcass. So there are men who pass over a thousand things in the church which they might praise to others, to feed their morbid spirits on some weakness and blemish. Like the dragon-fly they love sores, and on them will they feed!

The good church member will weep and pray in silence over all the blemishes of the church, and speak publicly of all its excellencies. In this way will he do it justice and commend it to all.

Let not this be regarded as a small thing. Take any individual, however good he may be, and speak always and only of his faults, and you will soon render him odious, as far as your words are believed. But let his faults charitably alone, and speak of his excellencies and you prepare the hearts of others to respect him. So speak only of the evil which exists in the church, and you encourage others to dishonor it; speak only well of it, and you incite others to respect and love it. There are always weak and wavering persons who need to be regulated and confirmed in their attachment to the church by your decided words of praise and encouragement. Ye that are strong ought to support the weak.

IV. A good church member will prefer the church of his choice—the one where he worships and is a member—to others.

The congregation to which we belong is the place and sphere of our labor. That requires our presence, our influence, and our care. Shall a member of a family not find his principal duties in his own family? Shall a farmer find his business on the farm of another? Every member in its own body—every branch in its own tree—every child in its own family. So also every member in his own church.

This does not imply bigotry. It only shows that we were intelligent in our choice, and sincere in our professions, when we connected with the church.

Moreover, we promote the cause of Christ best by building up around us. He promotes the interests of the nation best who does most to elevate his own family. He best builds up the church at large who best builds up the church at home. “My son, why wilt thou prefer the bosom of strangers?”

Our attentions abroad will be misunderstood—we do not mean when they are occasional, but *habitual*. They will act on the minds of others to the disparagement of the fold in which is our home. They thin the worship, cause the unstable to waver, discourage the hearts of those who are regular, and break the energies and steal away the joy of the pastor. As it is the glory of a soldier to be loyal and in his place in the ranks, so it is the honor and praise of a good church member to be in his place in the church to which he belongs.

V. A good member of the church always bears up the hands, and encourages the heart of the pastor.

Any thing that weakens the influence and respect of a pastor injures and cripples a church. “This is the heir,” says the enemy, “let us kill him and the inheritance is ours.”

The pastor in the church is what the leader is in the army. On him, under God, hangs the weal or wo of the church. Hence the Saviour is so solemn and pointed on this point: “He that heareth you heareth me.” Hence, also, the solemn warning: “Touch not the Lord’s anointed, and do my prophets no harm.” How excellent is the exhortation of Paul: “We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem you very highly in love *for their work’s sake*.” 1 Thes. 5: 12, 13.

Their faults and failings must not be too severely scanned and reckoned. It is to be remembered that they are but men. “We have this treasure in earthen vessels.”

Words of kindness, acts of kindness, marks of kindness, these are the sunlight of a pastor’s life, and the nerves of his strength. It is by these that he is encouraged in his numerous cares, heavy toils, and responsible duties. A good church member will find his own happiness increased by adding to the joys and encouragements of his pastor.

VI. A good church member will take a sincere interest in his fellow members.

Members of the church stand related to one another as the different members of the body. When one member suffers all suffer with it. The interests of one is the interest of all. They will mutually sustain

one another. The strong will support the weak. The intelligent will instruct the ignorant. The firm will confirm the wavering. .

They will cultivate each other's acquaintance. They will seek to know each other's circumstances. Advance one another's interests in temporal and spiritual things. They will bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the laws of Christ. This is involved in their very relations. For this are they *nearer* to each other than to others. To this also the Apostle exhorts: "Do good to all men, but especially to the household of faith."

These things, and many others which we cannot now enumerate, belong to a good church member. What a blessing it would be to the church if this character of a member were generally realized. What then could hinder the prosperity of the church? Little could its enemies accomplish if all its professed friends were true and faithful.

CLOCKS.—The Romans were four hundred and sixty years without knowing any other division of the day than morning, noon and night. Pliny reports, on the credit of an ancient author, that the first instrument the Romans had to divide the hours was a sun-dial.

Scipio Nasica, in the year of Rome 595, first brought into use and placed under cover a water clock, which showed the hours equally by day and night. To form an idea of these clocks we may conceive a pretty large basin filled with water, which by a little hole contrived in the bottom, emptied itself into another vessel of nearly the same capacity in twelve hours, and where the water rising gradually brought up perpendicularly a bit of cork, or the figure of a genius pointing to the hours, which were marked one above the other on columns of pilasters. This, with the clepodra, which was also a species of water clock, was the only means of marking time possessed by the Romans.

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed shore appears—
Kneel beside me, husband dearest, let me kiss away thy tears ;
Wrestle with thy grief as Jacob strove from midnight until day ;
It may leave an angel's blessing when it vanishes away.
Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can be there—
See how to my heart she nestles—'tis the pearl I love to wear,
If, in after years, besides thee sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music, and her face than mine more fair ;
If a cherub calls thee father, far more beautiful than this,
Love the first born, oh my husband, turn not from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother—you may call her Anna Jane—
Shield her from the winds of sorrow—if she errs, oh, gently blame ;
Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my voice in blessing falls :
And her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder whence it came ;
In her heart, when years pass o'er her, she will find her mother's name.
I will be her right hand angel, sealing up the good for Heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, dearest, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod ;
Oh, love the babe upon my bosom as I love thee—next to God.

MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

VII.

BY NATHAN.

As a last item of Berlin news, I would state, that a niece of the present King was recently married. On the day of her nuptials her magnificent dowry of clothing and fine linen were exhibited, furnished for immediate use, at which one hundred and twenty seamstresses were employed during five months. The newspapers discussed the quantity and quality of this rare and gorgeous collection of millinery art, in detail, and the adaptation of the various articles to their respective purposes, even down to the unnameable trifles of female apparel, with a freedom and impertinence that few American brides would be willing to endure.

The two months which I spent in Berlin were more a preliminary to future than a rest from past labors. Through the kindness of the American Minister, Mr. Vroom, I received access to the Royal Library, a vast mausoleum of mind, containing over 600,000 volumes, which furnished me a varied abundance of reading matter. Besides, the privilege of attending lectures in the University, studying French, an occasional letter or correspondence, and a number of pleasant acquaintances, made the time pass agreeably and with more than desirable rapidity. There is a certain intoxication of enjoyments in traveling which would make such a period of unemployed repose intolerably dull. For several weeks I looked towards the 14th of November, with increasing delight. And when it arrived, a few hours sufficed to pack, prepare and depart, to be what the Germans call *reisefertig*. For where little is, there is little trouble, but that little becomes doubly important. "These little things are great to little men."

I had just remained long enough to see how Berlin looked in dreary winter, for I made my way to the depot through the first snow storm of the season, but even this could not becloud the cheerful anticipations of renewing my journey. The day alternated between snow and sunshine, and the country through which we passed, corresponded to these changes. Pine forests, sandy plains, and cultivated regions which might look very pleasant when the snow leaves them. Saxony is more undulating, where gentle hills and valleys flow into each other with pleasant and easy succession. I stopped at Dresden, where I spent part of the following day in visiting its natural curiosities. It happened to be the market day, and these large markets are theatres of country habits and city tastes. Here one can see a vast assemblage of plain, toiling country folks, which in every different province have a peculiar dialect and dress. Here you can see what the country produces in the vegetable and animal department, what game runs wild in their forests, and what fish their streams afford. And above all, you can see what the people eat, without impertinence. A nation's food often gives complexion to its laws.

It furnishes indirect hints of its weaknesses and worth, of its appetites and abstinence. I find much philosophy in these markets. It is not very flattering to give so much prominence to the material man, but where eating is ostensibly a *conditio sine qua non* of human life, a function whose rational use is neither despicable nor unpleasant, it becomes no mean item in the sum of human duties. It seems to come fully within the range of the *inductive* philosophy for which markets afford a fitting field of investigation.

Desirous of spending the Lord's day in the quiet seclusion of Herrnhut, I deferred seeing more of Dresden until my return. For a considerable distance the road to the retired Moravian village, is a constant ascent, which the falling snow rendered more difficult, so that the train jogged heavily along over the short distance, for more than three hours. The following day the snow was several inches deep and the weather cold enough for mid-winter.

Herrnhut is the mother colony of the Moravian brethren. A mile from the village is the Palace of Count Zinzendorf. Here he lived when during the religious persecutions, in the beginning of the last century, he offered an asylum to the fugitive Moravians. At first a small village arose around his dwelling, but afterwards he founded Herrnhut for the colony, which still continues to be a flourishing Moravian village of 1100 inhabitants. His ancient residence is on the side of a hill that slopes down to a contiguous little stream, along whose banks the village of Bethelsdorf spreads out. The two villages are connected with an avenue of trees across the intervening hill. The chief Board of the Moravian church, which has the nominal control of the whole denomination in every country, resides in and around the palace. The building has nothing of the superb and costly elegance of modern princely palaces, and yet it is adorned by the memory of one who has achieved more glorious victories than the conquest of the mightiest kingdoms on earth; victories untainted with cruelty and carnage, and which carried peace and salvation to the remotest parts of the world. He belonged to the true nobility, the pedigree of "a royal priesthood," who are destined to wear a coronet of unfading glory. He once said, "I will no longer be a count, but a christian;" for he well knew that the latter was greater and more glorious than the former. While others compassed sea and land and slew their fellow-men to gratify their unhallowed ambition, he traversed seas and continents to proclaim the Saviour and comfort his oppressed followers. In the centre of the cemetery, on a beautiful hillside facing Herrnhut, lie his remains beneath a plain horizontal monument with a modest inscription. There is some comfort to stand beside the dust of such a man; one feels it a real joy to linger around his grave, to ponder how he lived and died. The cemetery is intersected by long arbors of trees, whose square flat tops look as if the hand of man had cropped them perfectly even, and whose trunks appear from a distance as if they supported artificial arches. Herrnhut is a model christian village, whose morals and government have not been polluted by the vices of the times. A soothing Sabbath stillness reigns through its streets. Not a monastic stillness either. The children frisk about happily, and the boys shoot down over the snow of the adjoining hill-sides on their little sleds with merry glee. The single spacious hotel of the

parish has such neat and tasteful accommodations, that one feels a regret to part with its communicative tenant, who is well posted in the news and history of Herrnhut. His premises are unafflicted by loafing toppers and wild, yelling drink comrades. Their church is a large but plain edifice, with a stand instead of a pulpit, plain benches instead of pews. The congregation was so large that I could not conceive where they all came from. The female portion had uniform head-dresses, consisting of tidy caps, down to the smallest little girls. The younger with pink, the older with white, and the ladies of clergymen with blue ribbons. Their total freedom from all useless ornaments gave them the appearance of the purest worshipping assembly I have ever seen. During the evening services the congregation and choir respectively responded. The ladies of the latter sang a simple plaintive air, with such a natural devotion and sweet artlessness of voice, so well suited to the pure words of the hymn, that their melody has haunted me like a pleasant vision ever since. Industry and thrift, contentment and piety, are general characteristics of the villagers. Here, like in their other villages, they have an excellent school and pay special attention to the cultivation of music. What have not these brethren endured and done for Missions! More than others who outnumber them ten times. How their humble, self-denying zeal and strong faith shames the lethargy of many who are so loud in their professions, but do so little. How I would love to tarry amid this pure and refreshing atmosphere, were it only a few weeks earlier. But the confused wandering snow-flakes and the merry jingling of sleigh-bells admonish me reluctantly to move more rapidly towards the south. Four days was a short time for such a lovely spot, yet they have kindled and revived memories which associate this humble village with all that is lovely and durable in our holy religion.

On my return I remained a short time longer in Dresden. It is a beautiful city, in a picturesque region of country. The Elbe divides it, and imparts a peculiar charm to its scenery. I visited the gallery of fine arts, one of the most celebrated in Germany. After I found Raphels Madonna and Child, the rest seemed unsatisfactory. And even with this I was partly disappointed. I had unconsciously formed an ideal of the appearance of the Virgin and the Infant Saviour, which this painting has not realized, nor will any other. The highest creation of art cannot body forth the Divine. It cannot rise above the human. It is our privilege to believe and trust in the Divine, but what tongue can describe, or what pencil can portray it on canvass? The Virgin's face blends an expression of melancholy sadness and submission, as if she foreknew the trying life and death of her child. The infant Jesus has a countenance beaming with the wonderful, He seems to see something in Himself, and His face and eyes are radiant with the mysterious and wonderful. His dark eyes shines with an intelligence not common to infants, which peer out into the future almost with the earnestness of manhood. And yet Jesus must have looked just like other children. After studying it awhile my disappointment partially vanished. I saw a vividness and peculiarity of expression, a more than human spirituality glowing on the canvass, which I never had seen before. Again and again I returned to look at it for the last time. I

felt sad that I should perhaps never see it again, and yet how much more wonderful and glorious will He appear when "we shall see Him as He is." For three hundred years this painting has been admired as a wonder of art, and it remains a wonder still.

The railroad from Dresden to Prague passes along the Elbe for some distance, through Saxon Switzerland. The mountains look like massive ruins, shattered by some mighty convulsions. In many places lofty pyramids of natural rocks, formed of loose rounded blocks overtop the trees, and almost look as if the hand of man had piled them there. Narrow valleys are formed between the steep mountains, with a few humble huts, whose inmates scrape a scanty subsistence from the unfruitful soil. As soon as we reached the Austrian boundary, our passports and baggage were examined. And before we reached Prague the police officers passed through the cars and collected all the passports to be examined again by the regular police authorities. One can readily observe the difference between Austrian rigor and that of the Principalities, as soon as he crosses the boundary. It would be hard to smuggle contraband politics into Austria, unless it were closely packed. Every avenue is strictly guarded so as to leave no one in or out of the country without the requisite qualifications. These police sentinels perform a two-fold office. They stop the leaks of a worm-eaten decaying ship, and they pump the water out of the leaking vessel to keep it from sinking. If a traveler utters sentiments obnoxious to Austrian politics, he will be sure to fall into the bands of spies appointed for the purpose, who will at once transport him over the boundary of the empire, and there leave him fly. I generally made it a point to do my own business with the police, in order to form their more intimate acquaintance. When I entered the office at Prague to get my passport, the functionaries were surrounded by a crowd of strangers on similar business, whom they snapped and barked off most insultingly. I looked on for awhile, in the meantime endeavoring to cool down my temper to a passive, unresenting submission, trying to prepare myself for the worst. When I handed one of them my card, he asked who I was and where I was from, whereupon the growling official at once put on the amiable gentleman and handed me my passport with a smiling courtesy that seemed to designate me as the greatest favorite in the crowd. Perhaps he wished to conceal the tyrant before a foreigner, or was it because he respected my country? I had to think of the magic power of Roman citizenship during the blooming period of the Empire. *Civis Romanus sum*. But it was not this, for our institutions find precious little sympathy in Austria. The few persons who expressed any would most generally look around whether there were any spies about. This spying is an unutterably mean business, but, as I said before, it is to Austria what the pump is to the sinking vessel.

The ancient city of Prague has doubtless seen its best days. It is not without its business activity, but its vast amount of pauperism gives a sad complexion to its population. The city lies on the banks of the Moldau, a stream as large as the West Branch of the Susquehanna. A massive stone bridge connects it, which is five hundred years old and was one hundred and fifty years in building. Higher up the stream a large wire bridge spans it, which is quite a contrast to the unprogressive

aspect of the city. On the east bank is a steep hill, crowned by the old palace of the Bohemian kings, which affords an interesting view of the old city. Some great and decisive battles have been fought in its vicinity; but my pen shrinks from dwelling so much on scenes of carnage. One is poorly edified by tracing up and dwelling upon acts of wholesale slaughter. What one nation may call bravery and the triumph of Right, another will designate as the unscrupulous cruelty of Might and murder committed in the name of war.

A long and tedious day's ride on the cars brought me to Vienna, through a country where mountains and valleys continuously alternated. At a country village along the way, an Austrian soldier entered the cars, who had been on a short visit to his native home. His parents followed him weeping. When the brave man started he endeavored to dissemble his grief by waving his cap out of the window and singing his "Hollah! hollah!" a short chorus of a soldier's song. With a choked utterance he shouted back a parting "*lebe wohl!*" and then sat himself down to give vent to his suppressed emotion by weeping. Perhaps he felt that he was the stay of their declining years and would fain have comforted their old age. A hard life many of these poor soldiers have. Many a one I have seen taking a meal from his knapsack on black bread and salt.

I arrived at Vienna late in the evening. As my custom is, I at once started out from the cars, discarding cabs and their shouting drivers, down a broad street, which I afterwards found to be the Baterstrasse, seeing the sights, and in the meanwhile looking out for a hotel. Guided by my traveling instinct, and the stream of people, I crossed the bridge over a branch of the Danube into the old city, which led into a ten-foot wide street, and soon conducted me to the Hotel de Londres, which made my stay in Vienna very comfortable. Early the next morning I sallied forth through the narrow streets in quest of churches, which in catholic countries are open from five in the morning until evening. Large cities have so many things in common that it is a waste of time and patience to run after any and every thing which the "Guide Book" considers worthy of being seen. Next to the churches, I found the most interesting collection of natural curiosities on the Bourse, or stock exchange. These exchanges are the Mammon markets of the country, where men can acquire and cultivate that peculiar disposition of heart which the scriptures call "the root of all evil," and on this account are assembled exhibitions of a certain phase of human nature, which if not very creditable to possess, is at least worthy of being studied. The Vienna Exchange differs from all others which I have seen. My first impressions of it were those of a row, where dozens were about to dispose of mutual floggings. The large multitude were parcelled off in smaller crowds surrounding the auctioneer, or owner of saleable stock. For awhile they would nibble cautiously; a bid or two would increase the demand, and then a dozen would rush with uplifted, clenched fists, and excited features, toward the salesman, all shouting their bids at the top of their voices. Some stamped with their feet and looked as if they would leap over the crowd at him, until he was carried along with them into some corner. His face became red with intense excitement; the bidders bellowed their railings at him for not heeding their offers, and

he cried his stentorian voice into the multitude in reply. Others, observing the excitement, quickly approach, asking the first they meet, "*Wie stehts?*" and then shouting their bid of ten thousand, or fifty thousand, add their mite to the confusion. In the meanwhile clusters are gathering in other quarters, the beginnings of similar sprees. And while this is going on, scores are pressing through the crowded hall in quest of some one, who try their utmost to cry his name loud enough to be heard above the noise of the excited bidders. The whole scene was a riotous bedlam of passion, a tumult of greedy, grasping natures, and whose faces show that their souls are burning with a passion for gain.

The natural scenery around Vienna, though void of the foliage and verdure of summer, is not without its charms. On the west and south the mountains of the Vienna forest bound the view, here and there crowned with a moldering ruin or remodeled castle.

From Vienna I reached Trieste, on the Adriatic, in thirty-four hours. The railroad has been constructed across the Semmering, by means of fourteen consecutive tunnels. The scenery over this mountain yields little to some of the finest portions of Switzerland. Some of the mountains were dotted with small patches of arable ground to the top, doubtless made so by the pressure of want. On the top of the mountain we were enveloped in a dense snow storm.

At three o'clock the next morning we reached Laibach, the present terminus of the railroad. From here the passengers were forwarded in coaches, or rather a species of wagons, which I shall chiefly remember for their want of comfort. Three horses fastened to it with ropes, tugged the heavy thing along with great exertion. The chief apartment had two seats, the other was occupied by the conductor, and outside sat the postillion. Four were the sum total, two attendants and two passengers, for this nondescript equipage. We jogged along at a snail's pace, the long cold way, through a dreary country and season, whose dullness was relieved occasionally by partaking of some unpalatable refreshments along the way, which however were not always refreshing. A German proverb says, "*Der Hunger ist der beste Koch,*" which is very true, even in the case of bad cooking, whose untasted sight dispels the appetite. At one place the landlady had set a greasy table for a dozen passengers, and received us two with an air of disappointment. One dish gave us much labor, which I soon dismissed as unmanageable, but my companion tore and stripped at its tough fibres with desperate perseverance. But one may be glad if he fares no worse. Fortunately, my fellow traveler was a well-read and well-traveled gentleman, who had spent some years in the United States, so that we beguiled the tedium of the journey in discussing politics and the merits of authors. So we converted our gloomy, clattering cell, which lacked physical comfort, into the scene of mental diversion. At length we arrived on a ridge of a mountain, when we saw the numerous lights glimmering from the streets of Trieste far below us, which we reached in about an hour by a circuitous descent.

Trieste derives its importance chiefly from its maritime position. Its harbor is crowded with vessels from every part, and its streets are thronged with Germans, French, English, Americans, Italians and Turks

whose various apparel give a motley complexion to its streets. I spent a day in seeing its curiosities, among which its large market, extending through whole streets, was not the least.

I left Trieste in a steamer for Venice, which we reached in six hours. From the steamer I rode to the hotel in a gondola, a narrow, nimble, long skiff, the customary cab of Venice. A short spell of ecstasy would be pardonable in approaching this famous resort of poets and invalids, but at this season there is little reward for either in paying it a visit. On a day like the present (first of December) there is little poetry in its sky or scenery. While I am writing, a furious snow storm is blowing over the city, which commenced last night. The snow flies with a profusion that would be creditable to a Lapland winter. This morning a few sharp claps of thunder were heard. There would be nothing unpleasant in a snow storm by a comfortable fire, but these are seldom found here. There is a stove in my room which I ordered to be heated this morning, but the Venetians are so ignorant in the art of fire-making, that the whole horde of servants could not kindle it. So I wrapped myself in a large cloak and wrote till my fingers became numb, then I would rush to the *cafe* for a cup of coffee to warm me again. Thus I have labored off the day until near its close, while visions of home-comforts, a warm study and smiling friends pass through the mind, I wonder where to find "sunny, smiling Italy." If I am prosy, this cold shoulder which Venice has turned me is somewhat to blame. Furs and winter clothing are more abundant here than in the North. The Italians are very much afraid of the first changes in autumn. They cover their faces as if there was poison in the atmosphere. The citizens have a sickly appearance. The beauty of a Venitian winter is all a dream. The most pleasant season, especially for invalids, are the early months of autumn, about September and October. The dwellings are constructed with a view to shelter against excessive heat. But the damp cold of the winter, which would be tolerable with northern fires, penetrates the rooms and renders them very uncomfortable.

This little State, once a power dreaded by all nations, has a checkered history behind it. Once a democracy, then a monarchy, then an aristocracy, with twelve hundred noble families to rule over it. In 1848 it declared its independence from Austria, but could not maintain it. Its glory has departed, its palaces are faded, and many of them deserted. Its past, combining much virtue and folly, is the storehouse for poetry and song. Once its canals resounded with the airs of its merry boatmen, but now—

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier."

But a most singular city this is, whose principal streets are canals, and whose wagons and carriages all boats. No horse or wagon is seen in all Venice. Its broadest streets are scarcely twelve feet wide, and some not half that, and these walled up with piles of six-story palaces. Nearly all the principal palaces, six hundred in number, front on the canals, which penetrate the city in every direction. The numerous bridges are all crossed by a series of stone steps. A few streets are thronged with a stream of people. Many are almost entirely deserted.

The population has dwindled down to a hundred and twenty thousand. The Rialto, a large bridge that spans the grand canal with one arch, is lined on both sides across it with small stores and shops, and still, like in Shakspeare's time, remains a thoroughfare.

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usuries."

The abundance of traffic still attracts many a greedy Shylock to Venice. From the rag-dealer in the damp cellar to the wealthy banker, they show their keen scent for game, and still, in some form or other, here as elsewhere—

"Sufferance is the badge of all their tribe."

The Bridge of Sighs, connecting the Doge's palace and the prison, has become famous by its use in admitting prisoners, and by the allusions of the poets. Many a poor criminal has sighed on its arch.

"The Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles.
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

The Lion, the State symbol of Venice, still looks down from almost every church and palace, shorn of the proud strength of its former years.

I spent part of an afternoon with a friend in rowing through some of the principal canals in a gondola. There is a singular novelty in these gay, floating streets. The gondolier, in his tidy uniform, making his vehicle skip over the water with astonishing speed and precision; the Venitian ladies folded in their furs, looking all comfort and ease; the authoritative officers, whose commanding looks show that they are superior in rank to somebody; the citizen and the stranger, darting along, without the clattering of wheels, all looking so easy and yet so active, combine to form a novel scene. To see the shady side of Venice one need only visit the neighborhood of the Rialto, where half-clad objects of charity whine at the passing crowd for a pittance—some peddling poultry, others a few heads of cabbage, shrieking and squealing their merchandize into market with hideous sounds, around gay shops and stores in which bankers, shavers and merchants calmly coin their fortunes. The numerous churches, once crowded with worshippers, are little frequented. Some have as many officiating priests as members of the congregation. The churches abound with antique busts and statues. The church of St. Mark's is said to contain the remains of the Evangelist of that name. The horses over its portals were conveyed to Paris by Napoleon I. as trophies, but were afterwards restored again.

From the lofty tower of St. Mark I had a distinct view of the whole city, which looked like a hazy vision that rose out of the sea. Venice has forty squares or market places, but only a few of them are used for that purpose. The most of them have a well in the center. In the morning

there are scenes of bustling confusion, when the Venitian females draw water with long ropes. The maidens wear high-crowned Tyrolese hats, resembling the shape of a sugar loaf. All have uniform copper kettles, which they suspend at each end of a stick and balance them on the shoulder. It is amusing to hear the chattering noise of the sprightly language, as they hurry on or wait upon each other.

There is still much luxury in Venice. An old saying has it: "Venice turns night into day." It is a custom with many wealthy females to rise and breakfast at noon, to dine at six in the evening, visit the theatre from nine to twelve, and make calls at one in the morning.

The emperor and empress of Austria are spending the present month in Venice. He is a young man of scarcely twenty-five, tall and somewhat slender, with a countenance that looks as benevolent as that of most men. There is nothing of the tyrant in his physiognomy, nor has he shown much of it during his short reign. He looks as if his crown sat lightly upon him. But he evidently is not merely the puppet of his counsellors. He visited the arsenal and other royal institutions, which are important agents in his reign. I saw him at church on Sabbath morning. He engaged in his devotions with an earnestness which looked as if he felt his dependance upon something higher and more enduring than temporal principalities. His dress was as plain as that of his subjects, a gray military overcoat and a low, flat, unadorned cap sheltered him from the rain as he led his consort to St. Marks. He even declined the offer of an umbrella. As he passed along the street crowds ran after and around them with uncovered heads, to whom he touched his little cap, and the empress made her passing courtesies. They look like a modest, happy couple, but doubtless are harassed by greater anxieties than many of their humblest subjects. Thrones are often as frail as those who are on them. They fall from a greater height, and with a more crushing ruin than those beneath them. His past belongs rather to his minority; his future will develop the good or evil of his heart. It is said he will spend several months in his Italian dominions.

On a dark morning, several hours before dawn, a nimble gondolier rowed me through the winding canal to the depot. Naught was heard but the slight lashing of the water, and the occasional cry of a gondolier shouting a signal to avoid collision with some unseen bark. Once we narrowly escaped a shower that was poured out of a lofty garret, to which my attendant replied with a menacing tone of voice. Taken all together, Venice is quite an original place. A city whose streets are canals and whose cabs are barks, which is free from the rumbling of carts and carriages, in which no horse or beast of burden is ever seen, possesses features which have few equals. The source and scene of so much fiction and fable, it is not strange that a nearer acquaintance with its winter climate should dispel the illusion of one fictitious Venitian winter. Those who never make the experiment may fondly cherish their dreams of its perpetual, balmy spring, which they get from poets and travelers. But a winter without stoves is so irresistibly real that it knocks all poesy to pieces.

The road to Milan passes by Padua, famous for its University. In many places the country resembles a continuous garden. Orchards and

mulberry gardens extend over large districts, the latter for the cultivation of silk. Long, leafless vines joined the trees, which must form an enchanting scenery during the summer.

Since my arrival in Milan, I find that magnificent preparations are made for the reception of the emperor. The churches are already hung with costly decorations. Long folds of gold-fringed flags are pendant from their pillars, imparting to them an aspect of unusual gaiety. If the Italians are sincere in their show of respect to a monarch of a different language and nationality, they are not as ripe for Kossuthian liberty as they are often represented. Several millions of francs are to be spent in these preparations. All this might be done by a few interested officials. Still I find that even here he is generally beloved. Many regard the young emperor as a ruler of generous principles, which he has shown in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of his subjects.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY JOHN STERLING.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives,
These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and summer season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For thy work they toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

HOME AND COUNTRY.

BY REV. J. S. ERMENTROUT.

PATRIOTISM is nothing more than the love of home spread over a wider sphere and generalized to the bounds or limits of any given country. As an expansion of the inborn love of self and kindred, it rests upon a purely natural basis, and cannot be despised or dwarfed by the christian religion, which does not profess to destroy, but to regulate and purify the affections of the heart. To hate one's own country, therefore, is as unnatural as to hate one's own brothers and sisters.

There is something about the old homestead peculiarly attractive and charming. Whether it be a lowly cottage hid away in the grotto of a lofty mountain, or a palace situate on some commanding eminence, the heart turns to it with an affection death alone can destroy. Years may accumulate on our heads and intervening seas may separate us from the paternal roof, but the soul, true as steel to the object of its first love, returns with fond delight to the scenes of its earliest, warmest aspirations. Home, sweet, sweet home, there is no place like home: this is the song that rushes forth spontaneously from the hearts alike of the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant. To be without a home, a stranger in this cold world, a forlorn wanderer on the shores of time, unprotected by the stalwart arm of a father, uncheered by the warm caress of a mother, never gladdened by the smile of brother or sister—O, this is a pitiful state, the expression of which defies the power of language. The mystery of our birth, the strange, undefinable instinct that makes the breast of the mother the home of the child, and distinguishes her from the nearest relative, as well as from the most distant stranger, the cradle itself, in which our childish cries were rocked to silence, the little bed upon which we rested by night, the playthings a grandfather's or a grandmother's kindness presented us as tokens of their love, the rose-bush our own hands planted—these, together with an almost countless number of other things, are the ties that bind us to the home of our childhood. The young man about to enter on the stage of active life, seeks the paternal benediction; the battle of life over, he returns to the old home to die and be buried in the churchyard where his fathers sleep. So does the aged bird, who feels his strength forsake him, alight beside the current; there, solitary and resigned, he patiently awaits death, on the brink of the same stream where he sang his first loves, and beneath the trees which still bear his nest and his harmonious posterity. The patriarch Jacob, on the eve of yielding up the ghost, charges his sons: "I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers, in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite; there they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

This passion for the particular place of our nativity, when directed to the government and laws under the shadow of which we are trained up

to civil manhood, is the fire of patriotism. Like the love of home, the love of country is inborn, animating as it does, the breast of the peasant and the prince, of the savage in his wilderness and of the civilized man amid the shady precincts of his peaceful abode. It is not only part and parcel of our nature, but constitutes also an integral factor of God's moral government. The progress of civilization and the triumphs of religion depend to a very great extent upon the cultivation of its spirit. If the Almighty had not imbedded it as a living fact, in the lowest strata of our being, all mankind would crowd together into the temperate zones, leaving the rest of the earth a desert. To prevent the immense evils that would have resulted from the collection of the whole human family on one point of the globe, Providence has, as it were, fixed the feet of each individual to his native soil by an invincible magnet, so that neither the ices of Greenland nor the burning sands of Africa are destitute of inhabitants. As in the order of Divine experiences, sufferings are a sign of a Father's love and tend to perfect christian character, so persecution, sterility of soil, rudeness of climate, instead of exciting discontent, serve but to kindle into a brighter flame the passion of love for the land of one's birth. Look at Ireland—the Job of nations—whose wrongs cannot be paralleled in the annals either of ancient or of modern history. Though England has systematically striven to brutalize its sons, Erin's green sod is still moistened by their tears, and Tara's harp hath power to revive the reminiscences of departed glory, and make them the harbingers of a glorious future. The Highlander of Scotland, when far removed from his beloved mountains, though transported for a time into the very midst of the most luxurious civilization, sighs for his flocks, his torrents and his clouds, and pines if prevented from returning to his native clime again to sing the ballads which were sung by his forefathers.

“And as a child, when scaring sound molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountain more.”

It is related that an English cabin-boy, writes Chateaubriand, had conceived such an attachment for the ship in which he was born that he could never be induced to leave it for a single moment. The greatest punishment the captain could inflict was to threaten him with being sent ashore. On these occasions he would run with loud shrieks and conceal himself in the hold. What inspired the little mariner with such an extraordinary affection for a plank beaten by the winds? Aye, that ship had been the cradle of his birth—his home—his native land.

What do facts like these prove? They demonstrate beyond a doubt that God has implanted, for wise and noble purposes, in the deepest recess of the soul, the love of one's native country. The universality of this passion shows that it accords with the original constitution of our being, and whatever agrees with unperverted nature, is not annihilated, but purified and ennobled by the spirit of the Gospel. In all ages, and under every variety of circumstance, we discover the exhibitions of patriotism. In ancient history, we read of a Leonidas and his tried band of three hundred who, stationing themselves at the pass of Thermopylæ, kept at bay the countless myriads of Xerxes' host and, when betrayed,

fought until the last soldier had bit the dust; of a Cincinnatus who, like our own Putnam, left his plough to command the armies of Rome; of a Regnius who, rather than sacrifice the interest of his country, returned a voluntary prisoner to Carthage, where a most cruel death awaited him, his eyelids having been cut off and his naked body put in a barrel filled with sharp spikes, pointed inward, to pierce and tare his quivering flesh; of the Carthagenians who, rather than surrender the tombs of their fathers, melted into arms all their metals, noble and ignoble, holy and profane, the women cutting off their long hair, that it might be twisted into bow-strings for the defenders of their country, and into cordage for their ships. In the modern period we read of Tell, Winkelried, the Maid of Orleans, John Hampden, Andrew Hofer, George Washington—yes, of an almost countless number of heroes who lived and died for their country's good. The Israelites—the chosen people of God—furnish a most impressive example of the truth of our remarks. When led captive, their hearts broke because of their remembrance of their native land. There is nothing in the annals of literature to compare with the mournful effusion of weeping patriotism as contained in the 137th psalm: "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land." The poet Virgil, who was expelled from the inheritance of his ancestors, could never forget the cottage in which he was born, and when reflecting upon his native country, wrote:

Et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.

His song of wo, however, falls far short of the Jewish lamentations, in point of pathos and sublime conception. The heathen poet spake but as nature moved him; the Jew looked upon his country, not simply as the home of his childhood, but as the fountain head of a religion which had sanctified its temples, its streams, its mountains, its trees, its clouds, its sun, its moon, its stars. Yes, so it is, Christianity deepens our attachment for home, and enkindles into a consuming fire the heat of patriotic feeling. The very same principle which justifies the commandment: Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, requires that we should love the country of our nativity and guard its bulwarks.

From these remarks it is plain that the love of one's country is part and parcel of our holy religion; a virtue full as much as the love of God, or the love of man. We doubt whether it be possible to possess one genuine virtue, one real talent without it. The traitor! he is—

"His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame."

Our brief history, as an independent nation, is blotted with the name of one traitor, and whilst we weep over the stern fate that hung an Andre from the ignoble gallows, we have nought but execrations for an Arnold who sought to place the key of our land into the hands of its rapacious foes. Let our children be taught to shudder at the very mention of his name, that they may never imitate his example.

THE SNOW! THE SNOW!

BY THE EDITOR.

Do you begin to shiver, delicate reader, as you pronounce our caption, Snow! snow! Do not let your imagination distress you. We have no doubt you are comfortably fixed, as we find you, with *The Guardian* in your hand. Warm in woolen?—then thank God for what you have, and do not dishonor your kind Father in heaven with fears and distress in advance. A great amount of human troubles are imaginary, and are caused even as one's shiverings when he looks through the windows of a warm room into the cold, cold snow storm. Do not you be so foolish. Wait till the sorrows come before you weep over them.

The snow is without, and you are within. If you are not comfortable—if the cold wind creeps in, and the loose rattling windows distress you, though it is in truth a pleasant music—shut the shutters, spread a cloth over the crevice beneath the door, stir the fire anew, and do be happy, and cease your ungrateful complaining. If still you cannot be comfortable, think of the poor—the poor in cold huts, with but a feeble fire, needing to save the fuel. Compare your ease with theirs; for, as the poet says—

“In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistle sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin,
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others suffering more.”

Are you still shivering, as you read, “Snow! snow!” Are you fearful that you are to receive a snow-balling! Be not afraid. That part of our sport is over. It has gone with our school-boy days! But it is not unpleasant to think of it. It was an innocent sport, and a hearty exercise. We verily believe that snow-balling has done much for many a boy, not only giving him rosy cheeks at the time, but served its part in giving him a robust constitution for life. Out with you, you pale, puny, delicate house-plants—out into the snow, and you will find that there is virtue and vigor in it. And you, old prudish, shivering, fretful complainer of the snow-storm, you ought to have a good snow-balling to cure you of your ennui. That is what you richly deserve, and very much need.

But now, to get into a better humor, and to proceed with our subject, we would remark that there is a great variety in snows. There is the first snow in Autumn, wet, heavy, and transient. Then there is the half-snow, half-rain, which makes a slushy business, and does not please the lovers of good sleighing. If it did not too much interrupt our story,

we would here read this class of individuals a good practical lesson. For they are often cruel to their mute and patient horses. Shame on them! That was a wise and merciful man who, in a certain saying, testifieth of such that he would rather be their prayer books than their horses! For, sure it is, that they are more wicked than pious. They are very attentive to the ladies—that they are!—and sometimes also to the liquor!—which can be truly said; but the poor horses know more of the whips than of the hay and the oats. Shame on them! We are only sorry that it has been necessary for us to interrupt our story about the snow, to administer to them a wholesome rebuke.

So we proceed to say, that there is to be mentioned among the varieties of snow, the quiet, deliberate, large-flaked, slowly falling snow, which however does not last long or come to much, unless it changes into a finer, fiercer cast, which it often does. If so, then look out for a deep snow. Soon the mountain is hidden, and the nearer woods and orchards are but faintly seen through the fleecy cloud. It is this kind that the poet describes as beginning “in the dusk of eve:”

“Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.”

Look out in the morning after such a snow. There it lies a full foot thick upon the broad acres, and upon the roof. The first work in the morning, after prayers are said—let not that be forgotten, or there may be no blessing on the day—is to shovel the paths, and make clear a spot on which to feed the fowl. As yet the broad road is unbroken; but it will not be long so; for yonder he comes—

“He that stalks
In pond’rous boots beside his reeking team
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg’d wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While ev’ry breath, by respiration strong
Forc’d downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form’d to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half shut eyes, and pucker’d cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secure his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy: and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain with which
Refinement is endu’d, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair’d,
The learn’d finger never need explore
Thy vig’rous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches ev’ry bone

Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care ;
Thy wagon is thy wife ; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly ; rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy ! which the great,
With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show."

Of the regular snow-storm we have already incidentally spoken, but much remain unsaid. How it rolls through the mingled heavens—how it scuds over the apex of the roof—how it whirls around the corners, drifts through the fences, fills the road with heaps, and piles up many a curious fantastic knoll, swelling sloping ridges smooth as human skill could never make them—cones like miniature mountain peaks, sinking away on one side into humble mimic mountain ranges—and projecting ledges, with sheltered nooks beneath, over which the drifting snow scuds and whirls away to be piled up in some other distant place.

"Now, shepherd, to your helpless charge be kind ;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict ; for from the bellows cast
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft ; and over the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky !"

How sublime is a snow-storm ! How in it the Almighty walks forth in majesty over the earth. The guilty hear His wrath roar in the tempest and are afraid, while the pious feel soothed into quiet by the power which rules around them, and the sweet sense of security is increased by the noise of the storm. How it increased the pleasures of home, and softens the heart in sympathy with the houseless and unsheltered. Hard is the heart that rises not in gratitude to God for its own home joys, and in prayer for the poor, when the snow-storm whistles, and veers and wails over the earth.

Ill betides the traveler who has lost his way, and in whose devious path the growing drifts like Alps on Alps are piled. Who has not been made a tenderer and better man by reading Thompson's touching picture of such a scene :

"As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air ;
In his loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow : and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth

In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and bless'd abode of man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death;
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse;
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
 E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate:
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd.
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss.
Refining still, the social passions work."

Though snow was far less plenteous in Bible lands than with us, the sacred writers make frequent allusions to it. They refer to it as an emblem of purity: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." "Wash me," prays the Psalmist, "and I shall be whiter than snow." To set forth the purity of the great "Ancient of days," Daniel tells us that when he saw Him in vision, "His garment was white as snow." When Jesus was transfigured in the presence of some of his disciples on Horeb "His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow." So when John, in his vision on the Isle of Patmos, saw the Son of Man in the midst of the golden candlesticks, and "His head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow." Of the angel, who rolled the stone from the sepulchre of the rising Jesus, it is said "His countenance was like lightning, and His raiment white as snow."

Job, more frequently than any other sacred writer, refers to the snow, which may indicate to us that it was more known in the northern part of the desert of Arabia, where he abode, than in Palestine. He refers to the fact that washing in snow-water makes the hands whiter than the use of other water. Job 9: 30. This is a fact which all have observed. It is, however, evidently not owing to any superior cleansing qualities in it, but to the fact, that being cold, it repels the blood from the surface, and gives the skin a beautiful white appearance.

Job recognizes the power and wisdom of God in the snow. He saith to the snow, "Be thou on the earth." He stands in awe before the divine challenge: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow!" In the same spirit the Psalmist beautifully says: "He giveth snow like wool: he scattered the hoar-frost like ashes." He also sees in the snow an obedient messenger of God, which, with the "stormy wind," fulfils His word.

The man of Uz also graphically compares false friends to the snow, which in that comparatively warm country, quickly passes away. As they are warmed they melt away! "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as a stream of brooks they pass away; which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid: what time they wax warm, they vanish: when it is hot they are consumed out of their place." How true.

Solomon, among the beautiful traits which he enumerates as belonging to the character of a good housewife, mentions the careful protections which she secures for herself and family against the snow: "She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed in scarlet." He that findeth such a wife findeth a good thing, even if she has not been made tender-hearted by reading the last novel; and, the

children that have such a mother ought to be satisfied and thankful, even if she has never learned to dance.

It is time to bring to a close our story about the snow. It has its comforts and its lessons, as we have seen. The world would not be a world without it, and old Winter would lose half his claim to veneration were not his beard and locks made white with venerable snow.

"Now, stir up the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

"J U D G E N O T."

BY NELLIE RAY.

WEAR the same galling yoke—
The same dark burden bear,
That heavy on thy brother lies,
Then censure if you dare.

Smile at grief's homely lines;
Upon his face imprest,
But think the while how storms despoil
Even the eagle's crest.

Should'st of his murmuring say,
"He more resigned should be;"
Quick pray the Lord such trials may
Ne'er cross thy pilgrim way.

At most thou can'st but see
The failing, outward man;
The while the soul is growing pure
Beneath God's chastening hand.

God sees what man sees not:
The vexed soul's wrestlings hard,
Its anguished pray'r hears that the gates
Of mercy be unbarred.

The scouted thistle grows
Where worshipped flowers would sink in death,
Sends from its heart rich purple bloom,
Heavy with honeyed breath.

O, God! help me to be strong in
That blessed faith that lifts the soul up from
The dust, where its wrong deeds has bowed it down.
Sweet Christ! I know that on the Cross thou didst
Pour out thy blood like wine, to wash away
The darkening spots from sinful souls.
But O, strong chains, forged in my very heart,
So clog and bind my weary feet, that up
The rocky steep of Calvary they dare
Not go. Break each firm link, though every vein
Should bleed that circles through my heart.
Then, 'gainst the Cross my soul will press and plead
With tears, for the blood of the Blessed Crucified
To make it white like wool.

Y O U N G M E N .

BY THE EDITOR.

SOLOMON says: "The glory of young men is their strength;" and John says: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." Young men are not only strong as having vigorous constitutions, but they are strong in the position which they occupy in society, and in their influence for weal or woe upon the general interests of society. Paul was aware of this, and hence he bears them in mind when he writes to Titus: "Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded." The expression, "young men," is used in the scripture about seventy times; in all the passages where they are mentioned it is generally in reference to their influence for good or for evil.

It is so still. A moment's consideration will convince a close observer that they fill up a large and prominent space in the general feature of society. Young men in a family represent that family before the public, either to its honor or its disgrace. If their course of conduct is honorable, the families to which they belong are honored; and if their conduct is disgraceful, the family to which they belong will share in that disgrace in the eyes and judgment of the public. It is a fact so general that it cannot have escaped the notice of any one, that throughout our land some of the most respectable families have been dishonored by the conduct of their sons. On the other hand, how frequently have obscure parents been raised to notice and respect by the honorable and excellent conduct and character of their rising sons.

Communities, villages, and cities receive character abroad, to a great extent, from their young men. It is these who are carried away by the spirit of enterprise, or by excursions of pleasure to neighboring regions, and of course will represent there the spirit and character of the place where they live; and strangers will judge it accordingly. Old settlers and close observers know the general character of every neighborhood by the representation which is made of it by the young men as they appear abroad on public occasions. In our cities almost every street has a certain character which it has received by the conduct and general character of its young men.

It is the same in congregations. Young men add much to its glory or its shame. Thickly interspersed through the congregation, and looking with hopeful and glowing countenance from each pew, they add to the whole a feature of strength, growth and animation, which speaks of great promise.

The Sabbath school also, and all the benevolent enterprises of the church, receive character from their activity and piety. But, alas! for that congregation where they stand back or wander, and throw upon it the reproach of their misconduct; then indeed must the exclamation be made in anguish of heart, like David in his lamentation over Saul and Jonathan: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!"

It must also be remembered that the ranks of the ungodly in middle life, are constantly filling up from the ranks of the young, who have received their first training in the society of young men. Experience teaches also that very few who have had a wicked training in youth change their course in middle life. It is easier for an Ethiopian to change his skin, and a leopard his spots, than for those who have been ripened in evil to change their course in middle life. Few rivers are turned into a new channel when once they sweep along in the full tide of their strength; and equally few men turn into a new course of life when once the strong current of middle life is bearing them on in the way of destiny.

There is no time when one can so ill afford to be profligate as while he is a young man. It is the period of life when the foundation of ruin is most easily and deeply laid. Either health or character lost then is an evil that can never be fully repaired. Many a groan in old age is the result of early folly; but the repentance which it begets comes too late.

NEVER JEST WITH SCRIPTURE.

It is of great importance that we should resist the temptation, frequently so strong, of annexing a familiar, facetious, or irreverent idea to a scriptural expression, a scripture name. Nor should we hold ourselves guiltless, though we may have been misled by mere negligence or want of reflection. Every person of good taste will avoid reading a parody or a travestie of a beautiful poem because, the recollection of the degraded likeness will always obtrude itself upon our memories when we wish to derive pleasure from the contemplation of the original. But how much more urgent is the duty by which we are bound to keep the page of the Bible clear of any impression tending to diminish the feeling of habitual respect and reverence toward our Maker.—PALGRAVE.

THE SABBATH.

CREATOR! God! Almighty King!
 Enthroned in light beyond the sky!
 What can the earth for tribute bring
 To glorify thy Majesty!
 Her treasures are but moth and rust;
 Her incense dies—her gold is dust.

We stop the countless pulse of Time;
 The mighty breath of earth we stay—
 We stand in rest before Thy shrine,
 We offer Thee thy Sabbath day!
 Uncrowned her kings before Thee bow;
 In silence Nature hails Thee now!

And Thou! as chime and chant arise,
 Marking the holy time for Thee,
 Thou dost receive it in the skies,
 And makest it Eternity!
 Oh, hasten, Lord, that Sabbath day,
 Whose light shall never pass away!

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

BY C. V. MAYS.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
All the blessed days of old,
When we sported in the sunshine
Like the lambs within the fold.
When our hearts were young and tender,
And our spirits full of glee,
And we danced to inner music
As free as free could be.

I remember, I remember,
How the summers came and went ;
How we loved the season's changes,
Yet we knew not what they meant :
How our shadows still grew longer
As we viewed them on the floor—
And we watched the sunlight playing
On the sill beneath the door.

I remember, I remember,
When our earliest sorrows came,
How our hearts beat higher, wilder,
Yet we thought them still the same.
Ah ! we knew not of the changes
That the world was working there—
How it soiled those living pages,
That were erst so pure and fair.

I remember, I remember,
Those bright sunny memories all,
When the glow of childhood lingered
Like a sunbeam on the wall :
How the dreams of youth came o'er us,
With a gentle voice and low,
Like the breath of summer flowers,
At the twilight's mellow flow.

I remember, I remember,
When still later years came on,
How those fairy visions vanished
Like the mist before the sun ;
How we wished that they were real—
That life ever might be so—
But the blossom first must perish
Ere the fruit begins to grow.

I remember, I remember,
Every accent as it fell
From the young lips warm and tender
Of the friends I loved so well ;

I can hear their merry laughter
 Ringing clearly now as then,
 And my bosom heaves with sadness
 As I wish them here again.

Some are sleeping in the churchyard,
 Some have wandered far away;
 Others still are here around me,
 But so sadly changed are they,
 That I can no longer meet them
 As we met in days of old—
 When we sported in the sunshine,
 Like the lambs within the fold.

THE ORIGIN OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER, BY PARVUS.

I WILL NOT, you say. Nor will I, I say. How do we stand toward each other? Are we friends or enemies? You will not what I will; I will not what you will. We are enemies. You will not, what I will not; I will not what you will not. We are friends. Will and will not make all friendship and enmity in the world.

You complain against enemies. Who is then your enemy? He who will not as you will? The enmity can soon be removed. Your neighbor says, "I will not as you will." You answer, then I will as you will. Then you are friends. All depends on willing.

When your will and my will are one will, then we are the best friends. Is the work good? Give yours, I give mine. Is it evil? you break off and I break off. We are friends. But nothing is so difficult to subdue as the will. For me to have my will in unison with yours, and you yours in unison with mine, is almost as difficult as it is for heaven to become earth and earth to become heaven. Nothing in man is more obstinate than the will, which, nevertheless, binds every thing. But if your will and my will are one will with the will of God, they will also be in unison with each other in God, just as two little balls of wax, when they are melted in the fire flow together, and are formed into one ball.

After this let us both strive to have our wills one with the will of God, for he is our Father, we are his children. Let the will of the Father also be the will of the child. He is our Lord, we are his servants; the servant must not live according to his own will, but according to the will of his Lord. Let us both live as God wills, and thus we are one with God. You will what God wills, I will what God wills. Your will and my will are in God the same will. If self-will were out of the world there would be no contention. From self, will come self-interest, self-love, self-glory. These occasion all disputes. My friend, we both have one God, one Jesus, one Spirit, one faith, one heaven: and therefore let us also have one will. This I beg of you. Let us be friends in God.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

DEATH-BED repentance has always been suspected and pronounced unsafe by those who best understand the scriptures. We may safely say that a want of confidence in what appears to be repentance under these circumstances is general. However much christians may differ on some points, in this they all agree. Even the careless themselves are right on this subject in theory. Those who defer their repentance do so, not because they believe that to be the best time, but because they are unwilling to forsake their wrong position as long as they can avoid it. They regard that not as the best resort, but as the last resort!

There are good reasons why death-bed repentance is not popular; and why few reflecting persons have confidence in it. There is solemnity enough in crossing the dark, solemn stream when all is calm and ready. Even those who meet it with preparation often find it still a fearfully solemn change. It is the "king of terrors," the "last enemy," a change with which only fools can trifle.

When death comes there has then been a long life-time of sin, in which firm habits are formed and settled. The heart is hard and the conscience seared. How hardly will a superficial commotion, and a few tears that have more of fear than true penitence in them, break up the depths of a stubborn nature which has confirmed itself in sin during a whole life of carnality! To use the strong illustration of holy scripture, it is as easy for an Ethiopian to change his skin, and a leopard his spots, as for him to do good who has been accustomed to do evil.

At death, too, the mercy and love of God, by whose aid alone true repentance is possible, has been abused and insulted by a life of sin. Though His mercy is not easily provoked, and he endureth long the impudence and presumption of sinners, yet there are also times and seasons with God, when he answers: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

Let him who trusts to a death-bed repentance also remember that then the pains of the body are often so great that it is next to impossible to fix the mind for one moment steadily on one point. Every joint groans, every muscle writhes, every nerve trembles with agony, and from every pore issues a flame of burning fever. Is this a time for repentance? There is sorrow, but is it godly sorrow? On this point the prophet has truly said: "They have not cried unto me with their hearts, when they howled upon their beds!" It is not penitence because of sin, but it is a howling because of misery! Behold now, wilt thou trust to this broken reed, and hang eternal hopes on such uncertainty?

What is a still more serious consideration, there is also frequently at such a time more or less aberration of mind. The sense swims, and the poor sufferer scarcely knows what he is doing. Even where the nature

of the sickness does not directly destroy the mind's balance, it frequently begets gloom and despair. The guilt of a wicked, mis-spent life, comes rushing in upon the soul like an angry flood. The person feels himself crowded out upon the fearful verge of an eternal world for which he is not prepared, and the soul is overwhelmed with a sudden sense of its awful condition. Is this a time for repentance? Even when persons are exercised in a religious way at such a time it is almost always from wrong motives. It is not so much a sense of sin as a fear of the consequences of sin which moves them. Repentance, like all other acceptable acts, must be from right motives. Not all sorrow is godly sorrow; only that which is produced in the right way. How often is death-bed sorrow a mere terror, alarm, confusion and consternation. Hence it is, that in cases where death does not ensue, and the person is restored to health, it proves itself to have been false. A return to health is a return to sin, in nine cases out of ten. Satan, who has blinded the soul up to such an hour, can also easily blind it then. What it takes to be the calm of peace is only the evidence of a deeper death. Who will trust to such hopes of repentance?

If we had nothing else to dissuade and discourage us from trusting to such a refuge, one consideration would be enough. It is this: When one who has lived a life of sin, is once called to lie down on a bed of death, that is not a call to repentance, but a call to judgment! When once the axe falls upon the root of the barren fig-tree, it is not that he may become fruitful, but that he may be cut down! When once the cry is made: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh," it is not a call to go and buy oil for the lamp. It is now too late for that. In the eleventh hour the lord of the vineyard yet hired laborers, *but not in the twelfth hour!*

But did not the dying thief upon the cross receive pardon? Yes. But there is every reason to believe that he had never before known any thing of Christ. Is this the case with you? His case is, therefore, different from the case of such as defer this duty wilfully to that hour, when they have been a thousand times warned and invited before. Besides, there is only *one* penitent thief mentioned; where is the record of *thousands* who died in despair? Will you venture upon dangerous seas where myriads have perished, because amid the thousands who went down you have heard of one who reached the shore? Trust not in the favor shown to the penitent thief, as a refuge for a sinning, sinking soul; but trust rather now, and without delay, in Him who showed mercy to him, and who waits to do the same to you.

A PLAN FOR READING THE BIBLE THROUGH EVERY YEAR.—During January read Genesis and Exodus; February, read to 10th Deuteronomy; March, to 15th of 1st Samuel; April to 15th of 2d Kings; May, to 5th Nehemiah; June, to 100th Psalm; July, to 50th of Isaiah; August, to 20th of Ezekiel; September, to end of Old Testament; October, to end of Luke; November, to the end of 1st Corinthians; December, to end of New Testament—about sixty-five or seventy-five pages per month, or about two pages for every week-day and four for Sunday

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE good old time when the school and the church were united as one interest, has passed away. Our fathers placed the church and the school-house on the same glebe, side by side; and so was the pastor and the schoolmaster associated in their thoughts. Then religion was *taught*, not merely *tolerated* in the school. The infidel theory, that only mind should enter the school—that only the State, not the Church, should reign in it—and that temporal and eternal interests can be separated in the proper development of our nature, had not entered their minds. Of such *progress* they never dreamed.

The crowding out of the venerable and excellent idea of a parochial christian education has made sabbath schools absolutely necessary. The more the opposite theory and practice prevail, the more imperative is the duty of the Church to foster and carry forward energetically the institution of Sabbath schools. This, with careful family education, is the only check upon the prevalency of unchristian and anti-christian education.

Our Sabbath schools are doing a great and a good work. Till a better sentiment again prevails in regard to the nature of education, it is the solemn duty of every christian to lend his influence and talents to this good work. To be a Sabbath school teacher is an honorable and an influential position. Every pious member of the Church ought to covet such a sphere of usefulness, and endeavor to bring to it his best gifts.

Whoever is acquainted with the operation of Sabbath schools knows what a difference there is in teachers. One interests the children in his class, and consequently influences them—another does not. With one they are benefitted, with another they show no progress. One carries them forward through the school into the church, in the hands of another they scatter at the very time when they ought to come forward to make a profession of their faith by full union with the Church. These different results are to be traced not so much to the difference in the children as to the difference in teachers.

To be a good Sabbath school teacher is not a matter of course, but a matter of care and study. He that would succeed in it must put his heart and his energies into it. In this as in other things, it is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich. A good teacher will study and pray over his work—will come with a full heart and a full mind to his class—will consider the class as his family, lying upon his heart for weal or for woe. He will seek to draw their attention and bind their hearts to himself, that he may the better influence them for Christ and for heaven. Carrying forward his work in such a spirit, he is sure to succeed.

Is it not worthy an effort? What better field of usefulness can a true

christian desire? What higher honor, what purer pleasure can any one desire than to be appointed by Christ to feed the lambs. With what joy, we may suppose, would an angel bound into such a holy, heavenly work! Those bright celestials, who sang such joyful anthems at our Saviour's birth, would feel it an honor and a true delight to win little children to Him by such teachings as would lead them to see in Him the one loving and to be beloved. Should not that which would increase an angel's joy, enlarge and animate the soul of a saint on earth with holy zeal and love?

Perhaps he, or she, who reads is a Sabbath school teacher. Magnify your office. Covet the best gifts. Delight in your noble work. Set your heart upon it as worthy of your most careful study, and most unreserved consecration. Be not weary in well-doing. What joy to lead some inexperienced feet into the path of life, which otherwise they would perhaps never have found. To be the instrument of leading one soul to Christ is enough to make an eternity of joy. Have you labored—labor more. Have you been faithful—be more faithful still; and cease not to give thanks to your Saviour, who counts you worthy of so great and good a work.

If it is a blessing for a child to enjoy the nurture of a Sabbath school, how important is the duty to bring into it such as wander at large. It is their misfortune, more than their fault, that they belong to families where no one—not even a mother!—cares for their soul. They are ignorant, and know not what they do. They would do better if they were taught better. Take you pity on them! Gather them from the street—bring them forth from the alleys—seek them in the mountains, and in neglected regions, and tell them wherein lies “their only comfort in life and in death.” So will you act the part of the good shepherd; and He who died for them and for you, will give you part of your reward here, in the consciousness of doing a noble work, and in the life to come a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. For they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever.

FEBRUARY.

THIS second month in the year, we would inform our young readers, derives its name from the Romans. It comes from the Latin, *Februo*, which means to “purify” or “expiate.” It was so called because in this month the Romans had a great festival in which the people were solemnly *purified* and a feast was celebrated in behalf of the manes of the dead. This was anciently the last month of the year. It remained the last till 304, A U, and from that time it has been the second.

Charles the Great, named it *HORNUNG*, or *Kothmonat*, which means mud-month, from the old German word *HOR*, which means mud. It is still commonly called *Hornung* among Germans. In our latitude it is a little too early for a mud-month, as snow and frost hold their dominion pretty faithfully to the end of it. Yet sometimes, especially towards the end of it, the name is very appropriate.

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CHRISTIAN FAMILY LIFE.

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BY THE EDITOR.
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By a friend whose judgment is always worth more than gold, our attention has been called to a little German work by the celebrated Dr. Thiersch, on "Christian Family Life." It treats of marriage, the proper education of children, and the duties of children toward their parents. The book takes a deep, earnest, and truly christian view of family life, and has done good service to the sacred interests of the family circle in Germany, where it has passed through several editions.

There are degenerating and dangerous tendencies at work in our American social life, which loudly call for the dissemination of such anointed truths as are brought forward in this little work of Dr. Thiersch. Not only are thoughts and theories openly promulgated which strike at the roots of family life, but many unchristian elements have silently insinuated themselves into the popular thinking and feeling, which must sooner or later develop themselves in disastrous results. It is our intention, by the aid of this little book, to call attention to this subject, so far as the influence of The Guardian extends. To this end we shall use the work of Dr. Thiersch in a very free way. We will aim rather in reproducing its thoughts, than at translating it. The circumstances of American family life being not exactly the same as in Germany, this treatise needs to be accommodated to our social latitude. We shall therefore omit, modify, enlarge and illustrate as may be found necessary—seeking to apply the truly christian view which is taken of the subject to the sins and sores of social life in our own country. We will use the book before us as web, and our own thoughts and reflections as woof.

The present article shall be devoted to some thoughts on the principles which lie at the basis of the divine economy of the family. As in nature, so in the moral world, there are divine laws and regulations, by which the moral and social constitution is sustained, and in the bounds of which it must move, act, and develop itself. Nature obeys the divine laws by necessity; in the moral world, on the other hand, all His ap-

pointments are to be observed in the spirit of freedom; still, in the sphere of morals, as much as in the sphere of nature, is God's order binding, and cannot be interfered with without incurring the penalty. Unchangeable as the movement of the stars is the divine ordinance, according to which the world of man—the moral cosmos—must move in its appointed order. Its fundamental laws are as little mere words or dead codes, as the powers which move the heavens and condition the harmonious revolution of the spheres.

Whenever a man attempts to elevate himself above this moral order, and ignore it by his acts, he will be made to feel the reality of these moral laws. To the obedient they make themselves known as powers that protect and bless: the disobedient and rebellious they confront as powers of confusion and annihilation. As the creative word and the creative act—for both are the same—has moved on, bearing up all things until now, so in human relations, the divine power which has ordained these relations, will work on in its own way and order till the end of ages.

Of all such ordinances the family is the oldest and the most comprehensive. Its fundamental laws—faithfulness, love, sacrifice of self, and obedience, are the strongest and most indestructible basis of all human well-being. Prosperity and blessing are bound up in these. Only when these are held sacred is moral development possible; only where these are realized in family life can there be progress toward perfection. Men may tear and tinker at these blessed bonds but cannot break them. Whenever any one attempts this he will find that he has plucked fire on his own head. He may distort and darken these relations; yea, every thing has been done in the progress of human depravity to break down or ignore this divine order, and yet in all ages and in all places the original constitution and ordinances of the family still holds its power. Not the family order has been broken, but those who have attempted to break it.

In three ways does the divine order of the family make its authority felt among men. First as a wonderful, ever-enduring conservator of good in the midst of the most corrupt and fearful times. Secondly, in the terror and curse which have always fallen upon such as have attempted to profane or destroy this holy enclosure. Thirdly, in the fact that ever, even after it has been disowned and set aside, or darkened by sin, its authority has always returned anew into the hearts of men with victory and triumph; and in such cases it has even been held in higher honor than before. As the penitent prodigal, after his riotings, returned to his father's house with a higher appreciation of the sweetness of home, so has society, where the sacredness of family life has been for a time desecrated, longed for, and rejoiced in, its restoration to honor: having learned by sad experience that the ordinances of God are a better guide to social felicity than the passions and the carnal wisdom of men.

Who can deny that this is in fact the history of all holy ordinances, which have ever been entrusted to the human race for their good. They have been neglected, disowned, and desecrated; yet they have retained in them the indestructible character of holiness. The possibility of re-establishing them has remained. In the end God has always vindicated

his own ways. What has been forgotten and seemed destroyed, he has called forth again into light and order; and more gloriously than before has he caused it to do his pleasure, and fulfil his purposes.

It is thus with marriage, and the life of the family. After its institution in the paradisaic state follows its dark degeneracy among the heathen, and its abuse through Jewish hardness of heart; but at length comes its restoration to purity, and its still higher glorification, in the christian Church. After this new restoration of the dignity and holiness of this relation, it was again deformed and robbed of its honor by the wisdom of man; but the spirit of Christ, which is ever present and powerful in christianity, has repelled all attempts to debase his own ordinances, and has been mighty in its workings for the full realization of that glorious Ideal in social life which has its origin in the divine mind.

Human nature has often instructed itself, or perhaps rather God has instructed it, by what logicians call the *reductio ad absurdum*—reducing its thoughts and theories to an absurdity. This is a fearful mode of instruction; yet it is often the only one which will make men wise. History and experience richly exhibit this kind of lesson. God lays down laws and principles, and solemnly tells men that their peace and bliss are bound up in their deference to these, and their misery and ruin begins in ignoring them. They do not believe it. They seek to change, modify and improve the divine ordinances, according to their own wisdom and carnal taste. Nor will they be dissuaded from their presumption. What is now to be done? what resource is left? how shall they be convinced of their folly? By the arguments, *reductio ad absurdum*. God leaves them in the hands of history, and they soon run out their principles and practices to an absurdity.

Do you wish to see this argument illustrated? Look at the bloated, bleared, blubbering drunkard—he is, what? a man reduced to an absurdity! Look at the debauchee, the voluptuary, where all that is high and holy has been buried in the mire of lust; what is that horrid wreck and repulsive carcass of a human being?—it is a being created in the image of God, but now reduced to an absurdity. Do you wish to see family life reduced to an absurdity? look at Mormonism. In short, every wrong principle that men may adopt will run itself out in the same way. History will sooner or later prove it to be rotten in its basis. As soon as a man steps aside from the way of the divine ordinances, he is on his way to the valley of Hinnon, where he will soon be found, with his schemes tumbled over his own head, amid broken skulls, rotting flesh, gnawing worms, and stench that darkens the heavens and pollutes the earth.

There are weeds which will not be destroyed, but if left alone grow so rank as to choke and destroy themselves. Meat, when salt is withdrawn, will rot of its own accord. A pond, when a fresh fountain ceases to flow into it will soon breed vermin and vapor that will cause men to flee from it for their life. It is just so, also, with corrupt theories. They may sustain themselves for a while by aid of the restraining influence that still operate upon them silently from surrounding society—or perhaps by the strength of stubborn antagonism against the

protesting truth—but they bear their doom in their own bosoms. They will work out their own absurdity at last. History is their judge.

Of all sacred powers—except the Church itself—there is none where this law or argument, *reductio ad absurdum*, works more quickly and surely. Let but its holy laws be disregarded and the avenger stands already in sight, lifting his sword in warning; and if the course be persisted in, he will soon present to the lips of the transgressor the bitter cup of sorrows.

Let not the divine land-marks be removed or forgotten. Four posts form the corners, and guard this paradise of the family.

FAITHFULNESS, between husband and wife, between parents and children, between children and children. Faithfulness to each other's highest interests. This is the sure foundation which no suggestions of sin, and no vicissitudes of earth can remove or shake. This makes the family a refuge, when all other things seem trembling in uncertainty and fear.

LOVE, between husband and wife, between parents and children, and between the children themselves. This is the golden net-work that runs round the holy enclosure. This is the sunshine that gladdens this paradise, and causes odors and music to arise within.

SACRIFICE OF SELF. The husband gives himself to the wife, the wife to the husband. The parents devote themselves to the children, and the children give themselves mutually to each other. One for all, and all for each—for joy and sorrow, for life and death. What is love, but for one to be lost in another. This makes the unity of the family; and the unity of the family is its strength, its peace, and its joy.

OBEDIENCE—obedience among all—but an obedience that centers in the head—which is the man—"the head of the wife"—the priest of the family. Obedience not in law, but in love; not by constraint, but willingly: obedience not asked, but given. Obedience like that which we render to Christ, where the one that obeys is the greatest recipient.

These we say again are the posts that guard this paradise of the family. Let not one of them be removed, to open an entrance for the subtle enemies of domestic peace. Ye young, who are seeking to shelter yourselves, and seek a home in this Eden of delights, presume not to improve these safeguards, or otherwise to instruct these sentinels of your peace. It is yours to be blest by this divine order, not to improve or amend it. Let theorists and presumptuous schemers have their way, and reap their own sorrow. Let brawling Progress babble in the wind till it is weary. The true progress to wisdom in regard to a blessed family life is always to go back to those christian principles which have stood the test of ages; and to which all who have departed from them, have been forced to return under lashings and lamentations.

A SWEET little boy, after reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," said to his grandmother, "Grandma, which of the characters do you like best?" She replied, "Christian, of course; he is the hero of the story." He responded, "I like Christiana best, because when Christian set out on his pilgrimage he went alone; but when Christiana started she took the children with her."

MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

VIII.

BY NATHAN.

ON a pleasant afternoon in the middle of December, I clumb on the coach that was to carry me to Rome. I took a seat with the conductor on the top, so as to have a view of the country through which we passed. But soon we were overtaken by showers, which hid the moon until my view extended only to the boisterous postillions, who beat their limping jades along with laborious cruelty. Sometimes we had eight horses tugging us up the mountain—once six horses and four large oxen took us up at a tedious pace. We had already reached the second night, and a dreary, uninhabited region, where the guide books and the lovers of frightful stories put robbers. A young Pole sat him beside me to indulge in visions of the terrible. For a long distance we met with no dwelling; each mused in silence over the dismal scene, when at length my friend remarked, "In truth it looks robber-like enough." Looking out into the dark void, all fell into a dreamy hush again, until the conductor broke the long silence by exclaiming "Rome!" when lo! a few straggling lights shone dimly through the dark, misty distance, and there was Rome. In sooth it was a charming sight, those little glaring tapers, and called up thoughts of the stars of ancient Rome, as they still shine down upon us through the hazy night of many centuries. They evoked visions of her glory and her shame. The city of the Cæsars! how gratefully I approached her gates; for even to afford me shelter from another cold and dismal night in the unprotected Campagna was not a trifling favor. One may well give way to a thrill of joy when he emerges out of a dreary waste, haunted by robbers and wild beasts, and sees himself approaching the ancient city, once the metropolis of the civilized world, with a prospect of standing upon the theatre where the eventful drama of ages transpired, and ponder over the decaying vestiges of her power and glory. A formal peep at and among us by a stern-looking general at the gate, and our cumbrous coach rumbled through a series of interesting streets—interesting because the beginnings of Roman sight-seeing, for they looked as bleak as midnight well could make them. Then into a large court, and the heavy gate was barred behind us. After a short custom-house ceremony, I went with my Polish friend to convenient lodgings. The following day we sallied forth in search of a more permanent residence, which gave us a lesson in the rudiments of treading in the mysterious and crooked footsteps of the ancients. I found a room near the base of the Qusinale, whose conveniences might reflect credit upon many a habitat in more modern regions. Here then I will erect my tent for a month, while I stroll along the banks of Time which twenty centuries have strewn with ruins. Ruins! strange that we should delight to look upon the decay of other countries when we mournfully shrink from a contem-

plation of that of our own. But every one will first look for these, and so I forthwith betook me to the Forum and the Coliseum, and often repeated the visit since, and still I go. In my haste I passed by christian churches to see heathen temples. Indeed many of the ancients were very respectable people, Pagans as they were. These temples are monuments of their earliest searchings and gropings after "the unknown God." But for the grace of God, and His revealed Word, it is doubtful whether the present generation of our race would be much better.

During the flourishing period of the empire, the country around Rome was covered with villas or country seats. While all traces have been lost of some, others are partially preserved in honor of their worthy occupants of yore. I look upon my country excursions as the most delightful reminiscences of my visit. One of unusual interest I made in company with my friend to the Alban hills. We started on one of those pleasant days, neither cold nor hot, for which the Italian December is so famous. To Frascati, a distance of twelve miles, we took the cars. This embraces all the railroad improvements in the Papal States. From here we ascended to the crest of a lofty hill, the site of ancient Tusculum, the birth-place of Cato. Its few untemnated ruins still gave proof of its ancient power. Immediately below is the villa of Cicero, commanding a view of the bleak Campagna, with Rome in its center, like an isle in the sea. Leaning against the murky vaults I feasted for a short time on the prospect, and then reaching up to pluck a few ivy leaves from what once was a stately dwelling, and a few dahlias around the front, as mementoes, we descended into a narrow valley covered with cane fields and grazing herds. Then ascended another knob crowned with a little village; thence along a beautiful ridge to Lake Alban. This lovely sheet of water spreads out in the crater of an extinct volcano, and is about six miles in circumference. The ancients, fearful that its waters would burst their banks and deluge the adjacent country, constructed a subterranean canal through the mountain to draw its waters to a safer level. Its banks now rise perhaps four hundred feet above the water. In some places olive groves slope to the water's edge, and fertile vegetable beds adorn its borders. Its banks, a little mountain embracing the lake in its circle, are partly covered by aged elms, overhanging one of the most enchanting roads I have ever trod. On one side the vast Campagna, and on the other, far down, the placid little lake, with a solitary bark floating over its dimpling, clear surface. Beyond it runs a succession of bleak volcanic pyramids, separated by dells of scanty vegetation. But this charming little sea!—it is like a precious pearl in a diadem—like a calm, bright eye beneath a careworn brow, through which a pure, serene soul shines peace upon us. On the outside declivity is Albano, associated with classic memories. The apple trees on Tusculum, and the numerous vines creeping over cane frames around the base of the Alban hills, reminded me of their luscious vegetable fruit, of which Horace and Virgil sung. On a projection of the mountain in front of the village is a grove commanding an extensive view. After our pleasant but fatiguing rambles, we spent the hour of closing day here. For awhile we mused over the dreary, dreaded plain,

"Where Campagna's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanded to the skies."

But as the sun approached the horizon, a sheet of red luminous haze bathed its surface, the Mediterranean shone like a sea of molten silver, bearing here and there a sail, while the departing rays shone with a mellow, half-shaded light upon Rome, which gave it the appearance of a beautiful painting. The wheat, grass and cane fields shone through the sunset in various colors. The distant bleating of flocks, the jingling of mule-bells, and the urging shout of the drivers, the hammering of the smithy, the laugh and prattlings of childhood in the distance, the chirping of a solitary bird beside me, and finally the deep peals of the vesper bells—these furnished a feast upon which the spirit regaled with mute delight. It was a happy day, which a bountiful Providence filled with more than a common share of joys. How gratefully we sat down to our repast that evening. It was already going towards a late hour as we sat together in mute reflection. At length I broke the silence, after thinking of another pleasant country toward the setting sun. "Tell me, Roland, the cause of thy unusual silence." "Something not very relevant to the pleasant business of this memorable day," he replied. "As I sat here thoughts of home came over me, and thou knowest we can not well forget that either." "That is just what I have caught myself at. Perhaps this cheerful crackling fire is somewhat to blame for it." "Well, if it is I, feel grateful for awaking such pleasant images and memories." "But I have told thee so much of my short, prosy history, tell me something of thine." "Mine," he replied, "is barren in interest and results, with many vexations and little success. It is soon told. My ancestors emigrated to Poland from Germany. They shared in its darkest trials and misfortunes, which my parents yet tasted in a more than ordinary degree. They intended to educate me for a jurist, a profession of which from my early youth I was passionately fond. After I had gained a number of the first honors I graduated in the Gymnasium. But as only the nobility have access to the universities in Russia, I could not complete my studies. For two years I plead for admission, but in vain. At length I was forced into the mercantile business, for which I have neither taste nor talent. While thou art contentedly laboring in a sphere for which nature and grace have designed thee, I am employed in one for which neither have fitted me. Part of my young life has already been turned into a winter of discontent. But now my only plan will be to make the best of my unwilling calling. Ah, my friend, thou dwellest in a happy country. Mine is now passing through the last ordeal of extinction. Formerly we had two flourishing universities in Poland. But these were taken from us; and now it has come so far, that only the sons of the nobility can attend the Gymnasias. Those who will complete their studies must visit the Russian universities, perhaps a thousand miles off. All this is to strip us of the last vestiges of Polish nationality, and infuse into us the torpid spirit of serfdom. But the Czar will find it a labor as ignoble as it is laborious to make us Russians. If Russia devours Poland she will find her a very indigestible dish for her present stomach, which may cause her many a pang. But I pray thee, tell not my complaints to thy Russian friends at Rome, lest the spies will beset my path and aggravate my present privations." This closed our first day upon the Alban hills.

The following day we made several excursions to the ancient Arriecia, still more picturesque than Albano, and then returned home.

A few days later we took a stroll along the Via Appia, the Regina Viasum of the old Romans. For eight miles the road is but a path through an ancient burying ground. Along both sides are the nameless untenanted tombs of those whose very dust has been blown out of their neglected vaults. In the places where the proud patrician was laid, amid "the boast of heraldry and the pomp of war," the wandering beggar now finds a grateful shelter from the sudden shower. Among the few that have been tolerably preserved is the grave of Seneca. His humble tomb, like his "Morals," has survived the proud epitaphs and and perishable monuments of ignoble fame. The largest preserved monument is that of Cæcilia Metella, on which the tooth of Time has gnawed for more than nineteen centuries. But it speaks neither of hope, nor abiding good to the living :

"Thus much we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife; behold his love or pride."

While musing along the streets of the dead, we were overtaken by an English traveling party. A line of carriages more than a mile long crowded around the starting point. For a short time the coaches followed in the rear, but soon the riders left them so far back, that they had to be content as spectators. Ladies, like modern Amazons, vied with the lords of creation in the eager chase. It is remarkable how the excitement of the chase blinds them to all danger. One coach rolled over with a crashing noise, unheeded save by a few loafers. One was pitched from his horse a number of times in the most frightful manner. At length the animal ran away with him, minus his coat and hat, and laid him very roughly beside a ruined wall. I thought he had fallen to rise no more, but soon he rose to limp after his steed again. The whole scene of mingled levity and dash for pleasure was an eloquent counterpart to these deserted abodes of the dead. On our return we struck across the fields, as we would say in America, past the grove of Egeria, and many scattered ruins.

Our third excursion was to the Sabine hills, and Tivoli, the Tibur of the ancients. The dells and ascending terraces around the city are filled with ancient olive groves, as in the days of Horace, from which its inhabitants principally live. The Anio, a mountain river, diverges into a number of branches, which plunge over precipices more than a hundred feet high. Several rush through under the city and boil over the rugged crags amid clouds of spray. Far down in a foggy gorge a large one tumbles out of a cave over large petrified trees and cane. In the evening we watched the bleak plain as the twilight settled on it. One object after another disappeared until nothing remained but the dome of St. Peters, perched on the distant horizon. When the moon arose we wandered about among the cascades and watched their wild dashings through the winding clefts of the half-visible beds. On our return the streets were all deserted. Entering a *café*—an important institution for news, nourishment and social intercourse among the modern Italians—we found a relief from the dismal loneliness of the dark

streets. And even here we found ourselves alone. We asked the attendant, "Where are all your towns-people?" "Ah!" he said, "the olive hath borne no fruit, and so the Tiburnians must go early to bed." The next morning we clambered down into the gorges and the caverns, and visited several classical villas. The most interesting of which was the villa of Hadrian, which looks like a small city of palaces in ruins. After leaving this, we were overtaken by one of those fitful showers for which the Italian sky is famous. We sought shelter in a wayside shrine where many a pilgrim has paid his devotions. Here, while the chilling rain blew around us, we made a sumptuous dinner on a few pieces of bread. How keenly we relished our simple fare, more than could the gluttoned epicure his choicest dishes. We had an aged guide, whose tough agility beshamed our cumbrous gait. Many a curious tourist has he schooled in the history and legendary lore of his native Sabine. "I have traversed these hills from a child," he said. "Two royal travelers, the princes of Saxony and Bavaria have followed in my wake. I have fought under Napoleon I. Napoleon the *first*," he repeated. "This one at Paris is a Little Napoleon (*Picholi Napoleonchino*.) I have seen much in Italy and out of it, but here in my native Tibur will I spend the evening of my days. Is not this most a pretty place to fall asleep in? See how yonder olives of former ages still thrive. Seest thou the fine herds on the hill there? And then look at those waterfalls! Thou should'st see them when the mountains and trees are green, when lowing herds, singing birds and playing, prattling children mingle their sounds with their rough roar. Then I think of boyhood's days. But now I am fast growing old. My hair is white. I can no longer skip over these hills as formerly. Yes, I will soon sleep with my fathers. But they will lay me on yonder hill, near these fountains, groves and rills. The cascades will still rush and roar on after I am gone." Yes, methought, for his colloquy roused me to earnest reflection, if thou art a child of God they will long roar their unheeded requiem over thy remains while thou art in "a better country." I felt sad to part with him, for I always love to listen to the teachings of thoughtful age.

I thought I had seen and felt much of Rome, but when rambling among its ruins during moonlight, I felt new thrills of power and beauty which far surpassed the rest. And how brightly the moon shines here! It could not be more so without becoming daylight. To stand by these fountains, sparkling in moonlight like sheets of liquid light, guarded by bust and hoary statues of speaking marble—to stand in temples where the blind zeal of a false religion tried to secure the favor of heaven by pouring human blood upon their altars—to peer into the dark vaults by the aid of a few rays that penetrate their crevices, are things to be remembered. What a pile of unforgetful power is the Pantheon in moonlight! And the Forum, with its few surviving columns, like pillars of smoke in the perishing waste of the Past! In the Coliseum, too, I have stood and looked at the moon and the stars, and thought how they shone upon its glory and cruel shame. I looked through the tufts of waving grass on the border of its lofty walls, and through its arches, to the moon and stars. An awful stillness hovered around it like the hush of a churchyard at midnight. Not a sound was heard

save the slow tread of the guard and the distant barking of a dog. Yes, the spectral sound of the owl I heard across the way in the Cæsar palaces. The last time I was there I ascended to the top with the aid of a glaring pine torch. I looked down into the vast arena, and out upon the arches of Titus and Constantine, while the ghostly bird of Night was perched on a topmost stone above me, from which it piped its dismal dirge over this grave of Rome. I listened to the stillness of a sleeping world till near midnight, and then would fain have tarried longer. How vividly I felt the force of Childe Harold's description :

“The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved, darking the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle sound.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bow-shot where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through level'd battlements
And twine its roots with the imperial hearths.
Joy usurps the laurels place of growth;
But the gladiator's bloody circus stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou did'st shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries.”

I have frequently visited the Vatican, where certain “thunders” are said to be forged and flung, than which there is no more peaceful and refining retreat in all Europe. Few places more nobly repay a visit, and certainly none contain a rarer collection of ancient and modern art. Pity that its name has become identified with so much terror to some persons. The building itself is in every respect very ordinary, and so much concealed that it is hard to get a good view of it. The best I had was from the dome of St. Peters. Aye, this was another little adventure, ascending this famous dome. When we reached the roof we joined nine young priests in the ascent. After stepping around a rope until my head began to reel, and creeping through narrow stair-ways, walking around the vast open gallery, looking down several hundred feet into the church, we reach the last station. The rest of the way was made up a small iron ladder through a vertical pipe of sparing room. The priests laid aside their robes and their all-brimmed hats. Several, of more portly dimensions than the rest, well nigh bunged the opening for us, to the great diversion of their brethren. Though more slender, I found considerable labor to twist and struggle through this aerial orifice, which caused no little merriment to my friends at the top

of the ladder. Arrived at the summit we crouched around a small circular arch, four hundred feet above the pavement, a very odd group I must own. I could not help but think of Saul among the prophets.

Oranges are just ripening in Italy, and a golden harvest they yield this year. On some trees they hang in thick heavy clusters like our cherries. What a tinge of beauty they impart to the villas and private gardens. Almost daily I admire them and the lines which so charmingly praise them:

"Kenust Du das Land wo die Citeronen bluehen
Und im dunklen Laub die Gold-Orangen gluchen?"

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

A FATHER and his little son
On wintry waves were sailing;
Fast from their way the light of day
In cloud and gloom was failing;
And fiercely round their lonely bark
The stormy winds were wailing.

They knew that peril hovered near;
They prayed "Oh! heaven deliver!"
But a wilder blast came howling past,
And soon, with sob and shiver,
They struggled in the icy grasp
Of that dark, rushing river.

"Cling fast to me, my darling child,"
An anguished voice was crying.
While silvery-clear, o'er tempest drear,
Rose softer tones replying,
"Oh! mind not me, my father dear—
I'm not afraid of dying;
Oh! mind not me, but save yourself,
For MOTHER'S sake, dear father;
Leave me and hasten to the shore,
Or what will comfort mother?"

The angel forms that ever wait,
Unseen, on man attendant,
Flew up, o'erjoyed to heaven's bright gate,
And there, on page resplendent,
High over those of heroes bold,
And martyrs famed in story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy,
And wreathed it round with glory.

God bless the child—ay, He DID bless
That noble self-denial,
And safely bore him to the shore,
Through tempest, toil and trial,
Soon in their bright and tranquil home,
Son, sire, and that dear mother,
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rapture met each other.

THE MISSPENT MONEY.

ALL of Charlie's little savings had just gone to buy a toy-pistol. It was too pretty, and too much like a real pistol to be resisted. It had a little spring that acted like the powder, and a ramrod to press it down, and a little arrow which it could shoot out when discharged. Charlie had seen it at the village store, and drawing out his funds which he had saved from time to time, he obtained his pistol and took it home. For a whole day he was busy with his new toy; now he would try how far he could make his arrows fly in the air, and again, how near he could come to a mark; and when he found this kind of play beginning to tire, he and his younger brother with whom he had shared his sport, mounted the pen and fired peas at the pig. This was a new kind of play, and Charlie, as he saw his little bullets striking around the eyes and ears of the pig, found his interest in his new toy reviving. His pistol now seemed more like a real one than ever; but even this sport, which the boys never thought might be annoying to a poor brute, at length grew tiresome also, and so the pistol was thrown down and soon forgotten in some other play, until the time for supper came, and then they went to bed.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Charlie went to his school. That morning a collection was taken up which was to be appropriated to a special missionary object, in which the scholars had become interested. They had undertaken to educate a heathen youth to whom they had given the name of their pastor, whom they all loved. He was present on that occasion, and made a few remarks on the pleasure and benefit of giving, and how much more blessed it was to give than to spend our money simply for our own gratification. Charlie, who was listening with attention, thought of his toy pistol, and began to feel that he might better have saved his money for a higher and nobler purpose; and when the plate passed him, and he had nothing to lay upon it, he thought of his toy, and wished he had not been so hasty in its purchase. All that day his thoughts would turn again and again to that toy-pistol, and then to the heathen scholar for whose education he had that month given nothing, while the counsels of his pastor were sounding in his ears: "How much better is it to give our money for the good of others than to spend it simply for our own gratification!" The next day he found his toy broken and useless; it had fallen upon the ground and been trodden under foot and destroyed, and as he picked it up and remembered that for a single day's amusement he had been deprived of the happiness of giving his monthly offering at the Sabbath-school, he wished again that he had thought less of self—that the money he had expended for a worthless plaything had gone to contribute to the happiness and the good of others. All his money had been expended and now there was nothing but a broken toy to show for it.

Charlie is after all a thoughtful boy, and the remembrance of his folly will not be without its lesson: that we *can best secure our own happiness by trying to do good to others.*

HUMBLE MERIT AND REAL WORTH.

BY SELDOM.

MUCH of this world is mere sham. Once upon a time, real men and solid worth demanded the homage of honest hearts. But these days are gone 'lang syne. Nearly all we have now is more or less artificial and unreal. Plain, open, single-hearted integrity, such as our fathers knew, is a somewhat scarce commodity in the family, in the State, and even measurably in the church.

Humble merit, in its unobtrusive reality, is however not yet entirely among "the things that were." We sometimes meet refreshing instances of unassuming and substantial worth. Amid the multitude of appearances and gilded rubbish, is to be found here and there the genuine article, a man of virtue and truth, still impressed with God's own image. Even the more imposing tinsel, the bagatelle and gew-gaws, that strew the world's hollow way, and set off the claptrap make-believes in our age, only the more clearly show by contrast plain and solid character, no matter how humble the sphere or position in which is found the man whom it adorns. True, the ancient philosopher, who is said to have hunted with a lighted taper to find a *man*, if living at the present time, might have almost as hard a job now in the same pursuit. We do not wish to be considered cynical or misanthropic in the spirit of these observations. They are based upon candid investigation, and are the result of no inconsiderable experience with men and things.

We knew a man once, yet certainly "in the body," who seemed to be most blissfully ignorant, that he might be the subject of a picture for the world to admire and praise. As an embodied specimen of modest worth and humble merit, let us look upon him in an unvarnished delineation.

First, he was not rich. He started in the duties of active life as an industrious journeyman mechanic, with nothing but willing hands and honest purpose. His aims were not very high in the world's standard. Many in the race for position and competency were far in advance of him. But he plodded onward with a diligence and spirit which may always rest sure of ultimate triumph.

Nor was he very learned, in the common sense of the term. His school opportunities had been extremely limited. Many knew more than he of the superficial attainments of the sciences. Others outshone him in glib conversational power. He often commits blunders, according to the rules of grammar, as he uses the language of the common people, which is not always free from defects. Most original phonetics sometimes appear too in what he has written, even in his business transactions.

But he acts well his part, and there lies the honor. Industrious and frugal, he soon bought the business stand of his employer. Economical and sober, he sought a help-meet, and thus created a blissful home. Joy delighted to dwell in that house. The family increased with years.

Prosperity crowned steady, faithful, patient toil. The community is free to acknowledge his house and family to be an honor to itself to possess. He is in many respects a useful citizen, one of the bulwarks of our nation. Socially and civilly he is however not of more importance than in that higher department, the religious phase of life. Here humble merit always shines with peculiar lustre. Intrinsic worth is elevated and refined by contact and communion with divine realities. Sham and show, false faces and hypocrisy reveal their vanity and empty nothingness when confronted with the supernatural in the christian faith.

Excellence and real worth will seek to unite itself with the truth as it is in Jesus. This man of humble merit is on this account a consistent member of the church. He prays, and labors, and gives for the success of the gospel at home and abroad. Nothing in all this, either shows that it is done from vain-glory or to be seen by men. It is the offering of a simple, unsophisticated heart, prompted by divine love from within. In all his acts he seems to be the plain, honest, earnest man. We may point the world to him and say, *Here is a man!* A man who does his duty, who is an honor to himself, his family, his town, his nation, his church; and yet he is a man so humble that but few know him. He hardly knows himself. I love to contemplate such men. Wherever we see them they demand our respect. Worth always has its value. Merit and virtue are never too humble to be estimated. When overlooked for a while by men, God still is cognizant of all, and in due time the fruit will follow as reward. Nothing is more sure or eternal than the rewards of real merit. Why then is it that virtue has so few followers? Why does not every one become a moral hero?

“Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.”

Men and things appear in this world under different aspects, according as they are seen from different stand-points of observation. To the simple outside observer, the “vain show” may all seem well enough. But the varied appearances may change vastly, when the unsophisticated spectator comes to understand the working of “the ropes,” and learns how the inside works of the puppet springs are made to effect the outside show. The initiated in the world’s false game mock the honest simplicity that sees nothing but the meaning superficialities of outside appearances. Of course we do not now undertake to expose the quackery and humbug now almost universally jubilant. But we do pray that more and more of real merit may be in men, that honest worth may grow up in earnest souls, and we may soon have more real men. The want of this age is *men!*

God made man in His own image. And now man changes that image into a jackass or a parrot, or a hog, or some viler animal. He masks his nature, subverts its high powers, establishes a false center of life, travesties eternal realities, burlesques the divine element of his life, and counterfeits the truth with a lie. This is true of all departments of a man’s life to a greater or less degree, whether considered under the force of the social in the family, the political in the State, or the religious in the church. This actual condition is not the normal one, and therefore we may have a right to find fault with it. The remedy for all this is at

hand. It is for the active agents in God's moral government to reduce all to harmony in the merits and worth of Jesus Christ, which may be possessed by the vilest and most abandoned.

As to the sphere of politics, it is generally acknowledged that trickery and demagogism make up its chief capital. It is a dirty cess-pool, we have heard old, worn-out political hacks and broken down stagers say. It is now an open matter that bribery and intrigue is the chief part in the game. Oh, here we want men—real men! Will mothers train us such men!

So, too, in the social circle the same want is felt. The shallow show and unfeeling pretensions, the open hypocrisy and fashionable lies, the mockery, the vanity, and the folly of fashionable society are all lamentably apparent. So well established is this point, that all this is attempted to be justified upon the ground that they are understood on their own merits, and so do no actual harm. What a commentary on the unrealness of fashionable life!

The religious element of the age, it must be confessed with shame, is in many respects tinctured with the virus. Where humility is an essential virtue and an honest worth eminently a requisite, one might well be surprised to find both of these such rarities. The platform celebrities manufacture themselves and their own *ad captandum* capital by turning trumpeters to their own fame, and so blow their own horns, till the echoes widening fill the land from Dan to Beersheba. Honest worth and true humility are not always found in the highest places.

Humble merit may oftener be found below. In the common walks of life are some of our truest heroes unknown to fame. Soldiers of the Cross on duty in the great conflict, they are known to Him. Let us honor it wherever it is found. Let us cultivate and develop it too in ourselves, and thus recommend it to others. "Learn to labor and to wait;" the time of reward will come. He is a hero who does his duty, be it high or low, prominent or hidden. The better that duty is done, the greater the hero who does it, no matter where he be called to do it. If the servant be found watching when his Lord comes, happy will he be. In due time will come for all true merit reward eternal.

"DON'T CARE."

How it sounds! Whenever we hear a boy, girl, or any one, making use of the expression, "I don't care!" it forcibly reminds us of the proverb of Solomon: "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."

Old Don't Care is a murderer foul,
 And a murderer foul is he—
 He beareth a halter in his hand,
 And his staff is the gallows-tree;
 And slyly he follows his victim on,
 Through high degree and low,
 And strangles him there, when least aware,
 And striketh the fatal blow—
 Hanging his victim high in the air,
 A villain strong is Old Don't Care!

M A R C H .

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS month derives its name from Mars, one of the principal gods of the Romans. Mars was supposed to be the son of Jupiter and Juno. He was the god of war, and on that account was held in high honor by the Romans, who loved war. He was also regarded as the father of Romulus, the founder of their eternal city, and this in their estimation added a new laurel to his crown. His worship was celebrated by offering to him the fiercest and most ravenous creatures; “the horse, for his vigor; the wolf, for his rapacity and quickness of sight; the dog, for his vigilance; and he delighted in the pye, the cock, and the vulture.”

A terrible, tearing god was this Mars. Perhaps he was made to preside over this month in order that he may tear up, break to pieces, and scatter the remains of snow, ice, and frost. March often raises floods like mighty armies, that come down upon peaceful plains, towns, and cities, to scatter and ruin, and leave in their track scenes not unlike those in the track of war.

The Germans call this month *LENZ*, which signifies as much as Spring. In our latitude, this is the transition month from winter to spring; but the power of winter extends its influence over it in such a degree that whatever *springs* does so cautiously, feeling that it is not perfectly safe for germs and buds to open up too freely. Still, the warmings of hope are upon the fields and in the gardens, and nature begins to feel the pleasant presentiments of the coming reign of bloom and beauty. Be patient, they will soon be here, the birds and the flowers. Meanwhile let us pray that the warlike Mars, like the receding winter, may lose his power in the earth, and look hopefully for the golden age of the world's summer, when instead of battle-fields, there shall be only fields of peace and plenty, the gladness and the glory of the earth.

F A I T H .

YE who think the truth ye sow
 Lost beneath the winter's snow,
 Doubt not Time's unerring law
 Yet shall bring the genial thaw.
 God in nature ye can trust—
 Is the God of mind less just?

Workers on the barren soil,
 Yours may seem a thankless toil;
 Sick at heart with hope deferred,
 Listen to the cheering word;
 Now the faithful sower grieves;
 Soon he'll bind his golden sheaves.

RUINOUS FAULTS.

BY J. V. E.

A FAULT, when applied to things, signifies an erring or missing, a failing, a blunder, a defect, a blemish, or whatever impairs excellence. In morals or deportment, it means any error or defect, or deviation from propriety, a neglect of duty, resulting from inattention or want of prudence.

If this definition is true, it is an act of wisdom and prudence on the part of a person to mend, correct, and set aright whatever he may find getting wrong in his business, conduct, life, and manners. Because, a getting wrong in these things, is a getting out of the right, safe, and sure way, and a missing the mark. If we miss the mark of our destiny; if we blunder in our path seriously, and deviate so far from propriety and the road of moral safety, resulting from inattention, want of prudence, or other cause, ruin in morals, mind, or business will follow.

The first dangerous fault we notice is a *business fault*. There appears to be a growing recklessness in this direction. It is time that young men and women in this country be more prudently educated in this important department. It cannot have escaped the observation of persons of thought, that prosperity in our temporal affairs depends greatly on the care we manifest at the start. If a young couple show an infatuation for living in large houses, furnished with the most costly furniture, live in high style, and carry on an extensive business, when their own capital will not admit it, what can they reasonably expect, but bankruptcy sooner or later. Then, to push this unpleasant season off as long as possible, resort is often had to dishonorable shifts, so that with a wreck of business there is a still more important wreck, that of character. Perhaps persons that never had any integrity of heart, might bear such a business tumultuation without its seriously affecting their peace of mind; but not so with others. To fall from palaces to the obscure cot, or from the four-story mansion on the wide, clean street, to the shabby hut on the alley, is certainly very trying to the spirits. All this might have been prevented by a little prudence in the beginning. How many unpleasant recollections, how many pecuniary difficulties might be very easily avoided? Beware, young reader, that you fall not into this business fault. Keep within the bounds of your income and capital from the start, if possible, and your upward tendency, although not at first so speedy, will yet be sure and pleasant. Never desire to make a *show* of wealth. Never desire to grow rich too fast. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil," "but the simple pass on and are punished." "He that hasteneth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him "

Another ruinous fault in many persons is the disposition they have of living altogether in *the sphere of carnal pleasure*. This is a fault not found in a few only, but the cause of misery to the greatest number.

The body, the evil nature with them, receives their whole attention. If man's existence was bounded by this life, it might then be considered reason to eat, drink, and be merry. But as we are above the brute, in this, that we have an undying soul, it shows a want of mind, or a gross perversion of the spirit, if we live altogether in bacchanalian and novel pleasures. The enjoyments derived from these things are only transitory. Their effect and recollection bring no peace to the mind, but tend to make us still more uneasy and unhappy, and increase our desire for them in the same ratio with the infatuation we engage in them. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine."

Many miseries take their rise in carnal pleasure. Ruin in property, health, mind, morals, and influence, follow as a trail of penalties for such folly. We cannot so well value those things until they are gone. When the mind is enervated, the body debilitated, the soul blackened, and our influence, respectability and property are gone, thousands would be given, if the strong and untarnished days of youth could be restored. What then is wisdom? what is prudence? what is safety? Avoid pride, carnal pleasure, making haste to get rich, and indifference to instruction, reproof, and religion. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: but fools despise wisdom and instruction." "When pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom." "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days; but the years of the wicked shall be shortened."

THE PRAIRIE IN SPRING.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

THIS is the prairie broad, and wild, and free,
 Ocean of emerald hue and moving light,
 When the meek grass with its green finger points
 To Him who feeds it, and the myriad flowers
 Of many hues—grass nestling flowers! strange buds!
 Offer, what large reward of sinless balm!
 While showers of insects float in the pure air
 On glittering wings, so variously dyed,
 They seem the offspring of the gorgeous flowers.
 Gay birds, like winged flowers inspired with song,
 Pour forth their roundelays from morn to eve:
 The robin, bard of birds, whose ardent hymn
 Shine out upon its sunlight breast of flame,
 Builds here its cabin-nest, and rears its brood.
 That jewel of the air, the oriole,
 Bright drop of sky and sunshine turned to song,
 Hangs its moss-cradle on the lonely tree,
 And there God rocks it with his mighty hand,
 And watches it with all the stars of heaven.

THE MYSTIC WEAVER.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

WEAVER at his loom is sitting,
 Throws his shuttle to and fro ;
 Foot and treadle,
 Hands and pedal,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,
 How the weaver makes them go—
 As the weaver wills they go.
 Up and down the web is plying,
 And across the woof is flying ;
 What a rattling,
 What a battling,
 What a shuffling,
 What a scuffling,
 As the weaver makes his shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
 Threads in single,
 Threads in double,
 How they mingle,
 What a trouble,
 Every color—
 What profusion,
 Every motion—
 What confusion,
 While the web and woof are mingling,
 Little bells above are ginging,
 Telling how each figure ranges,
 Telling when the color changes,
 As the weaver makes his shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

II.

Weaver at his loom is sitting,
 Throws his shuttle to and fro ;
 Mid the noise and wild confusion,
 Still the weaver seems to know,
 As he makes his shuttle go,
 What each motion,
 And commotion,
 What each fusion,
 And confusion,
 In the grand result will show—
 Weaving daily,
 Singing gaily,
 As he makes his busy shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

III.

Weaver at his loom is sitting,
 Throws his shuttle to and fro ;
 See you not how shape and order
 From the wild confusion grow,
 As he makes his shuttle go ?
 As the web and woof diminish,
 Grows beyond the beauteous finish :
 See the plaidings,
 Shapes and shadings,

All the mystery

Now is history ;

And we see the reason subtle,
 Why the weaver makes his shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

IV.

See the mystic weaver sitting,
 Up and down the treadles go :
 Takes for web the world's long ages,
 Takes for woof its kings and sages,
 Takes the nobles and their pages,
 Takes all stations and all stages—
 Thrones are bobbins in his shuttle,
 Armies make them scud and scuttle—
 Web into the woof must flow,
 Up and down the nations go,
 As the weaver wills they go.
 Men are sparring,
 Powers are jarring,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,
 See how strange the nations go,
 Just like puppets in a show.
 Up and down the web is plying,
 And across the woof is flying,
 What a rattling,
 What a battling,
 What a chaffling,
 What a shuffling,
 As the weaver makes his shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

V.

Canly see the mystic weaver
 Throw his shuttle to and fro,
 Mid the noise and wild confusion,
 Well the weaver seems to know
 What each motion
 And commotion,
 What each fusion
 And confusion,
 In the grand result will show,
 As the nations,
 Kings and stations,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,
 As in mystic dances go.
 In the Present all is mystery,
 In the Past 'tis beauteous history.
 O'er the mixing and the mingling
 How the mystic bells are ginging.
 See you not the weaver leaving
 Finished work behind in weaving ?
 See you not the reason subtle—
 As the web and woof diminish,
 Changing into beauteous finish—
 Why the weaver makes his shuttle
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the greatest of metaphysical poets, is a native of Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, where he was born on the 7th of April 1770. His parents were enabled to bestow upon their children the advantages of a complete education (his father was law-agent to Lord Lonsdale), and the poet and his brother (now Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, long master of Trinity college), after being some years at Hawkesworth school, in Lancashire, were sent to the university of Cambridge. William was entered of St. John's in 1787. Poetry has been with him the early and almost the sole business of his life. Having finished his academical course, and taken his degree, he traveled for a short time; and marrying an amiable lady, his cousin, settled down among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. A gentleman dying in his neighborhood left him a handsome legacy; other bequests followed: and about 1814, the patronage of the noble family of Lowther procured for the poet the easy and lucrative situation of Distributor of Stamps, which left the greater part of his time at his own disposal. In 1842 he resigned this situation in favor of his son, and government rewarded the venerable poet with a pension of £300 per annum. In April 1843 he was appointed poet-laureate, in the room of his deceased and illustrious friend Southey. His residence at Rydal Mount has been truly a poetical retirement.

“Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.”

Wordsworth appeared as a poet in his twenty-third year, 1793. The title of his first work was “The Evening Walk, and Descriptive Sketches.” The walk is among the mountains of Westmoreland; the sketches refer to a tour made in Switzerland by the poet and his friend, the Rev. R. Jones, fellow of St. John's college. The poetry is of the style of Goldsmith; but description predominates over reflection. The enthusiastic dreams of liberty which then buoyed up the young poet, and his associates Coleridge and Southey, appear in such lines as the following:

“Oh give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride
Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;
To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
And dark oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers;
Give them, beneath their breast, while gladness springs,
To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
And grant that every sceptred child of clay

Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tides shall stay,
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
With all his creatures sink to rise no more !'

In 1798 was published a collection of "Lyrical Ballads, some by Coleridge, but the greater part by Wordsworth, and designed by him as an experiment how far a simpler kind of poetry than that in use would afford permanent interest to readers. The humblest subjects, he contended, were fit for poetry, and the language should be that "really used by men." The fine fabric of poetic diction which generations of the tuneful tribe had been laboriously rearing, he proposed to destroy altogether. The language of humble and rustic life, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, he considered to be a more permanent and far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets. The attempt of Wordsworth was either totally neglected or assailed with ridicule. The transition from the refined and sentimental school of verse, with select and polished diction, to such themes as "The Idiot Boy," and a style of composition disfigured by colloquial plainness, and by the mixture of ludicrous images and associations with passages of tenderness and pathos, was too violent to escape ridicule or insure general success. It was too often impossible to tell whether the poet meant to be comic or tender, serious or ludicrous; while the choice of his subjects and illustrations, instead of being regarded as genuine simplicity, had an appearance of silliness or affectation. The faults of his worst ballads were so glaring, that they overpowered, at least for a time, the simple natural beauties, the spirit of gentleness and humanity, with which they were accompanied. It was a first experiment, and it was made without any regard for existing prejudices or feelings, or any wish to conciliate. The poems, however, were read by some. Two more volumes were added in 1807; and it was seen that, whatever might be the theory of the poet, he possessed a vein of pure and exalted description and meditation which it was impossible not to feel and admire. The influence of nature upon man was his favorite theme; and though sometimes unintelligible from his idealism, he was also, on other occasions, just and profound. His worship of nature was ennobling and impressive. In real simplicity, however, Wordsworth is inferior to Cowper, Goldsmith, and many others. He has triumphed as a poet, in spite of his own theory. As the circle of his admirers was gradually extending, he continued to supply it with fresh materials of a higher order. In 1814 appeared "The Excursion," a philosophical poem in blank verse, by far the noblest production of the author, and containing passages of sentiment, description, and pure eloquence, not excelled by any living poet, while its spirit of enlightened humanity and Christian benevolence—extending over all ranks of sentiment and animated being—imparts to the poem a peculiarly sacred and elevated character. The influence of Wordsworth on the poetry of his age has thus been as beneficial as extensive. He has turned the public taste from pompous inanity to the study of man and nature; he has banished the false and exaggerated style of character and emotion which even the genius of Byron stooped to imitate; and he has enlisted the sensibilities and sympathies of his intellectual brethren in favor of the most expansive and kindly philanthropy. The pleasures and graces of his

muse are all simple, pure, and lasting. In working out the plan of his "Excursion," the poet has not, however, escaped from the errors of his early poems. The incongruity or want of keeping in most of Wordsworth's productions is observable in this work. The principal character is a poor Scotch pedlar, who traverses the mountain in company with the poet, and is made to discourse, with clerk-like fluency,

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope.

It is thus that the poet violates the conventional rules of poetry and the realities of life; for surely it is inconsistent with truth and probability, that a profound moralist and dialectician should be found in such a situation. In his travels with the "Wanderer," the poet is introduced to a "Solitary," who lives secluded from the world, after a life of busy adventures and high hope, ending in disappointment and disgust. They all proceed to the house of the pastor, who (in the style of Crabbe's *Parish Register*) recounts some of the deaths and mutations that had taken place in his sequestered valley; and with a description of a visit made by the three to a neighboring lake, the poem concludes. The "Excursion" is an unfinished work, part of a larger poem, "The Recluse," "having for its principal object the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement." Whatever the remainder of the work will ever be given to the world, or completed by the poet, is uncertain. The want of incident would, we fear, be fatal to its success. The narrative part of the "Excursion" is a mere framework, rude and unskilful, for a series of pictures of mountain scenery and philosophical dissertations, tending to show how the external world is adapted to the mind of man, and good educed out of evil and suffering—

"Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal; that they become
Contingencies, and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon
In the deep stillness of a summer even,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides,
Their leafy umbrage turns the dusky veil,
Into a substance glorious as her own.
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene; like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself—thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life;
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair."

By viewing man in connection with external nature, the poet blends his metaphysics with pictures of life and scenery. To build up and strengthen the powers of the mind, in contrast to the operations of sense, is ever his object. Like Bacon, Wordsworth would rather believe all the fables in the Talmud and Alcoran than that this universal frame

is without a mind—or that that mind does not, by its external symbols, speak to the human heart. He lives under the “habitual sway” of nature.

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

The subsequent works of the poet are numerous: “The White Doe of Rylstone,” a romantic narrative poem, yet colored with his peculiar genius; “Sonnets on the Duddon,” “The Waggoner,” “Peter Bell,” “Ecclesiastical Sketches,” “Yarrow Revisited,” &c. Having made repeated tours in Scotland and on the continent, the poet diversified his subjects with descriptions of particular scenes, local manners, legends, and associations. The whole of his works have been arranged by their author according to their respective subjects; as Poems referring to the Period of Childhood; Poems founded on the Affections; Poems of the Fancy; Poems of the Imagination, &c. This classification is often arbitrary and capricious; but it is one of the conceits of Wordsworth, that his poems should be read in a certain continuous order, to give full effect to his system. Thus classified and published, the poet’s works form six volumes. A seventh has lately (1842) been added, consisting of poems written very early and very late in life (as is stated,) and a tragedy which had long lain past the author. The latter is not happy, for Wordsworth has less dramatic power than any other living poet. In the drama, however, both Scott and Byron failed; and Coleridge, with his fine imagination and pictorial expression, was only a shade more successful. The fame of Wordsworth is daily extending. The few ridiculous or puerile pieces which excited so much sarcasm, parody, and derision, have been quietly forgotten, or are considered as mere idiosyncrasies of the poet that provoke a smile, while his higher attributes command admiration, and have secured a new generation of readers. A tribe of worshippers, in the young poets of the day, have arisen to do him homage, and in some instances have carried the feeling to a sectarian and bigoted excess. Many of his former depreciators have also joined the ranks of his admirers—partly because in his late works he has done himself more justice both in his style and subjects. He is too intellectual, and too little *sensuous*, to use the phrase of Milton, ever to become generally popular, unless in some of his smaller pieces. His peculiar sensibilities cannot be relished by all. His poetry, however, is of various kinds. Forgetting his own theory as to the proper subjects of poetry, he has ventured on the loftiest themes, and in calm sustained elevation of thought, appropriate imagery, and intense feeling, he often reminds the reader of the sublime strains of Milton. His *Laodamia*, the *Vernal Ode*, the *Ode to Lycoris and Dion*, are pure and richly classic poems in conception and diction. Many of his sonnets have also a chaste and noble simplicity. In these short compositions, his elevation and power as a poet are perhaps more remarkably displayed than in any of his other productions. They possess a winning sweetness or simple grandeur, without the most distant approach to antithesis or straining for effect; while that tendency to prolixity and diffuseness which characterise his longer poems, is repressed by the necessity for brief and rapid thought and concise expression, imposed by the nature of the sonnet. It is no exaggeration to say that Milton alone has

surpassed—if even *he* has surpassed—some of the noble sonnets of Wordsworth dedicated to liberty and inspired by patriotism.

THE EVILS OF VAIN AMUSEMENT.

BY REV. JOHN JOHNSON.

SOLOMON, who was one of the wisest of men, at first drank the cup of worldly pleasure to its dregs. But as he dashed that cup from his lips his language was “vanity of vanities all is vanity.”

That sorrow is more suited than carnal joy, to our state in this world of sin and suffering, is a truth most plainly taught us in the word of God. We find it recorded on the sacred page that our divine redeemer wept. But it is no where recorded that he ever laughed, though it is said that he rejoiced in spirit. Now from this fact, we may learn the following lesson, namely: That a serious mind is the proper soil for wisdom, and that serious consideration may be said to be the beginning of repentance and conversion, and the sadness of the countenance a suitable medicine to cure the diseases of the heart, one of the strongest proofs which can be produced, showing at once that the folly of men, is their strong attachment to worldly amusements. But the laughter of such, says the wise man is “like the crackling of thorns in the fire;” and the effect which these amusements have upon the heart is to render the mind dissipated and the conscience, that silent and powerful monitor, unfeeling or easy in sin.

In the house of mirth there is no time for serious reflection. The thoughts of death seldom enter the ball room or any other place of amusement; and yet all who are in the house of mirth, are liable from these places to be ushered into the presence of God. But why, say these lovers of pleasure, would you wish to deprive us of these innocent amusements. I answer, because the bible teaches men, and it teaches you, that all these pleasures and amusements belong to the work of the flesh; and it also most solemnly declares, that they who do these things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.”

And now the great evil which flows from pursuing worldly amusements will appear when we consider what such follies lead to. And first, I remark, they lead to the rejection of God. How little, for instance, is God in the thoughts of those who follow after these amusements. Their language is, “depart from us, for we desire not a knowledge of thy ways;” and thus it is that such reject the source of all true happiness. Oh yes, such reject that great and glorious being from whom all their comforts flow. They reject the great salvation; they care not whether they have an interest in the great atonement or not. Such forget, while intoxicated with these worldly pleasures, the truth of the poet—

“This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.”

But such a course leads also to poverty. The language of the wise man is, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man." How strikingly have we this truth portrayed to us in the many unhappy victims of worldly pleasure. See that young man who is blessed with a fortune, and whose heart is placed upon these things, and how soon is he brought to poverty. See these votaries of pleasure as they flock around him; this amusement and that amusement is thrown out as a bait, and so fascinating are all these things, and so innocent say these lovers of pleasure, that before he is aware of it he is floating along in this whirlpool, until at last he strikes the fatal rock upon which many have split. And now his wealth is gone, his health becomes impaired; and at length he becomes poverty stricken, and is left without a friend.

But again, I remark, such a course terminates in sorrow. While in these houses of mirth there may appear to be happiness, yet it is all delusion. This may be seen from the laughter that attends the noise and mirth of those who are indulging in these worldly amusements. But that supposed happiness is not genuine. Oh, no, it is a mere imposition; or as the wise man says, "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful." But sorrow does not end here. If such continue to pursue these visionary phantoms, all this jovial mirth will at last end in the pit of the lost. All these sinful indulgences are a proof of folly. They are a characteristic of the wicked, and finally a cause of spiritual death; for "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

Ye votaries of pleasure, pause and consider these things. You may be ready perhaps to ask the question: must I part with all these things upon which my heart and affections are now centered? I answer, yes, if you would have a seat at God's right hand. Oh, then, as you anticipate with exulting feelings the prospect and pleasures of life, may you learn to moderate your earthly expectations, and seek a better and more abiding substance in Heaven.

L I N E S .

BY NELLIE RAY.

AFFECTION'S flowers,
(All simple though they be) in my lone hours
Blossoming, against thy heart oft long to lay
Their cups, with tear-drops burning, and on thy way
Shed fragrance.

—But when we meet,
There's that about thy mien, that makes them sink
Back in their homes, as frail flowers shrink
From night's too cold embrace.
When my heart is like a summer bird,
Rich in happiness, with its full throat stirred
With gay carolings, and crest haloed with beams,
As bright as from the Orient's brow upstreams,
To thy heart's fount of joy, it flies to drink,
And bathe its plumes: But ah! it finds the brink
So hedged about, it flutters back and sings
With drooping plumes and folded wings.

G A M E S .

BY THE EDITOR.

How are christians to regard the common plays, such as dominoes, chess, back-gammon, cards, and the whole tribe, by whatever name they are known, for all are in principle the same as to their moral or immoral character. Some regard them as innocent, when the game is not for money, and others regard them in all cases as inconsistent with a pure christian character. We have seen chess-boards and dominoes in minister's houses, and in the hands of pastor's children, which is an evidence that there are some even of God's commissioned teachers who see no evil in these things. We confess, however, first of all, that when we see such things countenanced in this way by those who teach that christians should "abstain from all appearance of evil," we feel far from comfortable. Such is the general suspicious character of these plays that there is certainly the appearance of evil, if not the seeds of evil, in these plays. There are hundreds of good christians who are offended by them, and who regard them as out of place in christian circles; and for us, if we had no other reason for discountenancing them, we would do it on the ground which the apostle lays down, that if these plays cause my brother to offend, I will keep them out of my house while the world stands.

We have, however, objections besides this. We have already said that the whole family of games is of one cloth; and one is just as innocent or as sinful as another. As they are one in principle, so they run together in practice. One leads into the other. The boy that learns to love dominoes, will by the same exercise, learn to love cards, and so of the rest. In like manner, the boy that learns to love the play at home, will indulge in it abroad; and, what is still more serious, the one that has a fondness to play for pastime, will, in the proper circumstances play for gain, drink, or money. These are but different widths of the same stream. What we know of the nature and growth of habits will convince us of this. The honest confessions of thousands proves it true. Thus there is in these plays, not only the appearance of evil, but the actual beginning of it.

There is, moreover, no christian want that calls for these plays, or that is satisfied by them. It is said they furnish diversion and necessary relaxation to the mind. This is not true. On the contrary there is nothing, except excessive novel-reading, that is more sure to throw the mind into a morbid state. It absorbs the mind, and becomes a perfect passion. The mind broods over it, and will hurry over all its duties, and fly from necessary physical recreation to hang over the play and the game. Those who are not under the control of others will spend half nights at it; and such as are under parental or other control, will steal away to secret places to feast on the game. To this it inevitably grows, if not arrested and checked by moral restraints. The

truth of this must be acknowledged. If relaxation is necessary, is this the best kind, even if it could be kept within proper bounds. Who will say that it is? We have seen that it is no relaxation to the body, but the very habit that wins the boy from the fields and open air, and chains him down with intensity to one place.

We have heard that it is an intellectual discipline! Chess are especially sovereign expanders of the mathematical talents! We would love to see the principle demonstrated, and the fact illustrated. Our college reminiscences furnish us with facts that go far to show the contrary. We have seen the game-players stand at the black-board, as the Germans say, like an ox before the mountain; and we have found that those whose mathematical talents were least cultivated by games generally recited most to their credit. Such an apology for games is simply foolish; it was first made by such as would dress folly in a respectable costume, and it is repeated by such as would talk largely in imitation of others.

Suppose we should even grant—which we do not—that games improve the intellect, it is, to say the least, highly imprudent to resort to such dangerous means. Are there some who do not pursue it to an extent which amounts to gambling, there are many who do, and its direct tendency is in that way, as we have already shown, and as every body knows. What right has a christian to open a gate for himself or his children that lets out a stream which he cannot arrest or control. What right has a young person to indulge in a habit, which is in no way necessary, and which has run away with thousands into evil and ruin.

The waste of time to which a love of games leads is itself enough to banish them from every christian circle. So short a life! So much to do for ourselves, for others, for Christ! He that will cultivate his mind, improve his condition in life, serve his day and generation, and prepare for his final account, will have little time to devote to dominoes, chess, back-gammon, or any of their kindred.

Things of this kind were properly disposed of by the ancient christians from the ground of the spiritual sense or moral consciousness. They did not think it necessary to quote scripture passages, or seek scripture principles from which to show them to be wrong. Their argument was something like this: How can one who has learned to know and love the higher take delight in the lower. How can those in whom the life and spirit of Christ dwells—who are in constant communion with heavenly things—who are meet for the fellowship and delights of angels, and who have escaped from, and risen above the vanities of this earthly life—how can they go down to the low amusements which please the children of this world?

For our part we accept this argument as just and adequate. We commend it to the young readers of *The Guardian*. Choose the best. Seek the highest. And when you have so improved your mind that you can go no farther—and so grown in holiness that you can make no more advance—and so performed all your duties that there are no more claims upon you from God or man—and if then the Saturday evening of your life is not yet at hand, so that you have leisure left—then, provided you have still taste for it, we consent that you shall sit down in the twilight of life's evening and play a game.

MORAL SORES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN sores break out upon the body, physicians tell us it is an evidence that the system is in a deranged condition. These corruptions are the results of disease that has previously possessed the body. It is so also in a moral respect. The giant crimes and frauds which have lately astounded the country from one end to the other, do not only show that we have been overtaken with an awful moral sickness, but they are evidences that a deep-seated disease has worked silently for some time, and has just made its appearance in boils, blains, and putrefying sores.

What must be the state of the moral blood of American society when it can bring forth such boils and blotches as have lately alarmed every earnest and serious mind. Not only in our large sea ports has the disease worked itself out in such astonishing results, but even in our more quiet and retired country towns. How has our own inland city of Lancaster been disgraced! First we had the Pension Frauds—then came the Savings Institution Frauds—then followed, as the crown of all, the Lancaster Bank Frauds. This business has been on the enormous scale of hundreds of thousand dollars! But let not other towns be too hasty in casting stones at our gigantic sinners; they may have diseases in their midst, perhaps not now even slightly inflamed, that may break out in boils just as bad. Never did the surface of things look more healthy in Lancaster, than just before the sores opened. As in consumpted persons, where rosy cheeks are the precursors of the deadly attack, so in this case the patients were in the very bloom of pride, prosperity—and, in some cases, even of piety—when their sins found them out. There is reason to believe that the evil is wide-spread; and that this tumbling down of lofty sinners is only “the beginning of the end.”

There is moreover an evil in the land even more fearful than these immense sores themselves. It is the fact that justice seems to have lost its nerve! You have heard of any number of murders in the land, have you heard of many executions for murder? No. Almost all murderers are proved to have been insane! The more awful the murder, the stronger is the evidence of the murderer’s insanity! You have heard of enormous frauds, have you also heard of such persons being sentenced to the penitentiary, as is done in the case of humbler criminals? No. A man that plays the rascal to the figure of a hundred thousand, is sure to escape. True, it has not yet been the custom of our courts to discover that such are insane, and permit them to go clear on that score; but there is generally some flaw in the indictment which is made a subterfuge. Then it is thought that those gentlemen who play the grab game in such a grand fashion, have enough money left to pay all the necessary expenses of a law-suit. We used to have an old book at home which said: “Money makes the mare go”—and there are many things besides which makes it go—so we have learned to know since.

We have referred to these sores as an occasion for speaking a friendly

word to young men. What a lesson do they furnish to all who will be wise. Make not haste to be rich; value your character more than wealth; what is a man when he is disgraced. Who would not rather "be a dog, and bay at the moon," than be doomed to an everlasting disgrace. To be rich is not the thing; but to be honest and respectable. A good name is to be chosen above great riches.

A man ought to grow in his worldly circumstances like a tree, gradually and surely. Mushrooms spring up in a night, but they are generally found on dung-hills. It is a beautiful sight to see a man doing a regular, honorable business, with the blessing of God and man upon him, because he is an honest and good citizen. Whatever is thus gained will be a comfort to the person himself, as well as to his family, and his children after him. He that puts a dishonest dollar into his pocket, has put death into the pot, and he will feed on it in due time.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE New England Farmer, in an article on the cost of luxuries, branches off in this wise :

Every week, for months in succession, from a million and half to two millions of dollars' worth of dry goods, of a costly description, have been thrown upon the New York market. For the year ending in September, the total of dry goods imports in that city alone was \$78,211,780. A dry goods dealer advertises a lace scarf, for which he demands fifteen hundred dollars. Lace at twenty dollars a yard—and that but one-tenth of a yard wide—find ready purchasers; so do capes at two hundred dollars a-piece, and jets at one hundred. Another dealer offers a bridal dress for twelve hundred dollars. Shawls at one and two hundred a piece are not uncommon. Cashmeres for three hundred dollars and upward are seen by dozens in a walk along Broadway. A hundred dollars is quite a common price for a silk gown. Bonnets at two hundred dollars are not unfrequently sold. A set of Russia sable furs costs about fifteen hundred dollars, and yet we have ladies who think they can afford to wear them. The importation of fancy furs at New York this year already amounts to two million dollars, to which nearly another million must be added for duties and profits of importers.

A fashionable lady spends annually on her milliner, mantua-maker, and lace dealer, a sum that would have supported an entire household, even in her own rank in life, in the days of Mrs. Washington. A thousand dollars a year is considered, we are told, quite a narrow income for such purposes among those pretending to be "in society" in some of our cities. To this must be added expenditure for opera tickets, for a summer trip to the springs, and for a score of little inevitable *et ceteras*. There are few, it is true, who are able to indulge in this reckless scale of extravagance; but, unfortunately, these vain and foolish women are recognized as leaders in fashionable society, and the pernicious influence of their example is felt in every rank, and in every section of the country.

LAST WORDS OF THE GREAT.

- Tete de l'armee (head of the army.)—*Napoleon*.
 I have loved God, my father, liberty.—*De Stael*.
 Let me die to the sound of delicious music.—*Mirabeau*.
 Is this your fidelity.—*Nero*.
 I must sleep now.—*Byron*.
 Kiss me, Hardy.—*Nelson*.
 Don't give up the ship.—*Lawrence*.
 I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying.—*Thurlow*.
 Clasp my hand, dear friend, I die.—*Alfieri*.
 God preserve the emperor.—*Haydn*.
 The artery ceases to beat.—*Haller*.
 Let the light enter.—*Goethe*.
 All my possessions for a moment of time.—*Elizabeth*.
 What, is there no bribing death?—*Beaufort*.
 Monks! monks! monks!—*Henry VIII*.
 Be serious.—*Grotius*.
 I feel as if I were myself again.—*Walter Scott*.
 It is well.—*Washington*.
 Independence forever.—*Adams*.
 A dying man can do nothing easy.—*Franklin*.
 Don't let poor Nelly starve.—*Charles II*.
 I have endeavored to do my duty.—*Taylor*.
 There is not a drop of blood on my hands.—*Frederick V*.
 I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country.—*Jefferson*.
 It is the last of earth.—*J. Q. Adams*.
 Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.—*Burns*.
 Lord, make haste.—*H. Hammond*.
 Precious salvation.—*Sir John Stonehouse*.
 I have sent for you (Lord Warwick) to see how a christian can die.
 —*Addison*.
 I shall be happy.—*Archbishop Sharp*.
 God's will be done.—*Bishop Ken*.
 Amen —*Bishop Bull*.
 I have peace.—*Parkhurst*.
 Come, Lord Jesus.—*Burkitt*.
 I thank God I was brought up in the church of England.—*Bishop Gunning*.
 O Lord, forgive me, specially my sins of omission.—*Usher*.
 Lord, receive my spirit.—*Ferrar, Cranmer, Hooper, G. Herbert*.
 Thy will be done.—*Donne*.
 This day let me see the Lord Jesus.—*Jewell*.
 And is this death.—*George IV*.
 Lord, take my spirit.—*Edward IV*.
 What! do they run already? Then I die happy.—*Wolfe*.
 God bless you, my dear (Miss Morris.)—*Dr. Johnson*.
 What I cannot utter with my mouth, accept, Lord, from my heart
 and soul.—*F. Quarles*.
 Then I am safe.—*Cromwell*.

Let the earth be filled with his glory.—*James, Earl of Derby, Bishop Broughton.*

I go to my God and Saviour.—*P. Heylyn.*

My days are past as a shadow that returns not.—*R. Hooker.*

Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and delight.—*Mozart.*

I wish the true principles of government carried out. I ask no more.—*Harrison.*

For my coming down, let me shift for myself (on the scaffold.)—*Sir Thomas Moore.*

In me behold the end of the world, with all its vanities.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

I am weary—let us go home—good night.—*Neander.*

THE PARTING HOUR.

THE hour is coming, and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best—the hour is coming, when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to the families we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think or whether we think not, that body which is now warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless in death—the countenance must be pale, the eye must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature, we may tremble at the prospect of dissolution; but our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection, are vain. We know that we are sentenced to die, and though we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we never can entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still; it haunts us in solitude, it follows us into society, it lies down with us at night, it awakens us in the morning. The irrevocable doom has passed upon us, and too well do we know it. “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.”

A MAMMOTH CLOCK.

It is stated that the dials of the English Parliament clock are twenty-two feet in diameter, and are the largest in the world. Every half minute, the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, and strike only for seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding of each of the striking parts will take two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are of cast iron; the hour bell is eight feet high, and nine feet in diameter, weighing fourteen to fifteen tons. The weight of the hammer is four hundred pounds.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

ANNALS OF PHILADELPHIA AND PENNSYLVANIA, IN THE OLDEN TIME; being a collection of Memoirs, Anecdotes, and incidents of the city and its inhabitants, and of the earliest settlements of the inland parts of Pennsylvania, from the days of the founders. Embellished with engravings by T. H. Munford. By John F. Watson, member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Two vols. Published by Whiting & Thomas, Philadelphia.

This is decidedly the most interesting book of Pennsylvania history we have ever seen. Truly these are "quaint and curious volumes of half-forgotten lore." Webster once said, "We want a history of firesides." Here is such a history. It re-produces the early history of our noble State, and its metropolis, and shows us men and things as they lived and moved, and had their being in the olden times. How often have we inwardly thanked the author for these charming volumes. And now again, and especially, do we thank the publisher for bringing out this book in a Sunday dress. Whiting and Thomas are publishing a new edition in numbers, at twenty-five cents a number, illustrating it richly with beautiful engravings of all kinds of scenes and things as they were in the days of our ancestors. The first four numbers are before us, printed on excellent paper, and in just such a style as the work deserves. This book will live, and its charm will increase in proportion as the early history of the State fades back into the dim past. We heartily commend this book—and especially this beautiful edition now in course of publication.

THE HOME SCENES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT; or Christ in the family. By Rev. Theophilus Stork, D. D., Author of the Children of the New Testament, &c., &c. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1857. pp. 296.

This book is made up of the following chapters: Home, The Holy Family; Cana, or the Bridal Scene; Cornelius, or the Family Altar; Bethany; Unity and Love; The Sphere of Woman; Family Cares; Domestic Afflictions; Emnaus, or the Home of Old Age. Under these various heads it treats on many interesting points pertaining to Family life. The book is written in an easy, chaste, and clear style; and the sentiments are truly evangelical, set forth in a forcible and impressive manner. It is a book intended for the family circle, and it must do good wherever it is attentively read. Dr. Stork is known as a successful preacher, and has given good proof, in previous works as well as in this, of his ability to make himself eminently useful as an Author. The book is published in fine style, for which this publishing house has a wide reputation.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE, AND THE NEW ENDOWMENT SCHEME. By Rev. E. V. Gerhart, President. Chambersburg, Pa.: Moses Kieffer & Co. 1856. pp. 96.

This is a plain, pointed, and very pressing plea in favor of the interests of higher education, especially among the Germans. It is designed thus to enlist a more general interest in the scheme put on foot by the Trustees of the College for its full and liberal endowment. According to this scheme, or plan any person may purchase the right of putting one student through the whole college course for \$50—otherwise the tuition would be \$120. This privilege to be open till \$40,000 are added to the fund of the College. He certainly misses a fine opportunity who delays till the scheme is full, and he come too late. For further information see this little book, it is put up in paper cover, and can easily be obtained by mail. Address E. V. Gerhart, President of the College, Lancaster Pa. The only advice we give our friends is, do not wait too long. When the door is once closed, admittance will be \$120 instead of \$50!

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CASPER OLEVIANUS.*

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BY THE EDITOR.
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CASPER OLEVIANUS, the eloquent court preacher of Frederick the Pious, and the friend and co-laborer of Ursinus, shared with him the labor, and inherits with him the honor, of having produced the Heidelberg Catechism. These two eminent men—Olevianus, a strict disciple of Calvin, Ursinus imbued with the mild spirit of Melanethon—were the complement of each other, and admirably adapted for the mutual work which, in the providence of God, fell into their hands.

To the Elector, however, his favorite court preacher, Olevianus stood in a decidedly more intimate relationship than the learned professor Ursinus. Olevianus was not only a countryman of Frederick, but besides this, when a youth of only twenty years, he greatly endangered his own life in an attempt to save the life of the Elector's son, who was drowned in the Eure at Bourges, and in return, by his prevailing influence, the Elector also had delivered Olevianus from the prison in Treves, and immediately taken the fugitive to himself. These two pious persons were therefore wonderfully united to each other by the ties of mutual gratitude, as well as by a common living faith, on which account the immediate influence of Olevianus upon the Elector was naturally stronger than that of Ursinus.

This peculiar relation to the Prince was to him a great source of power, so that he became the real founder and regulator of the Palatinate Reformed Church, whilst the learned Ursinus was the principle author of its catechism. It was his labor and influence that accomplished the introduction into the Palatinate of the presbyterial form of

*Comparatively little has been presented to the public, especially in this country, in regard to the beautiful life of Olevianus. We have no doubt this sketch will be welcomed by our readers. It has been drawn chiefly from "Gobel's Geschichte des Christlichen Lebens in der rheinisch-westphaleschen evangelischen Kirche."

church government and discipline first applied by Calvin to the church in Geneva, extending, however, and perfecting the system, so as to include the government of the church by synods. Thus has Olevianus exerted a most important influence in giving shape and character to the Reformation; reviving and introducing ideas of government which have confessedly entered into the peculiar republican principles of our American civil government.

Casper Olevianus was a native of Olewig, a village near Treves, since famous as the city of the "Holy Coat," where his father was a baker, and also held the office of mayor and senator. He was born August 10th, 1536, two years after the birth of Ursinus, five years after the death of Zwingli, and ten years before the death of Luther. His parents were prosperous burghers, possessing sufficient means to educate two sons, the one in medicine, and the other, Casper, in the science of the law. His mother seems to have been a peculiarly affectionate, apt, and enlightened woman, and in her religious convictions agreed perfectly with her son, with whom she also lived up to the time of her death. For his education he was indebted chiefly to her father, a prominent butcher.

In Treves the Reformation had some decided adherents as early as 1541 and 1549—thus ever since the Reformation began in Cologne and the Palatinate—still only secret adherents. Olevianus appears also, when only thirteen years of age, to have already had some deeper christian knowledge and insight, especially in regard to God's covenant of grace in the Old and New Testament, which he had received from the Lent sermons of an old, pious father.

About the year 1550, in order that he might advance in his studies, he was sent into France, where he studied languages in Paris, and the science of law at the celebrated law schools of Orleans and Bourges. It is remarkable how outwardly and inwardly he pursued a course similar to Calvin, who was afterwards his teacher; for he too very early united himself there with the "secret churches of God"—the persecuted Huguenots—without at that time fully surrendering his heart and life to the truth of christianity. It was not until several years after this, in 1556, at Bourges that, under circumstances already referred to, he changed the whole plan of his life, and fully and unreservedly dedicated himself to the service of his Saviour.

While at Bourges he was one day returning from a walk in company with two friends, one of them a son of the Palatine, Frederick III. As they were about to cross the Loire, some drunken students forced themselves into the same boat with them for the passage. By their wild folly the boat was upset. The young Prince, with others, found a watery grave. Olevianus, while endeavoring to save his friends, was brought into imminent peril of losing his own life. It was then that, in the deep anguish of soul, he made a vow unto God, that if he would rescue him from his danger, he would, if called to the work, preach the gospel to his fatherland. His cry and his vow were heard, and the Lord delivered him from the jaws of death. He was afterwards newly strengthened and encouraged to be faithful to his vow, by the exhortations of the venerable Farel of Lausanne, who made him give his hand in pledge that he would not fail soon to return and preach Christ in the city of his birth.

He earnestly addressed himself to the necessary preparation for that new sphere of life to which he had now so solemnly dedicated himself. Still he seems not to have abandoned the idea of finishing his legal studies; but, in addition to what pertained to the legal profession, he studied the holy scriptures and the writings of Calvin. In 1556, amid honorable proofs of his learning and moral conduct, he became Doctor of Laws, being then twenty-two years of age. In 1558 he visited his native city of Treves, with some desire still, it seems, toward the practice of law; but seeing that in the state and mode of its practice much unrighteousness was bound up in the business, he turned from it with decided dislike. He immediately hastened to Switzerland in order there to continue and finish his theological studies for which his desire grew daily deeper and stronger. In Geneva, Lausanne, and Zurich, he became acquainted with the celebrated Reformers, Calvin, Beza, Farel, Bullinger, and Martyr, enjoying the privilege of sitting with them at table; and what for him was much more important, he became acquainted, by personal knowledge and experience, with the condition and the workings of the presbyterial church at Geneva, then in an extraordinarily blooming state. Here he spoke warmly to his teacher, concerning his distant, dearly-beloved home, and of the hopes which he cherished for its conversion to the truth. Knowing the quiet desire of many in Treves toward the Reformation, he induced Calvin, in 1558, to write to two members of the council, Otto Seel and Peter Sierk, who were known to be secretly well disposed toward the evangelical movement, to exhort and encourage them to take a more open and decided stand in favor of the spread of their faith, without heeding too much the unavoidable danger which such a course seemed necessarily to involve.

True to his former vow, the fiery youth, Olevianus, then only twenty-three years of age, returned to Treves, and commenced his ministry there early in the year 1559. He was greeted in the most friendly manner, and immediately received an appointment as teacher of Latin in a school which had at that time become almost extinct. Here he was to explain the dialectics of Melanchthon, now in vogue over the whole of Germany. In the course of his duties he took occasion frequently to make use of such examples as would serve quietly and without awakening suspicion or prejudice, to instil evangelical truth into the minds of his pupils. On account of the unripeness of his scholars he could make but poor progress by teaching in Latin; but he began with more success, in the German language, to teach them from the catechism. Although he was not now an ecclesiastic, but only a layman, he ventured even publicly, in his school room, to deliver an earnest and decidedly evangelical sermon on justification by faith alone, in which he made strictures especially upon the prominence given to saints, and also in reference to the Mass and Processions. In this he met with the approbation of many in the town; yet there were also many and strong voices raised against it. True, he was now immediately forbidden to preach in his school; but he nevertheless continued to preach in the Jacob's church with ever-increasing attendance upon his discourses. The gospel displayed its power. This was the means of very soon creating great commotion, dividing the whole town into two parties. The principal burgomaster of the town, by the name of Steuss, one of the fra-

ternity of weavers, together with some other fraternities, and indeed nearly half the town declared themselves decidedly in favor of the Reformation.

The Elector Frederick of the Palatinate, and the Count Palatine Wolfgang of Zweibrucken, sent Superintendent Finsberg of Zweibrucken for a short time to Treves to sustain Olevianus, and assist in carrying forward the young, quickly formed congregation. The triumph of the gospel here, as was the case at the same time at Aachen, could not have been delayed, had Treves been a free town, possessing the right, agreeable to the Peace of Augsburg, to introduce the Reformation without the consent of the Archbishop. As this, however, was not the case, or the right considered at least doubtful, Archbishop John V. succeeded, against the most zealous watchfulness and struggles of the whole town against his tyrannical procedure, in forcing the inhabitants, by might and starvation, into submission. The "Lutheran citizens," as they were called, could be glad to escape punishment in body and soul as "seditious traitors, instigators of incendiary movements, and murder," and to obtain permission to emigrate to the nearest evangelical Palatinate districts, Trarbach and Beldenz, on the Mosel. The twelve principal movers in the reformatory interests, and among them Olevianus, were sent to prison, from which, after a confinement of ten weeks, through the influence of the neighboring evangelical princes, and the city of Strasburg, they were again delivered, under the condition of a heavy fine and immediate banishment from the city.

Still there were left in Treves, after the first emigration and banishment, three hundred evangelical christians. These, however, refusing to recant, were also soon after driven from the town. The same year the Jesuits were received in Treves, and it remained from that time forth exclusively and strenuously a Roman Catholic town. Yet by the banishment of its wealthiest and most enterprising business citizens, it inflicted upon itself a wound from which it never afterwards recovered. Not until 1817, consequently only after a space of 248 years, was an evangelical service again held in Treves. Latterly its population somewhat increased, though there is little probability that it will ever recover its ancient fame and importance.

As in the case of the martyrdom of Stephen, and the persecutions connected with it, the exiles of Treves went everywhere preaching the gospel. Not permitted to burn in one spot, the fire kindled wherever the brands were scattered. One of the proscribed, John Papst, surnamed Heidfield, of Wipperfurth, and a disciple of Calvin, was the same year, 1559, called to Wesel, where he contributed essentially toward the introduction of the reformed doctrine and church.

Olevianus was a welcome and important acquisition to the Elector Frederick. Even while he was yet a prisoner, he called him as Professor of Philosophy to Heidelberg. As early as 1561 he appointed him Professor of Theology, and then also his Court Preacher, and President of the Church Council; at the same time designating Ursinus as his successor in the chair of Philosophy, thus assigning to each one that sphere of labor for which he was best fitted by his talents and taste; for Olevianus was much better adapted to the post of practical theology and preacher than to that of professor and teacher of the learned sciences.

From this time on, Olevianus labored with the greatest zeal for the complete organization of the church in the Palatinate, entertaining well-grounded hopes that it might become a nursery of pure doctrine for the whole of Germany. He turned his attention especially to the calling of competent preachers and teachers, of which there was yet a pressing need; and scarcely was he a quarter of a year in Heidelberg when he wrote to Calvin, requesting him to send the Order and Discipline of the Church at Geneva, that he might lay them for examination and adoption before the Consistory, which in regard to church government favored his own views. Calvin, with great cheerfulness sent him the outlines of the Genevean church polity, together with many valuable suggestions in regard to it. He especially recommends to Olevianus the temperate and prudent introduction of this church order, because he, as well as Beza, feared the impetuosity and enthusiasm of this spirited youth.

Olevianus did not, however, at once succeed in introducing a fully self-sustaining order of discipline, entirely independent of the civil power. Rather, he had to be satisfied to succeed so far as to constitute synods of ministers without elders, and to arrange matters so that—agreeably to the questions 81 to 85 of the Heidelberg Catechism, and in accordance with the Palatinate Church Constitution, produced about that time, and of which he was without doubt the principal author—the necessity of ecclesiastical christian discipline, to be administered by the congregation or those ordained and authorized for that purpose, was meantime at least acknowledged, whilst, however, as yet no independent presbyteries, or boards of elders, were actually established for the administration of discipline. The power of discipline, for the time being, remained yet entirely in the hands of the civil authorities as a kind of politico-moral regulation.

In 1567 a circumstance occurred which became the occasion of materially advancing into favor the views of Olevianus in regard to church government. A man by the name of Withers, an Englishman and a rigid Calvinist, by exciting a discussion about the necessity of the exercise of church discipline by the ministry and presbytery, “even against the Prince,” occasioned a vehement controversy on this vital question of the Reformed Church. In this discussion Olevianus took sides against his dear friend, Professor Erastus, a cultivated and pious Swiss physician, who adhered to the Zwinglian doctrine of the union of Church and State. Still, after longer and more mature consideration, the views and demands of Olevianus prevailed with the Elector, and, in 1570, though not without violent protest from the opposing party, the Elector actually instituted Presbyters in every congregation, entrusting to them expressly and independently the administration of church government and exercise of discipline; in which arrangement, however, the individual members of the presbytery who, from their principal vocation, were called censors, were in no case to be elected by single congregations, but were appointed for life by the higher judicatories. Thus were the desires of Olevianus, in regard to this important matter realized, and his labors crowned with success. The blessed fruits which this arrangement yielded are incidentally exhibited in words from a funeral sermon by Tasanus: “Every one must acknowledge that there now

exists in Heidelberg, and in the entire Palatinate, order, quietness, and a christian-like state of things, very different from what has been prevailing during several years past."

It will easily be concluded, from what has just been recorded of the difficulties attending the introduction of this order of church government in the Palatinate, that no one could have succeeded but the Prince's favorite, Olevianus—even as he could have succeeded with no one but Frederick "the pious." Such a surrendering of power, which involved virtually the separation of Church and State, required courage to ask, and piety to grant. It is not fanciful to trace this grand result back to the time when the youthful Olevianus gave such strong proof of disinterested love for Frederick's son, showing himself willing to give his own life for that of the young Prince in the waters of the Loire. To providence, of course, do we ascribe all these results, yet that providence began its wonderful work, as it always does, in a small and silent way. It began when Olevianus secured a permanent place in the Elector's heart by the heroic attempt to save his son, and when Frederick in like manner endeared himself to Olevianus at the time his gentle hand of interposition delivered him from the prison of Treves.

After the blessed death of the pious Elector, 1576, and the immediate reinstalment by force into the Palatinate of the Lutheran doctrine and customs by his son Ludwig, Olevianus had to suffer the principal penalty for having been the chief leader in introducing the Reformed doctrines and usages into the Palatinate. For we find that in the same year the new Elector, in the face of the earnest protestations of his councils, suspended him from his office of pastor and professor, forbade him all conversation and correspondence with the learned, prohibited him from holding any private assemblies in his own house, and even put him under arrest. Soon after this the Elector also discharged the reigning count, Ludwig of Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleberg, a zealous friend of the Reformed doctrine, who since 1574 had been superintendent under his father. Whereupon this, Count Ludwig, who is praised as "one of the most distinguished kings of the sixteenth century," immediately (1577) called Olevianus out of his embarrassed situation to Berleberg, "to instruct his sons in the christian doctrine, languages, and the useful arts, and along with this also to preach." Perhaps in this arrangement already the idea of the so-called "Count and Knight, or Principal High School," which he and his special friends, the Counts of Nassau and Solms, afterwards actually established in Herborn, and to which Olevianus was called in 1584, floated before his mind. Thus, as a martyr to his convictions, and against his own will, Olevianus once again placed his feet upon Rhine-Westphalian soil, and continued to labor unceasingly and with great success during the last ten years of his life in the interests of the Reformed Church. He was largely instrumental in preparing the way for the introduction of the Presbyterial order of Church government into the provinces of Nassau, Wittgenstein, Solms and Wied, and was President of the General Synod composed of the ministers of those provinces, which met at Herborn in 1581, at which it was finally adopted.

His labors on earth were, however, now fast drawing to a close. Three years after this important Synod at Herborn, Olevianus died of dropsy,

being only fifty years of age. His death was a great loss to the Church, which, especially at this time, needed just such a learned and deeply pious theologian. But though men die, the Lord lives; and the Church always receives perennial power adequate to all her emergencies, and her Head gives her ever new strength unto victory. Besides, his pious wife, Philippine of Mentz, whom he married as a widow in 1560, he left behind him two sons, Paul and Ludwig, and one daughter who became the wife of Professor Piscator of Herborn, the biographer of Olevianus.

The efficiency of Olevianus consisted principally in his successful preaching, and in the excellent and well-adapted order and government which he introduced into the Church. His talents and his tastes indicated that his vocation was rather in this sphere than that of author, or even as theological professor. What writings he has left, belong principally to preparations for the Heidelberg Catechism, and such as were sent forth in its defence or explanation. Around it, as in the case of Ursinus, his laurels will be longest green; and as being one of its authors he will be longest and most gratefully remembered by the Reformed Church.

In his will he gives a beautiful evidence of his firm, joyful and grateful reliance upon the divine grace; implores God's grace and blessing upon the Palatinate, and upon the reigning families of Wittgenstein, Solms, and Nassau; commends to them the school and printing establishment, and the maintenance of the synods and visitations, with the beneficial operations of which he thinks they may be well satisfied. He provides also kindly for his mother and sister, and then concludes beautifully thus: "Herewith I also commend my body and soul to my beloved God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, through the eternal High Priest, relying upon His gracious covenant and promise that He will to all eternity be my God, and the God of my seed, and that He will never deal with me in anger, as he hath sworn to me in his oath. Is. 54: 9." Under his signature he testifies: "that he continues to repose confidently upon the faith which he taught in preaching and writing." His death-bed was especially edifying. He was resigned, serene and happy, and filled with longings after the Lord. His last words, in answer to the question whether he was certain of his salvation, were "CERTISSIMUS"—*most certain!*

As a beautiful evidence of his joyful and child-like faith, and of his loving, fatherly heart, we may yet record the letter, which three days before his death he wrote to his son, who at the time lay sick at Spire:

"*My Dear Son Paul:* With the Patriarch Jacob, I say: I wait for thy salvation, O Lord; for I have arrived at that point where I exclaim with the Apostle: I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, to whom also I commend and commit thee; as I did in Holy Baptism, so also I do now, when I am about to depart to the Lord! In like manner do I also commend your dear mother, your brother, and your sister to Him and the word of His grace. True, I would gladly have seen you once more; yet I could not urge you to come, as it is very cold, and your leg is not yet recovered. Yesterday I arranged all my affairs, as it is meet for a pious father to do; and our noble Prince John has ratified, by a document, his liberality toward you, without laying any restraint upon your liberty. Hourly do I expect to make my pil-

grimage to the Lord. Do not undertake hastily to come to me. We will see each other again, according to God's gracious covenant, in eternal life! I commend to you your pious mother, even as I know your love to her. Care for your young brother Ludwig, as for my beloved one; and, with that wisdom which is constitutional with you, treat him gently. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate; and so direct your studies that many may be benefitted by them. The blessing of God be with your going out and coming in. Amen. And let your spirit repose upon the free and gracious sacrifice of the Son, expecting the heavenly inheritance only through and in the will of the Son of God. Amen. Signed WITH MINE OWN HAND. Your father, Casper Olevianus, of Treves, Minister of the Word of God. Lord Jesus receive my spirit!"

In vain would we search for an epistle to excel this in beauty, parental tenderness, faith, and piety. It breathes of heaven itself, and we feel that he who writes is already looking in through the golden gates, and with a heart full of sacred joy and the eternal life of love, turns round but for a moment to call his child after him. What a picture for a parent to study! What words for a child to hear!

A P R I L .

BY THE EDITOR.

APRIL derives its name from the Latin, *aperire*, "to open." It is the month which breaks the last remains of winter, and opens the earth, the streams, the birds, the flowers; in short, it opens the spring. The ancient Germans called it Blumenmonat—flower-month. It is the first month that brings forth flowers to any extent. It gives birth to the earliest and loveliest of these "angels of earth;" but they look out coyly and cautiously, for this is a peevish and fretful month, which tender vegetation cannot fully trust. As the poets say, "winter still lingers in the lap of spring;" and the last breathings of the old, dying winter, is sometimes still sufficiently frigid to blast and blight the peeping germ. As Easter frequently comes in this month, the Germans sometimes call it Ostermonat, Easter-month. It is a beautiful circumstance that the festival which celebrates our Saviour's resurrection, and is the pledge of our own, comes at the season when spring opens, and all nature revives. The renewal of vegetable and animal life is a prophecy of the glorious truth that man shall rise from the grave and live. We see how all that was buried and seemed dead comes forth to new life and beauty. As the sod grows green over the graves of our beloved dead a great hope revives in our sorrowing hearts; and the appearing scenes of bloom and beauty reminds us of that land—

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

THE BELLS! THE BELLS!

BY THE EDITOR.

“ Vivos voco,
Mortuos plango,
Fulgura frango.”

THE use of church-bells was first introduced by the Roman Bishop Sabinian, A. D. 605. Steeples were not known previous to the time when bells came into use, so that they seem to have been introduced for their accommodation. In the Greek church bells were not used till the year A. D. 855, when the Emperor received a present of twelve large bells from the Venetian Doge, which he placed in the St. Sophia Church in Constantinople. Previous to that they used the *Simatrum*, a board of very solid wood about five inches wide, one and a half thick, and fourteen feet long, suspended in the middle by a string and beaten with two wooden hammers. They also used the *Hagiosideron*, which was a piece of thin iron four inches wide and sixteen inches long, beaten in the same way; this took the place of the mass-bell.

Among the Jews the people were called together on public festival occasions by trumpets, a signal which the christians also employed previous to the introduction of bells. The Mahomedans are called to prayer by men appointed for that purpose who, in a loud, sing-song manner, announce the hour of worship from the towers of the mosques, reciting in connection with it some prayers or passages from the Koran. How much more appropriate a monitor is the christian bell, rolling its solemn invitation over towns, hills, valleys, and plains, almost saying, Come, come—come to the house of God.

Both the Jews and Mahomedans have always manifested decided dislike to the church bells of the christians, no doubt on account of the sublime and majestic tones in which they invite to a worship which they hate. Rabbi Beehai, to reproach this beautiful appendage of the christian worship, suggests that the christians got their idea of the use of bells from the heathen sorcerers who used little bells in their enchantments! A Jewish commentator in explaining the passage in Isaiah, 5: 18, “Wo unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope,” says: “These are the ropes with which the christians pull their bells in their temples of abominations when they ring them for worship!” The Jews, in earlier times at least, never failed on every occasion when they heard the bells of christian churches ringing, to murmur the formula of imprecation:

“ Moschech bachefel,
Jippol basefel,
Bachefel moschech,
Jippol bachoschech.”

Which, being interpreted, means: “May he who pulls at the rope fall

into the mud; may he who pulls the rope fall into the dark pit"—that is the pit of hell!

The Russian church, we are told, has always had a great love for church bells. The belfry of Ivan Veliki, on the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the Russian sovereigns are crowned, has thirty-two bells, some of which are of immense size; and on festival days they are all tolled without interruption. The people have almost a passion or mania for bells, small and great. In the middle ages already Russia exceeded all other nations in the magnitude as well as number of its bells. It is said that even now, on all public market days, there is a most extensive display of all sorts and sizes of bells, hung and strung on wooden frame-work ready for examination and trial with a view to their sale.

Who has not heard of the immense bell at Moscow, the largest in the world, weighing 360,000 pounds, or 1,600 tons! It has at present a rent or crack, which is said to have been occasioned by throwing water upon it when it was hot from the burning of the building in which it hung. It now lies on the ground, and on festival days the peasants resort to it as to a sanctuary.

The custom of setting apart bells for sacred use, by a certain kind of consecratory solemnity, came into vogue soon after they were employed in the church service; and this solemnity was, as early as 787, superstitiously changed into a bell-baptism, as appears from an edict of Charles the Great, in which he forbids the profane custom. Nevertheless the custom was restored by Pope John XIII., A. D. 965. True, the act was not professed to be sacramental, yet the ceremony was so similar to that of baptism as to make it difficult to distinguish them outwardly. When the bell had been cast it was hung in such a way as to enable the bishop to walk around it, which he did, repeating in a low tone some psalms, and with consecrating water and salt he washed the bell without and within, and making the sign of the cross upon it with oil, he said: "*Consecretur et Sanctificetur, Domine, signum istud in nomines Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sanctis.*" Then he prayed that whenever the bell should ring, faith and love might increase in the hearts of men; that all assaults of the devil, all calamities from hail, lightning, storm, and unfavorable weather, might be averted. Then wiping off the oil, he makes seven crosses on the outside and one on the inside, and while the 29th Psalm is sung, he swings the vessel of burning incense under the bell. He at the same time gives it the name which it is to bear. When the ceremony is over, it is decorated with flowers and ribbons, raised into the steeple, and a joyful festive meal closes the solemnity.

The idea that the ringing of bells was a preventive of evil from thunder-storms had taken such strong possession of the minds of the people, that it was continued in some places yet in the last century. The custom was a considerable source of revenue to schoolmasters, who generally officiated as sextons; for after harvest the farmers would faithfully bring their gifts—the so-called Wettergarben, weather-sheaves—to the schoolmaster, as a grateful tribute for their services.

In the time of Charlemagne, the office of bell-ringer was so honorably regarded that priests and abbots themselves performed the duty. Later

it was devolved upon the door-keeper, who however was ranked on an equality with the lower order of clergy, and when on duty was obliged to clothe himself in a sacred official dress, which consisted of a white linen surplice-like robe with wide sleeves.

In our day this sacredness has been lost to the office of bell-ringer. Still its importance remains. There are few sextons whom it does not inspire with marked self-respect; and as the office of schoolmaster is unhappily sundered from the church, the sexton has a kind of right to feel that he is the next man to the pastor.

The history of church bells reminds us naturally of towers and steeples in which they hang. Of these the christian church, Protestant and Roman Catholic, especially in Europe, can boast of many tall and beautiful specimens. The most noted are these:

| | Feet in height. |
|---|-----------------|
| The Minster in Strasburg..... | 552 |
| The Martin's Church in Landshut..... | 448 |
| The Stephen's Tower in Vienna..... | 438 |
| The Andrew's Church in Brannschweig..... | 426 |
| The Michael's Tower in Hamburg..... | 416 |
| The main tower of the Dome at Mayence..... | 390 |
| The Minster at Freiburg..... | 392 |
| The Elizabeth Tower in Brealau was formerly 416 feet high, but lost its spire in 1529 and is now only..... | 335 |
| The Dome Tower in Magdeburg..... | 329 |
| The Tower of the Church in Schweidnitz..... | 320 |

How solemnly, from these vast towers, amid the stillness of the Sabbath, roll the sacred undulations of the church-going bells. Especially in our own country, distinguished above many others for its sabbatic quietude, how cheering to a true christian heart are the sweet invitations of the bells. How lastingly their hallowed associations fix themselves in our hearts. Their tones become as sacredly familiar to us as the voice of the pastor, and call us as he does to Christ and heaven. They warn the wicked, they comfort the pious, they mourn over the dead. We could not do without them. Like a grove without birds, would be our villages and country places without bells. They respond to one another from steeple to steeple, and from village to village. They send their solemn and earnest voice into every nook and corner of the quiet country, saying to one and all, Come before the Lord with thanksgiving, enter his courts with praise.

REMEMBER THEE.

REMEMBER thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now!

No, thy chains as they torture, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from my breast!

NEANDER'S DYING WORDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I AM WEARY—LET US GO HOME—GOOD NIGHT."

I am weary,
I am weary,
Weary of the weary way;
I am weary of my watching,
Weary waiting for the day.
Weary peering through the vapor,
Looking for the golden land;
Weary wandering with my taper,
Up and down on life's dark strand;
I am weary of my waiting,
Weary of the weary way.
Weary hearing distant music,
Sounding from the far-off plains;
I would have those choirs come nearer,
I would join their blessed strains.
Those harmonious lays, though distant,
And but faintly, feebly heard,
Only make earth's discords harsher;
And my spirit, deeply stirred,
Grows more weary,
Weary of this long delay.
I am weary,
I am weary,
Home, my sister, let us go;
Home, the rest of all the weary,
Why then do we tarry so?
All seems now so strange around me,
Breaking are the ties that bound me,
I am weary, let us go.
As behind a gauzy curtain,
Forms are passing to and fro;
And with smiles they beckon to me,
Waiting, wishing me to go.
Now I seem to move toward them;
Thinner grows the mystic veil;
Faces brighter—music sweeter—spirit freer—
Hail the triumph, sister, hail!
Going homeward—
Come, my sister, up along the shining way.
Going now—
Good night! good night!
Earth and time are disappearing,
Heaven's eternal joy is nearing,
I am going—going home.
Sister—Earth—
Good night! good night!

MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

IX.

BY NATHAN.

I FEEL anxious to write to you once more before I leave Europe. I left Rome with regret. With all her faults and reputed vices she has some qualities which improve on acquaintance. And then the friends I made, and which were daily increasing, increased my enjoyments and ties to keep me longer there. I left on the 21st of January. The evening before I called on some friends to take a final leave, and some called on me for the same purpose. My friends, the Pole, the Finn, the Saxon, and Erben, chatted around my little log fire until a late hour. Talking about the sweets of friendship and the sadness of severing its ties, the Finlander, or "Hiawatha," as we familiarly called him, said, "Well, we shall all make a journey to another still sunnier Italy, won't we? And we shall walk together through the streets of another Eternal City, where we shall find no ruins to dream over. There nothing will fade or grow old." "Yes," I said, "what our eyes fail to see now, our ears to hear, our hearts to feel, we shall experience up there. There we can speak more about these things." "How sorry we are that you are leaving us already," said he. "When we shall again meet, perhaps we shall not part so soon," I replied. "We poor pilgrims shall reach our journey's end at last, and rest from our labor together, if we keep journeying in the right way." "How you shall think of this," said Hiawatha, "when you pilgrim towards the scenes hallowed by our Saviour's feet. You shall stand on Mount Zion, in Gethsemane, and stroll along the Lake of Galilee and then, far separated from your home in Time, you will think of Him who was a pilgrim and stranger in the earth for our sakes. You will think how He made the waves be still, and how He makes our hearts be still, how He broke a way through the wilderness of Sin to the Holy Land beyond the Jordan. These are pleasant things to think about." "But are we not all going to the Holy Land?" I replied. "You who are not going with me are still traveling with me to a better inheritance. The Canaan above will be holy in a higher and more substantial sense, and the Jerusalem above will never be destroyed." Early the next morning Hiawatha and my Saxon friend met me at the *café* to drink a cup of coffee with me. The coach drove up to the door, and when we parted they embraced and kissed me. So we meet and part on earth. They are both generous, warm-hearted young artists, prosecuting their studies at Rome.

As it is more pleasant to travel by land in Italy, a party of six of us hired a carriage to take us to Naples. We paid about sixty-two dollars for our boarding, lodging and fare. The distance is about one hundred and sixty miles. When we reached the top of a hill at the end of the city, I looked back for the last time upon the Coliseum, and then our fiery black steeds champing their bits, hurried us away from one of

the most enchanting places that I have ever visted. At noon we stopped several hours at Albano, where I had been once before. I ran with Mr. Treat up a steep hill to get a last view of Lake Alban. During the afternoon we rode over a hilly but fertile country and poorly cultivated. More than half of it is lying wild and waste. Its inhabitants roast in the sun and rob for want of bread and labor. We stopped for the night at Cisterna, "The three Taverns," where the brethren came out to meet Paul on his way to Rome. Acts 28: 15. It is a gloomy, filthy country village. We sallied out to see its wonders, but soon encountered so much mud that we were glad to get back again. The next day we were hurried off an hour before day, as we had a long day's journey before us. It rained again, as it had done the day before. For thirty-six miles from Cisterna we rode through the Pontine Marshes, an uninhabited level, covered with swamps and large ponds, which fill the air with so much poison that nobody can live there without sickness and death. It is a dreary country to travel through, where few human beings venture to dwell. When we were half way through we reached a small tavern, a solitary dwelling in the lonely waste, whose inhabitants have a yellow, emaciated appearance, showing that they live and breathe in a deadly atmosphere. This is the old Appii Forum, where some of the brethren of Rome likewise came out to meet Paul. Acts 28. Although the ground is marshy the road is solid and durable. Both sides of it are lined with trees for a great distance, which form a long, straight, leafy alley, through which one can look until the two rows seemed so near together that a grown man would have scarcely room to pass through. At the end of the marshes we reached Terracina, on the banks of the sea, where we rested several hours. Very huge rocks hang over the city. The sea was wild. Waves, half as high as the house, broke upon the shore. The people along the borders of the marshes looked so sallow and sickly that it was painful to behold them. At Fondi, another considerable town, noted for being fruitful in robbers, we bribed the custom-house officer to save our baggage from being examined. A lot of porters insisted on us paying them for losing the job of taking our baggage off; but we concluded not to encourage meanness any further. We drove through a square where about five hundred men stood around in suspicious silence, with large worn-out cloaks thrown over them. I have no doubt, from their looks, that there was more than one robber among them. All through this country the road is guarded day and night by soldiers to keep off the robbers. There are seldom any robberies committed here now. I had no fears, as we traveled little after night. We stopped the second night at Mola de Gaeta. Our hotel stood in a villa which once belonged to Cicero. In the evening we went through the villa to the edge of the sea to look at the baths and other buildings of Cicero, which are now in ruins. It is full of orange trees, which were very full of ripe oranges. There are many orange orchards around the town. It is a charming sight to behold these yellow groves, like our apple-trees, full of plump sweet fruit among their dark green leaves. The next morning our merry driver rumbled through the dark, crooked streets an hour before dawn. That morning the sun rose upon the loveliest little vale that I have seen in Italy. We passed by a small rural village, where the farmers were just

going out into the fields to work. For more than a mile the road was full of men, women, and children, donkeys, dogs, and little pigs. All except the animals had three-edged spades with which to dig up their beds of earth. I saw only two plows in the whole crowd; and such plows! The little black pigs, without bristles, trotted at the heels of their owners like pet dogs. Some had little blankets tied on to supply the place of bristles. It was a queer army, with queer clothing, and odd looks. They turned off the road to the right and left, until the plain was all alive with white and red petticoats and many other coats. We dined at Capua and hunted for interesting sights. The beggars followed us into the church. Here one of our party took the cars to Naples. The country looked more like a series of gardens than a common farming district, and all who worked in them dug like gardeners. Fig and date trees abounded along the road. In some places all the trees were connected with grape vines which wound along from one tree-top to another. We passed through the Falernian district, still fertile in grapes. I thought of Horace, who praises the delicious flavor of the Falernian wine in his odes, which I dug through at college. I little thought when engaged in that up-hill task that I should one day see his favorite vines. The busy laborers in the fields, the green grass on the mountains and in the valleys, untouched by frost, and the numerous olive trees, which are an evergreen, gave a fresh appearance to the whole. The fig trees had no leaves yet, but the oranges and olives, and pleasant sunshine, filled the fields with a young spring. The peas and some trees were in blossom. Parts of the road over which we came yesterday and to-day are remains of the Appian Way of the ancients, over which St. Paul doubtless traveled when he went as a prisoner to Rome. The fig trees, vines and olives along the road looked then as they do now. It was perhaps nearly in the same season of winter, when the blue waters of the Mediterranean surged their roaring waves against this lovely garden, and oranges bore their luscious fruits in large clusters. Perhaps there were just such crowds of lazy, do-nothing people standing speechless in the village streets through which he was taken, looking at the stranger-prisoner. Over this ancient path went the fearless apostle of the Gentiles, "bound in the spirit," not knowing what should befall him at Rome. This was something to think about while we leisurely journeyed through a region alternating between desolation and the cheerful aspects and activities of spring.

Before we entered the gates of Naples we had to fee the custom-house officers thrice for not disturbing our baggage. Indeed these officials care little whether travelers bring whole trunks full of forbidden articles into Naples, only so they get a fee for not doing what many of them are too lazy to do. The money is what they want; and if any refuse to reward their indolence, their disappointment will pitch and tumble the contents of the trunks into dire confusion to vent their rage on the owners. In other countries this would be called smuggling and bribery, here it passes off under the eyes of the government as a respectable trick. We took up our quarters in a hotel for the night, and the next morning procured more permanent lodgings. Five of us took a suit of rooms—that is, one for each, and a parlor for the whole. We take our meals together at our own table, which gives one a specimen of an arti-

ficial home. We spend our evenings around our cozy little fireside in reading, writing, and conversation. You should see what a pleasant little table we sit at and jovially enjoy our daily bread, while we talk politics and theology. Since I entered Italy I tried to accustom myself to drink Italian coffee. A strange, nondescript mixture it is, as muddy and unsettled as Italian politics. I have at length taken to drinking tea, which I find both healthier and of a more pleasant flavor. Macaroni seem to be a national dish of the Italians. They are a sort of dough-ropes, or overgrown nudles, which they eat boiled and made up in pies. To learn to eat them I found a pleasanter task than to stop eating them when I shall leave.

Last Sunday Mr. Treat and myself attended worship in the chapel of the Russian embassy. In the afternoon we had singing and prayer in our parlor. Mr. Treat spoke on the 91st Psalm. He alluded to the safety of God's people under all circumstances of trial. They were sweet truths to us, for when we are far from home we love to believe that we dwell in the secret place of the Most High.

Naples is a large city, full of bustle and life, in quaint and queer forms. But the city is far less entertaining than the country around it.

To-day, February 2, you know, is Candlemass-day, which the Catholics here and elsewhere observe as a sacred festival, on which they bless their candles. All the stores and shops in this city were closed. The streets were crowded with carriages, some driving as fast as the horses could run. The common people have a singular half-dray, half-gig conveyance, which carries ten to fifteen people. One seat is hung on old-fashioned gig springs, the rest sit on the shafts, hang and stand around the seat, while the horse dashes along at full speed.

Naples has many things in common with Rome. A great many beggars, many blind people, some of whom will tear open their sightless eye-sockets at you to prompt you to give them something. In one quarter of the city many of the people live and carry on their business on the street. Shoemakers and blacksmiths work in the streets, while their families are busy around them in cooking, washing, and many other duties which the rest of the world attend to within doors. I don't know where they sleep, but during their waking life these careless, jolly vagabonds live, move and have their being under the open heavens. There are very few wagons or carts here. Wood, hay and straw, marketing and manure are transported from place to place on small horses and donkeys. They pile half a ton on them, until you see nothing but the head and feet of the animals. When they sweep through the narrow streets they leave scarce room enough to pass them. I passed one this morning which had a large pile of cabbage on him; by some means he lost his balance, when the cabbage went to the ground, and the donkey tied to it, threw his feet up where the head should have been.

A few days ago I visited a poor-house at the extreme end of the city; it is now about a quarter of a mile long, and nearly that wide; when finished it will be a third of a mile in length. It has at present 3200 inmates—more than the whole population of Lewisburg, and nearly one-fourth that of Lancaster. They have a chapel where they attend worship, a large room where they practice music, and a theatre. The most of them are boys and girls, and all looked cheerful and happy. One of

them played pieces on the piano with the skill and accuracy of a grown man. Then they have a large weaving room, shoemakers' and tailors' room, and large school-rooms for the children.

One pleasant day last week, that is, a day which had several hours of clear weather, we went to Camaldolio, a high mountain about seven or eight miles from our hotel. From its pure heights we looked down upon the immense city—containing over 400,000 inhabitants and a number of towns joining it as large as Lancaster—and the Bay of Naples running its large prongs into it; large plains covered with villages, vineyards, and volcanoes whose chimneys once vomited up fiery fluid rocks. A Benedictine convent stands on the top. One of the friars took us through one of the little cottages where the monks live. It was a small one-story building about fifteen feet square. Before the door stood a large orange-tree, bending down with a heavy harvest of ripe fruit. The monk seeing that I was pleased with them, told me to pick one off, which tasted as good as it looked. Oranges grow so abundantly here that one can buy them cheaper than apples. They sell them at one cent for three, and by the gross perhaps at half that price. The weather is warmer here than it was at Rome; but the winter of Naples always abounds with rains. This has been the first clear day we have had for a week, and this closed with dark, lowering clouds.

On Saturday we made an excursion along the sea-shore, examining ruins and other relics of the ancients. Suddenly a squale of rain blew over us, carrying my hat towards the sea. When I tried to put it on again the wind blew so hard that I could not keep it on with both hands. So I had to push my way through the rain and storm for a short distance bare-headed. You may well imagine how awkward and earnest I looked. In the meanwhile it grew dark, and as we had three or four miles to reach home, we took a cab along the way. It was down hill to Naples. The fellow drove at full speed, all the while singing his Italian ditties through the storm and rain. Just as we reached our hotel another cabman tried to drive around him, when he gave his horse the whip, and dashed us off again in spite of my shouting to him, and only when I caught hold of the lines could I get him to stop.

The weather here seems to be growing milder every day. We were on Mount Vesuvius to-day, on the top of which the snow is several feet deep. I will tell you something more about this safety valve of our burning world, through the "*Messenger*." I will only tell you now that it was a pleasant excursion, and that an active volcano, blasting into the air, melted fiery masses of rock and lava, is, next to Niagara, the grandest sight I ever saw.

Yesterday, the 5th, we made a long excursion along the Bay of Naples and to the Island of Caprae. The man that took us to the depot demanded more than we had agreed to pay. When we refused to give him more he flew into a furor of rage and fisted about the leader of our party. One of the police caught him by the throat and jagged a cane into his belly, which would have killed him if it had been a sword. When we got off the cars we were surrounded by a crowd of cabmen and guides, each trying to outery the other, which made an almost deafening noise. The Italians are given to this sort of bellowing confusion.

Sometimes in ordinary conversation they fist and fuss with hand and voice, so as to make a stranger fear they are coming to blows.

Riding along the bay we came to a place where a large part of the mountain had slid down over the road. We took a boat and rode around it. While in the boat, another large rock broke loose about five hundred feet above us. It leaped from crag to crag, breaking and puffing with smoke, as if every piece had been charged with powder, and cracking in quick, broken claps, as if a dozen thunder storms had met. Beyond this we took another carriage and rode along the mountain, many hundred feet above the sea, through large olive fields and orange gardens, where ripe oranges hang in thick bunches. At Sorrento we hired a boat, about four times as large as yours in the Conestoga, with two small sails, to take us to Caprae, about ten miles distant. Four stout Italians rowed us away from shore, and soon a slight breeze filled our small sails, and our little craft rode over the waves like a swan. But here a jumping motion soon obliged me to give my dinner to the sea. When we reached Caprae we were all sick enough not to care anything about what was there. We concluded to enter a famous cave, that our expedition would not be entirely in vain. We entered a small boat and passed through an opening about two or three high into the cave, but the hole was so low that we had to lie down into the bottom of the boat. The waters within were of a clear, milky-blue color. The gorgeous colors on the ceiling we could not see, either because the sun did not shine without, or we were unfit to see them from our seasickness. The cave is from fifty to one hundred feet in diameter, and in a clear day is said to be one of the grandest sights in this part of the world. The swelling waves almost shut up the door, and we began to think of our dilemma if the sea should lock us in.

We kept our boat to sail directly to Naples, a distance of twenty miles further, which we made in three hours. After I wrapped my cloak around me, and laid me quietly into the bottom of the boat, I felt relieved. But the rest had a more serious time of it.

To-morrow we will leave Naples with the steamer for Malta. From there you will hear from me again. When I saw my companions all receiving letters from home, I felt sorry that I could not hope for a letter from my friends. But I hope to hear from you at Jerusalem. My health has been very good; better now, I think, than at any time during my journey. I found it very pleasant to travel with my present company. The Lord has been merciful unto me in more than a thousand ways. I trust you will all join me in thanking Him for His goodness to me and you.

It will take us nearly two days to get to Malta, where we will remain until the 14th, when we will sail for Alexandria in Egypt. In a few weeks more and I shall stand on "Canaan's happy shore."

"BAD THOUGHT 's a thief: he acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in."

THE YOUNG OF THIS GENERATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

A mistake made in planting or sowing seed does not come to light till the seed springs up, and often not till it is about to ripen. So evils that creep in among the rising generation may not be fully discovered till that generation comes upon the stage of mature life. The thoughtless may see nothing unpromising or dangerous in the state of the youth in the land, while those who look beneath the surface of things, observe the workings of secret elements of evil, and are capable of seeing the effects in the cause, may be filled with apprehension and alarm.

There can be no doubt in the minds of reflecting persons that many, if not the great body of youth in this generation, are in a course of training and are growing up under influences which portend disastrous results to the generation in which they shall be the men and the women, the husbands and the wives, the fathers and the mothers. We may look around us and imagine from a superficial observation that the flow of social life is healthy, and even increasing in intelligence, moral elevation, and social refinement; but a closer examination will convince the serious that it is the hectic flush which betrays the hidden disease. Let one single fact be considered, this namely: How many young men, and young women are growing up outside of the church. This is especially true of young men. Take any community, and observe closely the number of young men that are pious and consistent members of the church and the number that are not, and you will be convinced that the largest portion by far are not in the church!

The worst feature of this alarming fact is, that even the young men of christian parents, or christian families, are found in large and growing numbers outside of the church. This fact is one of the greatest sorrows of Pastors, and an occasion of great bitterness to pious parents. How rarely do we now find unbroken families in the church. There are always wanderers, and most frequently among the young men. The venerable scriptural idea of covenant piety which saves the household entire, and which was in past generations so frequently realized in the piety and salvation of the whole family, is now so rare as to call forth special remark when it occurs. Even in those denominations of christians where the whole order and cultus of the church is adapted to such results, and directly aims at their securement, the end is only reached in cases few and far between. The church now, in many parts, increases almost as much by acquisition and conquest, as by evolution and growth from its own families. The succession of family faith seems to a great extent to have lost its tender power. The anointed and touching ideas that underlie the expressions, "the God of our fathers," "the faith of our fathers," "the church of our fathers," once so powerful to move the heart and bind it to religion, are regarded as antiquated weaknesses. This is most certainly not the time when the blessed prophecy, made in the last verse of the Old Testament, in regard to the superior excellency of the New Covenant dispensation, is fulfilled, when the hearts of parents shall be turned to their children and the hearts of

children to their parents. The reverse tendency seems to prevail. The young seem to regard it rather as unmanly and weak to look to God through their parents, and humbly to yield themselves to the spirit of piety, which comes to them through the faith of their parents.

If we believe that the only safety for the young is in the church—the only ark of safety that God knows of in this perilous voyage of human life—then we must be alarmed at the present tendency of things, and tremble for the generation that shall follow us. True, the Lord reigns, and will always send forth help from the sanctuary, and the evils which overwhelm one generation will be surmounted in the next, or in the succeeding ones; yet it is our duty to observe the signs of the times, and labor to lessen the evil which we may not be able to hinder or avert.

The evil now referred to can only be remedied by the church. It alone is the salt of the earth. It alone is the light of the world. It alone can stem and stay those currents of evil in which the unreflecting are silently but certainly borne away from God and heaven. The minds of parents, the minds and hearts of the young, must be turned, with increased earnestness and solemnity, toward this city of refuge; and it must be proclaimed, as with seven trumpets, that there is no safety out of its holy enclosure. The idea that men can be as good out of the church as in it, must be resisted as a doctrine of devils. Those that stand outside of this ark must be told that they have not one promise in all God's Word in that position.

That the present tendency to isolation from the church results to a great extent from the unfaithfulness of the church itself, is beyond doubt—and it is the fruit of its unfaithfulness, especially in not proclaiming itself as the mother of all saints, and the only bearer of salvation to men. The church has compromised its dignity—has surrendered its honor—has stooped from its high position. It has not proclaimed its sovereignty. It has quietly suffered the sentiment to be entertained and to grow, that the church is only one way of salvation, while there are others, and even easier ways, outside of it. It has been content at the bid of the world, to have itself regarded only as a society of moral reform. It is pleased with the compliment generally paid it, that it is the best among the many; but does not care to have itself regarded as the only one.

Let not the church suppose that it can have true power upon this miserable level! If it is the queen of the earth, the mother of saints, the bride of the Lamb, the only true home of the Holy Spirit and of the human Spirit on earth, let it hold forth this momentous truth in the face of the world. Let its watchmen cry from its walls down into the night and the slumbers of the world, Hither, ye prisoners of hope!

We know of no doctrine for the preaching of which there is at this day more need than this. Next to Jesus as the "Head," is the church as "the Body." The world must be taught that the members are in the Head *through* the body; and that he who will have God as his Father must have the church as his Mother. O that the world would hear and believe this mighty truth. O that pastors would preach it without ceasing before this present perverse age. O that parents would hold to it as they love their dear children. O that the young of this generation would return to it as their only refuge and their surest rest.

A CHAPTER FOR THE LADIES.

To divert fancy, to gratify desire, and in general to be a sort of better servants, are all the purposes for which some suppose your sex designed. A most liberal supposition ! The least degree of refinement or candor will dispose us to regard them in a far higher point of light. They were manifestly intended to be the mothers and formers of a rational and immortal offspring ; to be a kind of softer companions, who, by nameless delightful sympathies and endearments, might improve our pleasures and soothe our pains ; to lighten the load of domestic cares, and thereby leave us more at leisure for rougher labors, or severer studies ; and finally, to spread a certain grace and embellishment over human life. To wish to degrade them from so honorable a station, indicates a mixture of ignorance, grossness, and barbarity. But the men who think in this manner, do themselves irreparable wrong, by putting it out of their power ever to enjoy the tenderest sentiments and most delicious feeling of the heart. He that has a true taste of happiness will choose, for his own sake, to cherish the kindest opinion of the female destination.

Yet what shall we say ? Are there not many women who seem to have entirely forgotten it themselves ; to relinquish at least the most valuable part of their claim, and to have conspired with those male tyrants in sinking their own importance ? How often do we see them disfigured by affectation and caprice ! How disgraced and ruined by imprudence ? What shameful inattention to the culture of their minds, in numberless instance ! What perversion, in not a few, of excellent understandings, through a levity that passes for innocent, because not polluted by vice, nay for agreeable, because accompanied with youth ! Who that is a well-wisher to the sex, can forbear to be mortified on finding such multitudes so ungainly in their manners, so unentertaining in their discourse, so destitute of every solid and useful improvement, in a word, so totally devoid of all that can confer significance, or beget esteem ; not to speak of downright worthlessness, proceeding from bad principles or wicked company ?

With respect to these indeed, as well as the rest, I am willing to believe that they are frequently occasioned by vacancy of thought, and want of occupation which expose the mind to every snare ; and that, in many cases, all this evil might, through God's blessing, be happily prevented by an early and diligent application to female accomplishments. Every laudable and beneficial purpose, which those accomplishments are calculated to serve, will concur to enforce them. They may be divided into three classes, Domestic, Elegant, and Intellectual.

As to the first, I must remind you, that how much soever they may be now neglected by many women as below their notice, no height of rank or affluence can justify such neglect. The care of a household, all ages and nations have agreed to consider as an indispensable part of female employment, in every situation that admits it. Solomon, in the last chapter of Proverbs, exhibits perhaps the most beautiful picture that was ever drawn of the Virtuous Woman, in a sphere of activity which

you all hope to fill, and for which you ought to qualify yourselves as much as possible in your present condition ; I will read the whole, together with a short paraphrase which I have borrowed chiefly from the pious and learned bishop Patrick, but without adhering to his diction.

Verse 10. "Who can find a virtuous Woman? her price is far above rubies." Such a person, says the mother of Lemuel ; (a young prince for whose welfare she was most tenderly solicitous;) such a person as I would recommend for a wife is too hard to be found ; one endowed with true worth and piety, who deems nothing beneath her that can any way become her station ; one, in short, possessed of those various and excellent qualities that fit her for adorning it, and render her infinitely more valuable than all the pearls or precious stones, with which so many women are fond of being decked.

11. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her ; so that he shall have no need of spoil." In her personal honor and fidelity, and also in her economy and prudence with regard to all affairs at home, her husband reposes such perfect confidence, that he can go abroad, and attend public business, without the smallest anxiety about his domestic concerns, or the least temptation to enrich himself at the expense of other men.

12. "She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." She will not only return his love with equal affection, but endeavor to ensure and heighten his esteem by every engaging and respectable virtue. She will not only avoid whatever might provoke or displease, but study to deserve well of him by promoting his interest and raising his reputation ; and that not merely by starts, or in transient fits of good humor, but uniformly and constantly every day of her life.

13. "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willing with her hands." To her, idleness is so hateful, that her husband has no occasion to excite her to industry. Of her own accord she sets up a linen and woollen manufactory, to which she applies her hands so readily, as well as so dexterously, that it is apparent she delights in the work.

14. "She is like the merchants' ships : she bringeth her food from afar." Her application and ingenuity enable her to maintain her family without expense, by exchanging the product for foreign commodities when necessary, on terms no less advantageous than if her husband fitted out a fleet of merchant ships to fetch them directly from distant countries.

15. "She riseth also while it is yet night ; and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens." With such spirit and vigor does she proceed, that, instead of indulging herself in overmuch sleep, she rises before the break of day, to make provision for those who are to go abroad to work in the fields, and to set her maidens their several tasks at home.

16. "She considereth a field, and buyeth it : with the fruit of her hand she planteth a vineyard." So far is she from wasting her husband's estate, that by her frugality and capacity she is continually improving it ; first purchasing a field fit for corn, when she meets with one that on due inspection she finds worth the price, and then from the fruit of her own labors adding to it a vineyard, which she takes care to have well planted.

17. "She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms." As she is quick in her orders to those about her, so she bestirs herself with the utmost activity, declining no pains or exertion proportioned to her strength, which is increased by constant exercise, and which, with the cheerfulness, expedition, and utility that attend it, she prefers to all the decorations and delicacy of indolent beauty.

18. "She perceiveth that her merchandise is good : her candle goeth not out by night." Her labor indeed she finds so wholesome, and her traffic so profitable, that she does not always conclude her work with the day ; but often continues it through as much of the night as can be spared from necessary repose.

19. "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." Such manual operations as are suited to her sex, she reckons not any disparagement to her quality. Her fingers show a dexterity that is alike pleasing in the performance, and beneficial in the effects.

20. "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor : yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." Those hands, which she employs with so much diligence for the advantage of her family, she fails not to stretch out with equal alacrity for the relief of the indigent. She is not so engrossed by the cares of her own household, as to forget the claims of those who have no habitation. In her, frugality never degenerates into parsimony, but always ministers to munificence. The poor, whether nearer or more remote, share liberally in her bounty.

21. "She is not afraid of the snow for her household : for all her household are clothed with scarlet." Her bounty in the meanwhile is accompanied with such discretion, that her own family and servants are in no danger of suffering by it. They are provided against the hardest winter ; they have changes of raiment for the several seasons ; and when they are to wait upon her, or to appear on any particular occasion that requires it, she is careful to have them clothed with a degree of splendor.

22. "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry : her clothing is silk and purple." The furniture of her house is noble. Her own apparel corresponds with it. She is not ignorant of what belongs to her rank : and she supports it with a magnificence so much the more conspicuous for being principally her own handiwork.

23. "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." Her attention to the appearance of her husband is not less than to her own. When he comes into the courts of judicature, and takes his place amongst the senators of the country, he is distinguished by the richness and elegance of the robes which she has prepared for him. The beholders pronounce him a happy man in having such a wife as does him honor in public as well as private, and who by easing him of all his lesser cares, leaves him at full liberty to devote himself to the most important transactions.

24. "She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant." Her industry to provide for her family is such, that she follows more arts than one or two ; making, for example, beside other articles already named, fine linen, embroidered belts, and girdles of different kinds curiously wrought, which she sells at a considerable price to the Phenician merchant.

25. "Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come." Although in every thing she makes, whether for sale or for use, she displays a just taste of what is both beautiful and splendid ; still it must be remembered, that her chief ornaments are a firm and constant mind, a modest and becoming deportment, a manner of dealing with all, that is honorable, uniform, and generous ; which, joined to her other qualities before mentioned, free her from all fear about future events, and prepare her to meet affliction, decay, and even death itself, with serenity and hope.

25. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Add to the rest this particular praise, that as she preserves the due mean between taciturnity and loquaciousness, so she loves not to talk on foolish and frivolous subjects, but on such as are serious and useful ; on which, when she can introduce them with propriety, she is sure to deliver herself pertinently and gracefully. Her language on all occasions is soft and pleasing, expressive of a gentle mind, and a tender heart. From the same fund, she is led to embrace every opportunity of inculcating on all around her, kind affections and mutual concord.

27. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." In her own house most especially she is studious of conveying edification. She observes the motions, and inspects the manners of every one there, whom she neither suffers to go abroad at their pleasure, nor to labor at home without proper instruction : a concern, which might alone be thought sufficient to employ her ; insomuch that if she did nothing else she would yet deserve the bread she eats.

28. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed : her husband also and he praiseth her." Happy the children of such a mother, whose maternal care for their provision, but much more for their education, cannot fail of exciting their love and gratitude very early, and of disposing them, when grown up, to honor her person and venerate her virtues ! Happy beyond expression the husband of such a wife ! He can never commend her sufficiently. While he attempts the favorite subject, he is so struck with her surpassing worth, that he cannot restrain himself from crying out.

29. "Many daughters have done virtuously ; but thou excellest them all." The number of those women who have acted worthily, who have mightily advanced their families, and nobly served the generations in which they lived, is not small. They are well entitled to applause, and I give it them with pleasure ; but there never was any comparable to thee. Thy merits, thou best of women, and most beloved, thy merits far, far transcend them all !

30. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain ; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." A good complexion and fine shape are, no doubt, engaging. A graceful mien and lovely features are yet more so. But as the greatest beauty soon fades, and at last vanishes, so, alas ! many ill qualities may lie concealed under all these fair appearances ; such, indeed, as utterly to disappoint every hope of happiness from that quarter. A truly pious woman, one who is governed throughout by a sense of duty, and who to all her other excellent qualities adds

that reverence for God, which gives them at once elevation and stability—she, and she alone, is completely an amiable object, who will always impart delight, and always deserve approbation.

31. "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates." Let all conspire to extol her character; for I cannot do it enough. Let her never want her just tribute of commendation. While some are magnified for their high birth, some prized for their great fortune, others admired for their singular beauty, and others cried up for attainments of no intrinsic, or of no considerable value; let her personal conduct, and her superior qualities, be celebrated with peculiar honors in the largest assemblies; where, indeed if all men should be silent, that conduct and those qualities would resound her praise.

What a description is here! Can you attend to it without emotion? Or have modern manners so warped your minds, that the simplicity of ancient virtue, instead of appearing to you an object of veneration, looks romantic and ridiculous? Tell me then in earnest, were the women of those days the less estimable, or the less attractive, that they did not waste their lives in a round of dissipation and impertinence, but employed them in works of ingenuity and usefulness, of piety and mercy; that even women of the first rank amongst them, as we are informed by the oldest and best authors, held it no diminution to apply their hands to different kinds of manufacture; that they took great delight in such occupations; and finally, that good housewifery, in all its extent, was reckoned an essential qualification of every matron?

TO AN UNKNOWN BEAUTY.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THEY tell me thou art beautiful—that in thy soft, dark eye,
There floats a dream of loveliness, pure, passionate and high;
They say there is a spell of power upon thine angel-brow,
To which in wild idolatry, high-thoughted ones may bow.

Soft as the flow of twilight waves, or stir of dewy leaves,
When the young winds are wandering out on summer's beauteous eves,
Thy spirit o'er my vision seems in heaven's own light to move—
Unwinding all the hidden chords that bind my soul to move.

O, it is passing sweet to muse, with feelings pure and high,
On glorious beings, seen alone by fancy's burning eye;
There is no tint of earth to dim their holy light with tears,
But all is pure and beautiful as thoughts of other spheres!

Lady, I know thee not! and thou, perchance, may'st never see
The stranger-minstrel that now wakes his broken lyre to thee!
But oft his dreams will picture thee the loveliest of earth's daughters,
A rainbow-glory sweetly thrown upon life's troubled waters!

LIFE IN THE COAL REGIONS.

BY REV. I. E. GRAEFF.

VARIETY is sometimes said to be the spice of life; and the adage bears the test of experience, if not in all, at least in many respects. In business, occupations, pursuits; in races, people, languages, tongues and dialects; in study, research, views and opinions; in amusements, customs, habits and manners; in institutions, laws, associations and possessions; in all the ramifications and spheres of life, variety, if properly blended, fused and developed, may largely contribute to the physical, social and moral prosperity of communities and nations. It may bring into activity and use all the latent energies and neglected means at hand, and increase their force by combination and normal development and thus turn each bad material to good account. In a community that consists of various races, people and languages; that embraces different national and religious customs, prejudices, views and opinions, and which affords ample room for a great variety of pursuits, occupations and speculations, we must of course expect to find the beautiful and the grotesque, the noble and the degraded, the sublime and the mean, wealth and pauperism, fashion and rags side by side; now conflicting in wild fantastic rivalry and haste, and now pushing shoulder to shoulder the wheel of fortune. Altogether the picture is interesting and sublime, and many a wholesome lesson may be drawn from its most shady side.

No want of favor did the Creator show to this mountain land of ours. It is rich in beauty and in resources. Its scenery is often majestically sublime. Behold these mountains as they raise their towering peaks like lofty crests, still higher and higher into the azure sky. Clad are they in robes of beauty, whose gorgeous colors never fade, though exposed to the burning rays of a summer's sun and to the snows of a dreary winter. Their very rocks add magnificence to the scene. What a blending of shades and colors, of positions and undulations, of depressions and elevations; hills and dales, mountains and vallies, rocks and briars, cedars and bramblebushes, oaks and laurels stand in harmonious grandeur before our eyes. Often have we in silent awe beheld this mountain scenery, and as we gazed upon its rich and gorgeous hues, inhaled the sweet odor of its floral productions, listened to its æolian moanings in the storm, and heard the merry warbling of the feathered songster in its ambushes, we involuntarily ejaculated, "Oh, God, what is man that thou art mindful of him!" But, alas, suddenly we behold a breach in the picture! The unsparing hand of modern utilitarianism has found its way hither. The woodman's axe and the miner's grubbing-hoe spare neither brambleblush nor cedar; bleakness and desolation follow in their train. If the Red Man lamented the destruction of his hunting-grounds, why should not we regret that briars and stumps are now, in many places, the only remains of once magnificent woodlands. And what makes the matter still more gloomy, the land thus stripped of its sylvan cover-

ing is left to lie a dreary and barren waste, or is submerged beneath gigantic heaps of coal dirt, ejected from the neighboring mines. All is made to bend here to the treasures which lie in rich profusion far down in the bowels of these hills. To get these treasures out and to bring them to market, this is the ruling idea of our people; no visions of sylvan beauty haunt their dreams. Whether bramblebush or rock, whether hill or forest, whether morass or ravine, whether rivulet or river, all are forced to contribute to the accomplishment of this end. Coarse poetry this, yet none the less calculated to affect our hearts. Here, more than elsewhere, perhaps, do we behold the utilitarian tendencies of this material age; they constitute at least a largely predominant element in the life of our region.

Let no one, however, imagine that we are all Goths and Vandals, knowing only how to ruin and destroy. Ruins, alas, we have made, and are still constantly making, and that for filthy lucre sake; but on these ruins have we erected the monuments and institutions of christian civilization. We have our villages, towns and cities; schools and churches, courts and prisons. A police have we, and laws and lawyers not a few. Sunday schools, bible societies, scientific, medical and young men's christian associations, charitable and beneficial societies, prayer-meetings and devotional exercises, bible and catechetical classes we can also boast of. Lectures and literary entertainments enter into the programme of our intellectual improvements, and artistic performances polish our manners. It is true we have many huts and hovels, but we have also first class hotels and splendid mansions. Our side-walks are paved, our streets and roads in excellent order; and our streets, houses, shops and churches are lit up with gas. Banks have we with large capital; trust, life and fire insurance companies are our safeguards. Saving funds and sinking funds, and funds of charity fill our treasuries. Stores well filled with dry goods and provisions dot our streets and districts; and hucksters are found peddling fish and vegetables in all directions. Music is rather at a low ebb, but still we have our choirs and singing clubs, our brass and military bands, and the solemn peals of an organ and the merry keys of a piano forte occasionally greet our ears. We have rolling mills, foundries and machine shops, and the grinding of the mill-stone is heard in our midst. Irishmen and Welshmen, English and Scotchmen, Germans and Frenchmen, Mexicans and Negroes, make up at least a part of our medley population. Priests, ministers, preachers, rabbis and apostles—Christians, Jews and Mormons, constitute our spiritual host. There is no lack of physicians, drugs and medicines, and editors, papers and periodicals are our constant companions. Mules, horses, jackasses and engines bear and draw our burdens, and railroads wind around our hills and through our gangways, and descend into our slopes. Reservoirs and promenades, parks and cemeteries grace our homes and suburbs, and the cheerful fireside gladden the hearts of happy families.

Well, we think that, after all, we are pretty much as other communities in the land, although we have our peculiarities. One thing is certain, the process of fusion, assimilation and amalgamation, which is every where at work in our country, has also found a genial soil betwixt these hills and mountains; in spite of races, people, customs, prejudices, interests and pursuits, the rising generation are fast becoming one in char-

acter and sympathy. Resistless is the force of our institutions, of our national and religious privileges, from which, thank heaven, no natural or artificial barrier is made to exclude our region. Mixed and medley as we are, we are Americans still, and glory in bringing our tribute to her greatness and prosperity.

If, however, we have our advantages, privileges and blessings, we have also our disadvantages, evils and curses. Some of these necessarily arise from the peculiar character of our business and the geographical foundation and position of our region; others however are the result of the moral degeneracy of our people. Risks and losses of no ordinary character attend our trade, and high prices and exorbitant charges follow; speculations and speculators meet us at every turn, and money brokers, whom one of our valorous editors has recently deigned to honor with the euphonest title of sharks and shylocks, are ever and anon at our service! Balls and midnight frolics, circuses and negro-minstrel concerts, theatres and fantastic troops enter largely into our popular amusements. Frauds and bribes, riots and assaults and batteries, arsons and larcenies, manslaughters and robberies take up no mean portion of our judicial proceedings. Drunkenness is our disgrace and our misery. Liquors and liquor dealers, rumsuckers and tipplers by the wholesale and retail have we. Hotel, inn and tavern keepers, not alone, but the reckless inmates of lower houses of accommodation put the bottle to their neighbors' mouths to make them drunk; what wonder then that bleared eyes and bloated faces, dirty huts and filthy shanties, cheerless wives and ragged urchins, feuds and fights and separations, broken skulls and bloody noses are the rule, not the exception. Demagogues and office-hunters, corner-loungers and bar-room loafers, of these we have at least a few. Truly, this is a dark side of the picture, in view of which one might well exclaim, "Wo is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Keder."

But let us do justice to our region. Here, like elsewhere, there is sufficient salt to keep the entire mass from corruption, and our individual success depends very much upon our wisdom, energy and moral character. God did not put all things under man in vain, nor has he given him a law to no purpose. Though a slave to sin, he is not doomed to be the helpless victim of circumstances, or of fate. His activity or indifference, his prudence or ignorance, his rectitude or recklessness, may secure his success or bring about his failure. Alas! how many perish in their own folly.

Our lot has not been cast amid the monuments of antiquity; and the ruins of castles, palaces and forums have no part in our daily musings. No pantheons and basilicas are found in our public squares, in and on which may be seen the trophies and marks of the wars of decades of centuries. The *chef d'œuvres* of art do not embellish our temples. Our architects do not lavish scores of years on the monuments of their skill; and our poets are not yet born. Our scholars and students, though quite numerous and respectable, will scarcely be confounded with those of foreign climes, and our philosophers will find it no disgrace to sit beneath Descartes, Leibnitz and a Newton. Our musicians claim not the laurels of Mozart, nor has the spirit of Demosthenes or Cicero descended on our orators. Our Herschels and Blackstones, our Pitts and Clays have not

yet left their firesides, nor have our Luthers and Craumers, Knoxes and Calvins yet upheaved and shook our social and spiritual orders. No orange groves and Alpine glaciers decorate our hills and highlands, nor does the brilliancy and clearness of an Italian sky, give grace and splendor to our verdurous landscapes. Yet let no one sneer at our youthful achievements, or undervalue our pure salubrious mountain air, and mountain scenery. Romance and frivolity, vice and misery are not the only products of our soil. Business, is our watchword, wealth our aim; and ever and anon we take good care to enforce the claims of morals and religion; ruminates on books, on speeches, and sermons; hold our meetings, sing our hymns, and say our prayers—as all America does, so we do.

Here then we are, as all the world may see, much like a coat of many colors. Both nature and society present a checkered scene, and from among these hills comes everywhere the merry hum of business—the sound of rattling brokers, of divers languages and discordant dialects, of braying mules and noisy drivers, of running cars and puffing engines, of grinding mills and roaring foundries, of dancing chariot-wheels and prancing coursers, makes up a part in the chorus of life in our region; while schools and churches, stores, taverns, courts and prisons, etc., etc., make up another. What a busy, bustling, dashing, moving medley mass we are! And what makes us so? Those ebony treasures, my dear reader, which perhaps you now find blazing in your stoves or on your grate; which cook your meals and warm your houses—coal, coal, sir, these lie at the bottom of the secret. If these should ever be exhausted, then would this busy scene soon die away, and all our mines, villages and towns would be left a place for owls and bats, to flit at will, and for hideous snakes and ravenous monsters free to roam. Such is the fate of all the glory under the sun. While we shall not attempt to lift the veil of the future, let us be content to profit by the present.

DARE AND DO.

Dare to think, though bigots frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when sinners curse to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
'Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best,
Do with willing mind and heart;
Do your duty and be blest.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY LIFE.

II.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT duty is more solemn than that resting upon parents properly to raise, educate, and nurture their children? What is the trust committed to us? It is an immortal being, which is not only to be trained for heaven, but also to fulfil various important duties, and to pass thro' numerous severe trials on the way. For its duties on earth first is the child to be trained. For others, as well as for itself, is the child to be trained. The solemn duty of so training it is entrusted to the hands of the parents. Whether the duty is felt or not—whether it is performed or neglected—it must be answered for before God.

In the faults of the child, as in a glass, must the parent see his own faults. He must charge the child's errors upon himself, even as God holds him responsible for them. In the degree precisely in which the parent regards the child's faults in this light, does he show that he feels his responsibility. Even as Moses felt the sins of the people upon his heart as his own sins so must the parent bear the faults of his children. Where this feeling is wanting, there is no use of endeavoring to impress a parent with a proper sense of his solemn duties to his children. It is the absence of this feeling that unfits so many parents for the office of parent.

There are two propositions laid down in the Scriptures, which *seem* to contradict each other but they certainly do not—they are but different sides of the same truth. The one is that we are to bear one another's burdens—that we are each other's keepers—that we are responsible for each other's conduct—that the ruin of another may lay at our door and the blood of other's souls be found on our skirts. The other is that every one shall bear his own burden—that he shall answer for his own sins that his ruin is his own fault, and that he has no one to blame but himself if he is ruined here and lost hereafter. These two truths are not at variance with one another; but are both harmoniously true. They mean that, to a certain extent, we are the cause of ruin to others and to a certain extent they are the cause themselves. The drunkard ruins himself, but the one who tempts him also ruins him; inasmuch as he drinks partly because of his own lust and partly because he is tempted to drink. The tempted and the tempter share the guilt.

This principle explains the fact so well known, that in some cases the children of faithful parents are ruined nevertheless, and the children of bad parents become virtuous and good. The parent may do his duty in the place and degree which belongs to him, and the child may renounce its gain thus secured, and frustrate what was well begun. The parent may neglect his duty in the same way, and the child may overcome the evil by its own struggle toward goodness of life. A tree may be well cultivated in the nursery, and yet it may be spoiled after it is transplant-

ed. The care which it received in the nursery is good, but only good as far as it goes; so the parent may have done his duty in the family, and yet the child may fall by its own waywardness, and by strong temptation assailing it when it has passed beyond the parents reach. But one thing is certain, when the nursery-man has bestowed no care upon the young tree, so that it goes dwarfed and untraned into the orchard, it will hardly come to good thereafter, and in that case the nursery-man must bear all the blame; in like manner, when the parent neglects his duty in the family, he has inflicted an evil upon the child, from which it can only be saved "as if by fire."

Thus we account for those cases in which the children of pious parents sometimes turn out badly, and those of wicked parents come to good. They are exceptive cases, and not the rule. We deceive ourselves very much when we fix our minds exclusively upon such exceptive cases, and persuade ourselves that they destroy the rule. No, the rule holds good: "Train up a child in the way it shall go, and when it is old it will not depart from it." The rule holds true, that our children's ruin must be traced to our parental neglect.

It has been often repeated, and thoughtless persons accept the saying as true, that the children of pious persons, and especially the children of ministers, elders and deacons, are always the worst. That this is false has a hundred times been shown by actual facts and statistics.

After making an investigation and collecting the statistics, Rev. A. Bullard states that in 241 families of ministers and deacons, there were 1,164 children over 15 years of age, 814 of whom, or more than three-fourths, were hopefully pious, 732 had united with the church, 57 had entered or were preparing for the ministry, and only 14 were dissipated, but one half of whom became so while residing with their parents. In 56 of those families there were 249 children over 15, all of whom were hopefully pious.

Let the reader select anywhere from the irreligious world 241 families, and see whether he will find three-fourths of their children pious—whether he will find 57 who entered the holy ministry—whether out of 1,164 such children he will find only 14 who are dissipated, and only 7 who became such while still connected with the family! We challenge the trial to be made.

It is a spirit base and unfriendly to religion which repeats such a slander, and it manifests a culpable carelessness in any one to believe it without making the examination. It is easy to see how such a slander obtains currency among persons otherwise well disposed towards religion. Ministers are public men, and their families are set as a mark. A single mishap in a minister's family is blown with trumpets and ram's horns over the land, while thousands by the side are scarcely noticed, and if known in a narrow circle they are soon forgotten. One of the basest spirits lately manifested by many of our secular papers, is the trumpeting of isolated cases of sin and fall among ministers, making them a subtle and silent disparagement of the great body of faithful servants at the altar. Thus does the swine pass over the green flower-covered sod, and seek the puddle! Such forget that one angel of light became a devil, and one disciple a betrayer of his Lord. Though this was so, myriads of the unfallen angels remained pure spirits, and eleven out of the

twelve—though one after a fall—stood firmly to their Master, and will be in good favor in the church to the end of ages. How unjust then in a wholesale way to visit the sins of a few upon all, acting like a foolish man who should cut down an entire orchard, because one tree has yielded bitter fruit.

Both scripture and experience prove that as pious parents have the promises in behalf of their children, so, alas, have they the blessing, if they only claim it by faithfulness. What encouragement lies in the glorious fact, that God includes the children in every promise which he makes to parents ! Who could ask a greater honor than to train citizens for heaven—to aid in peopling those blessed realms of light and life with such as shall be the companions and favorites of the Lamb. What joy to have those that are flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, made like unto the angels to share with us the resurrection of the just and life everlasting.

THE OLD VILLAGE GREEN.

THE Old Village Green ! 'tis a magical sound !
There's a charm in the words that makes my heart bound ;
But the thrill of delight doth blend with a sigh,
And the smile at my heart with the tear in my eye.
'Twas there, in the freshness and morning of life,
With mind yet unschool'd by the world and its strife—
'Twas there, with my playmates, I hail'd the glad scene,
And shouted for joy on the Old Village Green.

To that favor'd spot we would haste, one and all,
To raise high the kite, and to strike up the ball ;
And the shout of wild glee as it swept through the air,
Came fresh from the heart, unclouded by care.
When school time was over, how blithely we'd start,
With a cheering "huzza," and a quick throbbing heart ;
And he who was first at that eager-sought scene,
Was chief of the game on the Old Village Green.

At last Hope appear'd with its glittering beam,
And beckon'd me forth on the world's broad stream ;
Then I launch'd my bark from the smiling shore,
Nor thought of the rocks and shoals in store.
Long years have roll'd on with unvarying course,
And brought in their train both joy and remorse ;
Some joy, and more sorrow, by turns have I seen,
Since I gambol'd a boy, on the Old Village Green.

Blest haunts of my boyhood ! you'll ne'er be forgot—
The moss-cover'd barn, and the vine-trellis'd cot ;
The broken old stile, where I've sat with delight,
And watch'd the sweet lark take her heavenward flight.
As I think of them ever my heart throbs with pain,
For I feel I shall never more see them again ;
But dear as they were, yet they have not been
So ardently loved as the Old Village Green !

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THE GARRET.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

"It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody." ROGERS.

WE have all heard and read a great deal about garrets. The pitiable story of poor poets and geniuses sighing out their breath, and burning out their brains, in lonely garrets, has been told us; and we have wept over the tale of their unrewarded merit, and grown angry at the ungrateful and stupid world, which, like the Grecian cities of old who starved Homer while he lived and sought to glorify themselves by claiming his birth-place when he was dead, only awakes to a sense of its mercies when it has wickedly cast them away. Then, too, we have heard of poor widows, or the wives of drunken husbands, stowed in garrets, plying the needle, and wasting themselves away in monotonous, weary, and painful toil, to procure bread for their dependent little ones lying asleep around them in happy ignorance of the bitter, bitter cup of poverty's woes. This kind of garrets, however, is confined to cities.

Our theme, however, pertains to a country garret. What a difference! In no way is the country like the city. As God made the one, and man the other, how can they be alike. The people are different, the houses are different, even the dogs are different—compare the spindle-shanked city spaniel with the well-built and substantial farm-house dog—they are no more alike than the street poplar is like the mighty country oak. In short nothing in the cities is just what it is in the country. We are therefore led to this, as to a necessary conclusion, that country garrets are not like city garrets.

Let actual investigation settle the question. You shall go with us into the garret "at our house"—for we always go into it when we make a visit home. Now observe closely, and let not your supposed familiarity with all things that pertain to a garret betray you into carelessness. Open the door at the head of the stairs. Do you not feel and hear, as you put your foot down upon the first step, that you are entering the

garret? There is no carpet on the stairs—hark, how your foot-tread sounds in the silence. Observe the inside of the door—it is not painted—but the outside is. In fact there is nothing painted, after you pass the outside of the garret door.

The subject here requires a digression. Do not say that our forefathers were hypocrites who made clean the outside of the platter, to make a fair show before the faces of men, and therefore they painted the outside and not the inside of the garret door. You do them great injustice by such a wicked, censorious, and uncharitable thought. To convince you of this, you shall go over the whole premises and assure yourself that in all things did our ancestors pay chief attention to the inside of things. Look at that barn, respectable enough it is true on the outside, but its chief glory is within. See the hay-lofts, see the grain mows, see the oats chests, see the well filled racks, see the sleek and well fed horses, the contented and cared-for kine, and the round, woolly sheep, the pudding like chickens, and the plump, waddling, independent, consequential geese. Look at the farm house from the outside; it is neatly plain and hath an air of comfort, that is true; but it has not the city flourishes of architecture along the eaves, and over the doors; nor has it the name of the owner upon the glistening plate with the silver knocker and the lion's head over it—nor do snowy and purple curtains beautify one another in the windows. But go in—see! all is well enough—better than you expected—not so? go into the cellar and peep into the meat barrels, milk crocks, butter crocks, cheese crocks, potato piles, turnip piles, beet piles, apple piles—all well enough, is it not?—all neat, clean, and plenteous. Go into the kitchen—for the country people are not ashamed of their kitchens, and do not keep them as places which cannot be seen without a death-stroke to their reputation for cleanliness—go into the kitchen, examine the cupboards; the dishes have no marks of the dish-rag's greasy swab over them; every thing inside and outside, looks as clean and bright as a new dollar from the mint, and you can eat with as much relish after you have seen the kitchen as before; yea, we believe your appetite will increase. Go through the rooms, examine the corners, are they all clean enough? look under the beds, and see whether the dirt and dust have been swept thither in order to be out of sight! In short, make the acquaintance of the plain looking farmer, and of his tidy, rosy house-wife, and see whether there is not more genuine kindness and hospitality in their hearts than there is vain show about the house.

Having now, as we believe effectually routed and forever put to shame the wicked thoughts of your heart in regard to the supposed hypocrisy of our ancestors, let us return to the garret stair-door, from which an uncharitable suggestion has diverted us. Now bethink thyself, and see whether there may not appear to be another, a better, and a truer reason why the inside of the garret door is not painted? Can you not suppose that it may have been economy? This is always a virtue; and at the time this house was built the family were only beginners in life. The farm was not yet all paid for and a rising family was growing up around them. At that time too the old-fashioned notion that men ought to pay their debts and be honest was still in vogue; and they believed that the price of so much paint would be better applied to their creditors

than to the inside of the garret door. You, our critical reader, if you are of a certain class, we feel an inward inspiration to deal plainly with your stuck up captiousness. We hope that no offence is committed against the laws of charity, when we suppose that you are one of those who feel it to be the privilege and mission of their lives in a worthless manner to spend the money which your hard-working economical parents have gathered for you, and then to turn up your useless noses at those staid and steady ancestors whose descendants you are not worthy to be. Yes, you—you, could paint the inside of the garret stair-door with money that you never earned, and which you are not fit to possess.

But now bringing this little battle at the garret door to a conclusion, we proceed up stairs. When we pass the first flight, and turn on the platform, we shall have railing again to help us along; but it is not a smooth hand-rail, like in the story below; rather it is a cheap framework of plained laths running up, and round the entire pit—a kind-hearted and thoughtful precaution to keep the children from getting a fearful fall. Rather a low place here at the turn; and where, as a boy, we could whirl round erect, we now find it necessary to incline both head and body considerably in order to pass clear of rafters and roof. This reminds us that there are other places where we have since found that it is more easy to get along as boy than as man.

Having with some difficulty made our way up, and standing finally upon the broad floor, let us look around—this is the garret. There are the small low windows at either end, but there is light enough to see all that is to be seen. Yonder, along the heavy sloping chimney are ranged the salt barrels—not exactly barrels, but something of the same kind made out of thick hollow gum logs, sawed about three feet long, with one end nailed shut with boards. They must be many many, years old, and were made in the primitive times when barrels were not as plenty as they are now. They carry us back to the good old days of ancestral economy. What objection, we earnestly ask, even now, can you have to them—are they not even better adapted to their use than any barrels which the cooper can make? “True enough,” says the smart young man, “but they are very old-fashioned.” For this saying, were we not restrained by our exuberant good nature, we would fall upon you with a withering rebuke, saying: “It is well for you that your ancestors were more old-fashioned than you are, or you would not have a cent to spend, or a shoe to put on your wayward feet!”

Do you see above your head, here and there, batches of boards laid together upon the collar-beams? Do you know what that means? That is the place where the chestnuts, and shellbarks, and hazelnuts are spread to dry; and they are put up so high partly on account of the mice, and partly on account of the boys who come up hither to get salt for the cattle. “Lead us not into temptation.” It is better for the nuts and better for the boys that they should not be too conveniently at hand. Christmas is the time when, by common consent, those boards are to yield up their treasures. Be patient, boys, till then—get your salt and go your way, repeating, for the purpose of strengthening your moral courage, the tenth commandment.

There is really a very pleasant fragrance, like the smell of autumn, spread over the garret. Can you guess what it is? See yonder, tied

morial that each boy—young gentleman they are called in the cities—in bunches, and suspended all along the rafters, do you not see the herbs and the teas from the garden, the fields, the meadows, the woods and the mountains. There is the bone-set, the penny-royal, the life-everlasting, the sarsaparilla, the snake-root, the elder-blossom, the dock, the worm-seed, the tansey, the thyme, the camomile, and a dozen others “too tedious to mention.” They give forth a delightful odor, and they make good tea—that is, tea that is good for all sorts of ailings; and the careful, considerate housewoman knows exactly what they are good for. Even the Doctor has confessed that these herb teas are good; and though he did it in a way which seemed to indicate his indifference in regard to the use of such teas, yet he did clearly say that “in some cases they can be given with good results,” and the house-woman believes it—indeed she believed it firmly before he said so, and she would believe it if he had not said so. Are not their virtues well known? When was that garret without its bundles of herbs? From the days of old, from ancient times, from the years of many generations, have those herbs been there ready for use, and often have they been used with success. To say all in one word, and to silence forever all doubt and prejudice, permit us to proclaim the truth, saying: Those herbs grew in the world before the Egyptian “physicians embalmed Israel.” Gen. 50: 2. And before ever the son of Sirach said, “Honor a physician with the honor due unto him for the uses which ye may have of him.” Eccl. 38. Let this forever set at rest the controversy concerning herb teas.

But time would fail us to describe all the interesting objects that make up the store of the garret’s peculiar furniture. There is a pair of stag horns, wide-forked and with many antlers, the fleet owner of which had been shot by “grand-father” when father was a boy. There is a curiously figured powder horn that was used in the war. There are hats many, shoes many, and all kinds of leather straps, buckles, bridle bits and other fragments, too good to throw away, and yet it is difficult to divine what use can ever be made of them. It is however a feeling not to be despised, which disinclines us hastily to cast away that which once was useful to us. The same tender clinging to the old and good which leads to the preservation of these old relics on the garret, suggest also that an old horse be not shot as soon as he is worn out, but turned to leisure out the end of life in the meadow. Yea, we verily believe that it is only a higher grade of the very same feeling which keeps us from pushing our parents to one side when, on account of age and infirmity, another spirit would regard them rather as a trouble, than as a pleasure. It is not our conviction that the tendency at present is toward too much respect for what is old, and therefore we do not deliver ourselves as of that opinion, but rather we are inclined to the contrary judgment. For this reason also it is rather with pleasure than with disaffection that we see that motley medley of antiquated things in the corner of the garret.

On the collar-beams hang the saddles with the girths and stirrups hanging down, with each one’s corresponding bridle in an orderly way on a peg beside it. But why are there so many of them? That this mystery may be explained, be it known that “each of the larger boys” has his own saddle; for it has been the custom and law from time imme

at that interesting period of his life when he gets his first "Sunday coat" from "store stuff," gets at the same time also a saddle for his own benefit and behoof. This custom has its legitimate reason and ground, not only that he may have whereon to ride to church, but also in this, that certain formalities in social life require that a boy—otherwise young gentleman—of that age should occasionally take a ride on Saturday evening to such place, farther or nearer, where he may have business of his own to transact. Those side-saddles belong to "the girls," that they may accompany their brothers' to church, and then ride home again with them, or with some cousin, or friend, or such-like, who will kindly take the brother's place, that he again may be free to show a similar kindness to another. In this way not a little is the whole neighborhood bound together in mutual good will, and friendship, and love. Let the simple-hearted reader be assured that a tale longer than the girths that reach nearly to the floor, often hangeth by the use of those saddles in the garret.

How often have we amused ourselves for hours beside that old chest. It is and has been for ages the receptacle of old almanacs, pamphlets, circulars, and papers; some of them have come down from anti-revolutionary times. What quaint and curious productions it contains—speeches in Congress, messages, confessions of murderers that were executed, the visions of persons in a trance, and a variety of strange pamphlets on all sorts of subjects that interested our forefathers, and are interesting still as quaint and queer specimens of half-forgotten lore. Among them were old letters from uncles, cousins, and all degrees of relations—giving a simple account of the health, business, joys and sorrows of many that are dead, and some that are living in that season when the almond-tree blossoms. What an interesting kind of half-sad, and half-pleasant indulgence it was on a stormy day, when no out door work was possible, to steal away to the garret, get down beside the old chest and rummage among its antiquated contents, while the patter and roar of the rain upon the roof made music accordant and congenial. Sorry would we be to see the rare contents of that chest destroyed—a fate with which they have been threatened! Our hope is that no vandal, destitute of the spirit of the fifth commandment, will ever find his way to that garret.

"The girls want to arrange and rid up the garret—do they? They want the old chest out of the way—do they? Tired of seeing the old thing—are they? It is no use there—is it? The old papers are good for nothing—are they not?" This is the way they talk, and oh! we often tremble for the chest? If ever they touch it to burn its contents may the dust of the papers get into their eyes and make them weep tears of penitence over their wicked thoughts and ways!

There is one piece of furniture there in the corner of the garret the sight of which touches us more strangely than all the rest, and awakens feelings of a peculiar kind. It is the cradle in which we all—the boys and the girls—were rocked in infancy! It is of old-fashioned make, and never was capable of the long gentle sweep and swing of modern cradles. Broad and flat with rockers well worn, it hath little grace in its motion, but waddles clumsily like a duck. Yet sweet in it was the

sleep, and pleasant were the dreams of infancy ; and over no cradle, no not in palaces, has a warmer mother's heart, or a more watchful mother's eye, ever hung and sighed, and smiled and prayed, and wept.

With the image of that cradle in our eye and the sacred feelings and memories which it has inspired in our heart will we leave the garret, and go down into the world again. Long as night shall be silent on that garret, and the moon-beams shall fall in soft and mellow light upon the floor will our imagination love to visit it, and its memories breathe around our hearts as the fragrance around flowers.

M A Y .

THIS month, like most of the rest, is indebted for its name to heathenism. *Maius* or *Majus*, or May comes from *Majorem*, the *greater*, as they familiarly called Jupiter, because they regarded him as above the rest of the gods, and greater than they.

The Germans, besides May, sometimes call it *WONNEMONAT*, the month of joy or pleasure. "Truly, if there is any month that more than another deserves this name it is the present month of May. Mildly the sun smiles from the cloudless blue, without his rays being as yet oppressive, and all nature revives with fresh life, and beauty, and joy."

The peculiar beauty of May can be better seen and felt than described. We have a great deal of poetry devoted to May, but it has always appeared to us that the poets have been less successful on this theme than almost any other. It all seems to let us down instead of raising us up. It may do to read in the house in mid-winter but it sounds stale when read amid May-scenes themselves. Nature can sing its own song by far the best ; and when this lovely month begins its reign, we say a truce with poets and poetry—and away to the fields and woods. There we will make our own poetry, and enjoy the song as well as the sentiment, see a thousand sights, and hear a thousand sounds which the most gifted of the poets cannot bring into his verses.

The best thing we have ever heard said of May is that of a German Poet : "*Mai ist der Kuss welcher Himmel der Erde gibt.*" May is the kiss which heaven gives the earth.

SCATTER YE SEEDS.

Scatter ye seeds, and flowers will spring :
 Strew them at broadcast o'er hill and glen ;
 Sow in your garden, and time will bring
 Bright flowers, with seeds to scatter again.

Scatter ye seeds—nor think them lost,
 Though they fall amid leaves and are buried in earth ;
 Spring will awake them, though heedlessly tossed,
 And to beautiful flowers those seeds will give birth.

UNGODLY MARRIAGES.

THIS was the particular sin for which God drowned the world.

Some of Lot's daughters married in Sodom, and perished in the overthrow.

Both Ishmael and Esau married irreligiously, and were both rejected and turned persecutors.

The first blasphemer that was stoned by God's command is marked as an offspring of one of these marriages—his mother had espoused an Egyptian.

The first captivity of the Jews after their settlement in the Holy Land, is ascribed to this cause. The whole passage is very instructive. It is said that the remains of the nations "were to prove Israel, to know whether they would hearken unto the commandment of the Lord which he commanded their fathers by the hand of Moses. And the children of Israel dwelt among the Canaanites, and Hittites, and Amorites, and Perizites, and Hivites, and Jebusites; and they took their daughters to be their wives, and gave their daughters to their sons, and served their gods. And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord and forgot the Lord their God, and served Baalam and the groves: therefore the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and sold them into the hand of Chusan-rishathaim, king of Mesopotamia: and the children of Israel served Chusan-rishathaim eight years.

David married the daughter of Talmai, king of Geshur, by whom he had Absalom—the disgrace and cause of his family.

The case of Solomon is a warning to all ages.

His son, Rehoboam, that lost the ten tribes, sprang from one of these forbidden marriages—his mother was an Ammonitess.

The marriage of Ahab is thus awfully noticed: "And it came to pass as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal and worshipped him. But there was none like unto Ahab, who did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord whom Jezebel his wife stirred up."

What was it that Ezra so grievously lamented, and so sharply reprov- ed? It was, that "the holy seed had mingled themselves with people of the land."

And what says the zealous reformer Nehemiah? Their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people: And I cursed them and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying: "Ye shall not give their sons, or take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves. Did not Solomon, king of Israel, sin by these things? yet among many nations was no king like him who was beloved of his God, and God made him king over all Israel; nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin. Shall we then hearken unto you to do all this great evil, to transgress against our God in strange wives?"

"Now these things were our examples to the intent we should not lust after evil things as they also lusted."

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

IN the previous number of the *Guardian* we gave a brief sketch of Wordsworth, in order the more intelligently to introduce to the reader one of his poems—a poem which we have regarded since we have known it, as one of the richest and most beautiful in the English language. “During my residence at Rome,” says Mr. Coleridge, “I had the pleasure of reciting this sublime ode to the illustrious Baron Von Humboldt, then the Prussian minister at the Papal court. He listened to the ode with evident delight, and as evidently not without surprise, and at the close of the recitation exclaimed—‘And is this the work of a living English poet? I should have attributed it to the age of Elizabeth, not that I recollect any writer whose style it resembles, but rather with wonder that so great and original a poet should have escaped my notice.’”

Often have we read this delightful poem to ourselves and others, and always with new views of its mysterious depths and charming beauty. It needs study—or rather, perhaps, it needs a proper organ or spiritual frame in the reader—to understand its great meaning and feel its mystic charm. We would say to the reader—read yourself into it—think yourself into it—feel yourself into it. At the first reading, you may say “*obscure*—just like Wordsworth.” At the second or third you will say “I see men like trees walking.” After the fifth reading you will want to read it again, to think and feel as you go along; and about the tenth time you sing it to yourself in the right spirit, you will hear a thousand mystic melodies like angel anthems sounding through your soul. It is truly a great ode. Blessed is the young man or woman who is sufficiently pure to understand it! This too, is the right season in the year in which to read it. Here it is:

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe’er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where’er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound,
As to the tabor’s sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong :
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day ! if I were sullen,
While the earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !—
But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy ;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,—
He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest.
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended :
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six year's darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;

 A wedding or a festival
 A mourning or a funeral !
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long.
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride.
The little actor cons another part :
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity !
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage ! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf, and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind,—
 Mighty prophet ! seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by !
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O, joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,—
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thank and praise :
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized ;
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound,
 As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been, must ever be,
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And, O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they,
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the mountains fall;
 Some are coming, some are going,
 Do not strive to grasp them all.
 One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each;
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, (bright gifts from Heaven)
 Joys are sent thee here below;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready, too, to let them go.
 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
 Do not fear an armed band;
 One will fade as others greet thee,
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
 See how small each moment's pain;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 Every day begin again.
 Every hour that fleets so slowly,
 Has its task to do or bear,
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond!
 Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.
 Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching Heaven; but one by one,
 Take them, lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

THEOLOGY AND NATURAL SCIENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

“WE have a more sure word of prophecy whereunto we do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts.” Truly it is a sure word, the word of God, which holy men of old, moved by the Holy Ghost have spoken unto us. It is firmer than heaven and earth, for if these shall pass away, not the smallest part of God’s word shall ever pass away. It is a precious word full of the power of divine life—a lamp to our path, and a staff in our hand.

But nature is also, to him who has learned to read rightly, an open book of divine wisdom, “for the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made.” The heavens also declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. What the starry glory of the heavens teach in characters of flame; what the sea, the depths of the earth, and the mountains declare; what the clear friendly sun-shine, and the horror of a stormy night; the flowry glories of spring, the terrific hail, or the icy breath of frost; the lily of the field and the sparrow on the house-top, teach us—all these, yea the mote in the sunbeam and the grain of sand by the sea, all, all, if rightly read are also a word of God which utter testimonies concerning the former days. In them is written, and may be read his divine power and wisdom, but also his holiness; his creative love, but also his retributive righteousness. The earnest longing, and travailing, and hoping of the creature—Rom. 8: 19-21—is also a sermon which opens treasures of wisdom and knowledge, preaching of blessing and curse, death and resurrection, sin and redemption.

“Although”—says Schubert, whose entire life has been devoted to the study of this book of God,—“Although the book of nature, in comparison with the book of revelation, is but an obelisk standing amid the ruins of a deserted city covered with hieroglyphic writings, the symbolic meaning of which for the most part can not be understood by the present generation, in part even obliterated and mutilated by wicked hands, still there is true and sufficient ground upon which to harmonise those symbolic teachings, which were originally also a revelation of God to man, with the contents of the holy scripture. Yes, nature also, with undeniable clearness, testifies of Him from whom and through whom are all things; and in our age the perverseness of which is more inclined toward the study and enjoyment of natural things, in which it thinks it has life, than toward the teaching of the scriptures, it is perhaps not unnecessary to call attention to this earnest testimony of nature, and the harmony of its teachings with the contents of the holy Scriptures.”

True, the written word of God contains every thing that is necessary for us to know in order to salvation—true, the holy Scripture speaks plainer and surer, less deceptive and more easy of comprehension than the symbolical writing on this obelisk: it speaks for the unlettered and

uncultivated, for the poor in spirit, just as intelligibly as for the learned and scientific, for it is like "a stream in which the elephant may swim and the lamb wade;" but if only one presumes that, having the book of nature, he may dispense with this, that man's eyes are blinded equally to both; and he will fail to learn from it either God's being or works. Yet still we are to listen also to that voice "whose line is gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world." Ps. 19: 5. We are to learn also what God's creative word reveals to us through it. This we are to do the more diligently and earnestly since nature, which is first a word of God *for* us, may also afterwards be a word of God *against* us; for it is written that the teachings of nature are also given to the end that all may be "without excuse." Rom. 1: 20.

Hence, let the Theologian, and not only he, but also the plain christian enter the school of the naturalist. Let him give honor to whom honor belongs; willingly and cheerfully let him permit the masters of science to open to him a new world filled with divine wonders; joyfully and gratefully let him acknowledge his obligations when, as the fruit of keen and laborious research they bring forth to the light new treasures of ore from the deep and hidden mine of knowledge and cast it into current coin.

But in like manner let the man of natural science also give honor to whom honor belongs. Let the master also become a disciple, the teacher a scholar, and sit with the humble docile spirit of a Mary of Bethany at the feet of a greater master, and there learn words of eternal life and wisdom, which is not of to-day or yesterday—learn there what neither his telescope nor microscope can teach him, but which is necessary to give to all his wisdom its proper consecration. Let him not forget that if nature is a book full of divine doctrine and preaching, the Bible is the lexicon and grammar from which alone he can learn the etymology and syntax of this holy language, understand the formation and history, sense and meaning of every single word; that the Bible alone teaches the critic and hermeneutic, æsthetic and logic, according to which the *disjecti membra poetæ*—the disjointed members—are to be brought together and shown in their harmonious beauty.

But how when the Bible and nature instead of explaining, unfolding, and completing one another stand in contradiction to each other? This cannot be. Bible and nature, in so far as they are God's word, must harmonize with each other. Where this is not the case either the exegesis of the theologian or of the naturalist is at fault; and not only the man of science but also the theologian has too often gone wrong and been the means of untold confusion on the subject of the harmony between scripture and nature.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.

Wish for them cautiously,
Ask for them submissively,
Want them contentedly,
Obtain them honestly,
Accept them humbly,
Manage them prudently,

Employ them lawfully,
Impart them liberally,
Esteem them moderately,
Increase them virtuously,
Use them subversively,
Forego them easily,

Resign them willingly.

THOUGHTS TAKEN ON THE WING.

BY THE EDITOR.

LOOKING INTO THE GLASS.

IF a man cannot refrain from being a mean man from any higher motives, let him avoid it so that he may have the satisfaction of respecting himself. Why will he compel himself to see the image of a mean man every time he looks into the glass. He that cannot respect himself had "better be a dog and bay at the moon." Let the reader look into the glass and tell us what he thinks of the one who looks at him there.

"True dignity resides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of sober thought,
Can still suspect and still revere
Himself as man."

A GENEROUS MAN.

How like a May morning is the face of a generous man. It is pleasant to meet him and to deal with him. He feels that he is favored when he is permitted to do you a favor. You say he is frequently imposed upon. No, your mistaken—it is the narrow and niggardly man that is imposed upon. He that skins others is regarded as a proper subject to be skinned. Whatever can be twisted out of such a dry stick is regarded as clear gain; and wherever the unprincipled can get him into the vice they will file him. But the generous man is always safe in the hands of those whose hearts his generosity has warmed towards himself. His generosity takes from them the strongest motive to dishonesty and gives the strongest impulse to faithfulness. God bless the generous man, and make their number a thousand fold more than it is in the land.

BEAUTIFUL LEGENDS.

As our American Indians are a highly imaginative people, few nations are possessed of more beautiful legends. The stars they believe to be spirits of the dead, and the rainbow they regard as a beautiful spirit which follows the sun. In some tribes they affirm that the Aurora Borealis or Northern lights, is the dance of the dead, in which however only the spirits of great warriors and mighty medicine men can participate. The milky-way they believe to be the path of souls leading to the spirit land. They say the seven stars are so many Indians which have been translated to heaven in a dance. The stars in Charles Wain, are so many men hunting a bear—they begin the chase in the spring and continue in it all summer; by fall they have wounded it, and its blood turns the leaves of the forest red; by winter they have killed it, and its rich white fat makes the snow, which being melted by the warmth of the summer makes the sap of the trees.

SIN.

Every time you sin, it is as if a serpent were born that will afterwards

be in your path to alarm and wound you. The word of God has said, "Be sure your sin will find you out." We must "eat the fruit of our own doings." If we do well, the fruit will be sweet; if we do evil, the fruit will be bitter. Retribution is as sure as recompense; and as the righteous shall reap the fruit of their own doings, so the wicked shall be beset with their own ways and be filled with their own devices. Every sin is a drop of sorrow—another stick on the pile of eternal burnings. Is this verse true:

The men of grace have found,
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope do grow.

You say that is true. Well, so is this:

The men of sin have found
 On earth the seeds of wo;
 Infernal fruits on earthly ground
 From sinful acts do grow.

"EVEN THE DEATH OF THE CROSS."

Death by crucifixion differs from all other kinds of death, in this that in it death begins in the extremities and works in toward the vital parts. In hanging or beheading death strikes at once a vital part—the process is quick and the pain less. The peculiar position of the body on the cross is such as to place every member, muscle, joint, and vein of the body in an unnatural position, compressing and oppressing every vital organ and creating in a short time the most indescribable agony, terror and amazement. Life is choked in every current, and death bears like an incubus on every vital energy. Thus hung the dear Redeemer for three dreadful hours.

Thus was the ransom paid. It was; and paid—
 What can exalt the bounty more?—for you!
 The sun beheld it. No, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot; midnight veil'd his face;
 Not such as this, not such as Nature makes;
 A midnight nature shuddered to behold;
 A midnight new! a dread eclipse—without
 Opposing spheres—from her Creator's frown!
 Sun! didn't thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bowed his blessed head, o'erwhelmed his cross,
 Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb
 With pangs, strange pangs! delivered of her dead?
 Hell howled; and Heaven that hour let fall a tear:
 Heaven wept that men might smile! Heaven bled that men might never die.

A D I R G E .

Blessed is the turf, serenely blessed,
 Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
 Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
 Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep,
 A little sod, a few sad flowers,
 A tear for long-departed hours,
 Is all that feeling hearts request
 To hush their weary thoughts to rest.

THE SOLEMN CHANGES OF LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are some natural and unavoidable changes in the life of every individual which are very solemn. Such, for instance, are those from childhood to youth—from youth to manhood—from manhood to middle life—from middle life to old age—and from old age into the grave. It is not, however, of these that we wish to write; for these are inevitable, and there is no release in this war. The wise will prepare to meet them as they come.

There are besides these, other solemn changes in life over which a wise control may be exercised, and which are fortunate or unfortunate, according as proper wisdom and foresight are exercised in making them. It is true that each change in life is followed with more or less consequences, but there are changes, the consequences of which, are so peculiarly important as to deserve the careful attention of all who would be wise, and who would not make life a path of thorns and death a bed of sorrows. Let us call the attention of the reader to a few of these changes, each of which he has made or is likely to make.

The first is the choice of a trade, profession, or pursuit in life. There is a period in the life of each individual when he is obliged to “settle down” in life; and this settling down is generally *for* life, as it is not quite convenient ever to change trade, profession, &c., after one has once selected one, and become qualified for it. It is evident to any one who is in the least accustomed to observation that we are variously constituted, and adapted in talent and disposition for different callings and pursuits. The happiness and success of each one in any particular calling will greatly depend upon his having selected that for which he is adapted. There have been cases where, either by caprice or by the too arbitrary influence of parents or guardians, persons have been placed into business, trades, or callings for which they had neither talent nor disposition. The consequence has been that they appeared all their lifetime awkward, unhappy and unsuccessful.

The particular calling which we pursue necessarily, must employ a great part of our time, thoughts and talents; and this will make it evident that our business pursuits are intimately connected with our happiness. What can be more cheerless than the idea of spending the most of our thoughts and the most earnest portion of our life, upon a business for which we are not designed, in which we are not successful, and for which we have no disposition. All our labors, too, in this world ought to have a constant reference to God and the future life. He, no doubt, designs us all to act some part in the glorious and complicated scheme of his providence, but if we fail in seeing the beck of His hand, and thus fail to find our post, it is evident that our whole life will be a struggle against the current; and a constant scene of entanglements and collision! How dreadful is this.

Is not, then, this one of the solemn changes of life—one fraught with

long and important consequences, and should it not be made with much earnestness and prayer. And in making the selection the question ought not so much to be, in which calling can I make the most money or live in the greatest ease? but it ought to be, how shall I best answer the design for which God has given me being in the world. How little, however, do many think and pray, before they put their foot forward upon the race of life; and how bitter often is the cup of their folly to them when it is too late to be delivered from drinking it. The fool shall smart, and mourn at the last!

Another and a still more solemn and important change is that by which we pass from single life into the relations of family. The selection of, and union with, a companion is evidently the most solemn act of life. Next to an union with Christ through regeneration, is this union in the holy state of matrimony. By this union our union with Christ is illustrated: (Eph. 5,) it must, therefore, evidently be analagous to it in its mystical nature, importance and solemnity. This change affects life, not in its bustle and onward noise, but in its calmest and holiest retreat. The family is the sanctum sanctorum of life; if the hand of desecration invade us there, there is on earth, no retreat that can shelter us from the shafts of ill. A curse here is generic indeed; it mingles its bitter waters with every cup of joy, and throws its dreadful night-shade over everything that is tender and lovely in life. The influence which this change has upon all after life is so easily deduced from the nature of the many tender relations which it involves, and is so easily seen by constant observation, that it is strange its importance is not more solemnly felt. To mention no others, it is sufficient to show the recklessness with which this relation is entered into, to mention that the consideration of religion or no religion in the choice of a companion, is often treated with utter indifference! While other points of congeniality, such as disposition and education, are carefully considered, this deepest of all grounds of congeniality is entirely overlooked. But what do I want with a bosom friend that can go with me into the gardens of refined sentimental taste, and walk with me through every lane of science, if I must leave him behind when I go into the holy communion of religion? When my spirit is most earnest, when my wants are most deep, when my penitential heart is most sweetly subdued, and when my joys are brightest and holiest—then I must leave behind me that only friend on earth in whose heart I expect to find a pulse of sympathy, and an echo to the song of my pilgrimage, be it sad or joyful. Oh how well and how truly does God say, “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?” Well does he call it *unequal*; and well does he call it *yoking*. That it is the oppression of a yoke, the groans which are heard, and the gallings which are felt under it, abundantly testify.

Here then are two solemn changes which may both, as yet, be before you, dear reader. Let us ask you to consider well their important connection with your whole life in this world, and also with your eternal history in the future life. Let not an idle, isolated circumstance, or a gush of feeling, determine a matter, for which God has given you a

nobler and a holier guide. It is for your life; therefore do it, feeling as earnestly as you desire to feel when you die or stand before God in judgment, for on both these solemn events your present step will have an incalculable influence.

A LETTER FROM ROME.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

DEAR PHILIP—I received your and Mr. Harbaugh's letter a few weeks ago. That I was very glad to receive it and read it you may well know. It is not often that you write to the city to which Paul wrote his epistle to the Romans. I reached here on the 16th of December. I met a young Pole on the way who has been my companion a good deal ever since. I rented a room for one month for about \$7.75. It is well furnished, well carpeted, three tables, two large bureaus, and a bed large enough for an ordinary family. In Germany they make a man sleep stretched in a narrow trough not much broader than his body, packed steaming under feathers during the hottest weather in summer. Here beds are generally large enough for parents and three or four children. The fleas made war on me for awhile, but lately they left me in mercy, perhaps. In the evenings I generally had a small fire made on the hearth. Although the weather is not like our American winters, the evenings are mostly damp and cool. There has been no snow here. Once or twice the ground was frozen. The people here live differently from what they do with us. Very few persons board in the hotels. Even those who have rooms there board elsewhere. They have Cafes, or large coffee rooms, where every body gets breakfast; that is, bread and butter and coffee. There the people meet to read the news and chat. Certain hours of the day they are crowded, for they are a general meeting-place for acquaintances, and to make acquaintances. From 6 to 8 in the evening the rooms are black with tobacco smoke. There is very little liquor drank here. Less than at any place I have been. Have seen no drunken man in Rome yet. The dinners people get at the Trattoria, or eating houses. Most persons take them in the evening, but whenever I can, I take mine as I did at home. A cup of coffee and a few pieces of bread after that will make up our supper. My breakfast generally costs me about five or six cents, dinner about twenty-five cents, sometimes I drink coffee and eat bread several times during the day. Living is cheap here. But if I had gone to a hotel it would have cost me about twice as much.

● I find that the climate here agrees very well with me. With the exception of a severe cold, I have been very well. The weather often reminds me of our late fall weather when it is not cold enough for a stove, and too cold without one. I have made many pleasant acquaintances here from all parts of the world. There are many Americans here who

are the same generous plain fellows as you find them at home. Rev. Mr. Hall, who preaches at the chapel of the American Ambassadors has made me quite at home with him. I spent two evenings at his house in company with a party of other Americans. And the minister for the Prussian Ambassador sent me an invitation to spend an evening at his house with some Germans, English and American clergymen, but I was otherwise engaged. I sometimes attend church at his chapel and sometimes with the American. They are both very good preachers. Of course here the people are all Catholics, except strangers. I have often been at their churches. I think many of them try to be good and pious and may stand a chance of getting to heaven, but they must reach it over a very round-about and rough way. I have seen the Pope four times. He looks like a good man.

Italy is a pretty country but poor as a church-mouse. There is a large uneven plain around Rome for many miles, with no human dwelling. The ground is rich and the climate lovely, but it has been left untilled and uncultivated so long that the deadly marshes and standing water make it so sickly in summer that nobody can live on it. No house is on it. The people have no work, and even if they had they have become schooled in doing nothing, so that many are too lazy for anything but begging. Day after day you can see hundreds of men, women and children leaning against buildings along the streets where the sun can shine on them. Strong healthy men have old cloaks thrown over them, and women squat flat down on the stony street. Going through churches beggars stop in the middle of their prayers to hold their hand or hat at you, or even stop others while they are praying. They cry after you in the streets, old and young, the healthy and the sick, the blind, halt, maimed, some without a nose, others without legs, and so on. At first I wondered where Rome got all these cripples from, but I soon heard that they came here from other countries, expecting to find more bread or money here than elsewhere. And far worse than these beggars are a class of cheating rascals with whom I had the misfortune to become acquainted. But I expected to be fleeced by them before I got through Italy, and shall consider my experience with them a necessary lesson in traveling through this country.

The more respectable Italians have excellent qualities most and are perfect gentlemen. Indeed the worst of them are not without their good side. One can see a kind of easy gentility and refined nature through the rags and grease of beggars. I was much interested in the appearance of the people on the Alban and Sabine mountains. In almost every village they are dressed differently. In some the men wear short breeches to the knees, with rags tied around their feet and legs, with cords for boots or shoes, and hats that come almost to a point at the top with a broad brim. The women wear tight red jackets, with sleeves and loose flowing petticoats hung to them, with lots of gold on their ears, neck and fingers. Some of them are very pretty. Their faces are of a dark complexion with a rosy tinge, their eyes black, eye-brows and hair black as a raven, whose tresses often dangle loosely over their gold plated ears and neck. During eight days before Christmas there are a great many in and about Rome, who go from house to house playing with a Scottish bag-pipe, or what you would perhaps call a "double sack." They

have a large bladder-looking bag under the arm, which they blow full of wind, and press it through a pipe which squeals for a whole hour without getting out of breath. They have an excellent breed of cattle in the campagne about Rome. They are all of a dark ash color, very large, with horns half as long as their bodies. Three-fourths of the horses here are black, many of them most noble animals. The poorer people mostly use donkeys—*maul esel*—little animals with more head and ears than beauty. The Roman donkey excels any others I have seen in their strangling, boisterous braying. Did you ever hear the braying of an ass? It sounds as if their throats were cut, and they were hickupping their last kicks.

There are about 3000 strangers at Rome now, of which 300 are Americans and 1300 English. Erben came here week before last. Perhaps he will go with me to Egypt, &c. I am well pleased with Rome, have seen and enjoyed myself more here than in any city where I have been. I would like to remain here a month longer if I did not wish to visit Palestine. In a few weeks the flowers and trees will blossom. The roses bloom in the open air now, and I have plucked many wild daliahs around the ruins.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SPITTA.

“Ye have need of patience.”—HEB. X, 36

A gentle Angel walketh throughout a world of woe,
With messages of mercy to mourning hearts below;
His peaceful smile invites them to love and to confide,
Oh follow in His footsteps, keep closely by his side.

So gently will He lead thee, through all the cloudy day,
And whisper of glad tidings to cheer the pilgrim-way;
His courage never failing, when thine is almost gone,
He takes thy heavy burden, and helps to bear it on.

To soft and tearful sadness, He changes dumb despair,
And soothes to deep submission the storm of grief and care;
Where midnight shades are brooding, He pours the light of noon,
And every grievous wound He heals, most surely, if not soon.

He will not blame thy sorrows, while He brings the healing balm;
He does not chide thy longings, while He soothes them into calm;
And when thy heart is murmuring, and wildly asking why?
He smiling beckons forward, points upward to the sky.

He will not always answer thy questions and thy fear:
His watchword is, “Be patient, the journey’s end is near!”
And ever through the toilsome way, He tells of joys to come,
And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to his home.

NO OTHER RESORT FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ONE of the principal resorts at night are the billiard saloons, which are fitted up in a scale of magnificence that dazzles the beholder. Large mirrors and pictures adorn the walls, and glass-drops depend from the gas-fixtures and sparkle and flash amid a hundred lights. I went into one of these saloons which contained twelve or fourteen tables, all of which were in full play. All the players were young men. Young men have no other place of resort.”

This is an extract from a letter written for one of our Daily papers from Chicago, by one who is evidently himself a young man. Such a paragraph from a young man relating to young men, fills one with deep sadness. What a commentary on the manner of life among young men in Chicago! And, what is worse, it is but a truthful statement of what characterizes a large majority of this interesting class in other cities and larger inland towns. The young man who reads this may regard us as old-fashioned in our views of the diversions of young men; but yet we venture to say that any young man who can spend this seed-time season of life in the way of those alluded to is preparing for himself an after-life of repentance which may come too late.

We would be the last to protest demurely against the innocent enjoyments of youth. Even as the birds sing more joyfully in Spring-time than in autumn, so do we gladly see youth buoyant and cheerful—but not in saloons! Those who begin life in saloons are likely to end life in nothing higher. Those young men to whom these are the sacred places of early life, and whose early associations and habits are bound up in them, are in a fair way to find themselves at length among the wrecks and moral off-fals of saloons—where a life that might have been noble, lies drearily behind as a melancholy failure.

In the fact that these resorts are made attractive to a youthful fancy, “fitted up on a scale of magnificence that dazzles the beholder,” the evil spirit shows its subtlety. Not only are these saloons the initiation to the taste and habits of gambling, but are sure to open the way to many kinds of “evil communications which corrupt good manners.” Instead of a recreation that invigorates mind and body, they become the hot-beds of feebleness and disease. The singular fascination of the game allures into late hours; and in vain does the excited body and fevered brain seek rest on the pillow when the tide of night already flows toward the morning; for he that passes the midnight hour has surmounted that natural call for repose which makes sleep refreshing. He that will not obey the summons when at a reasonable hour after the evening all nature invites the active powers to repose, will find that same nature gently but irresistably summoning him to wakefulness, and the struggle will be a restlessness which no desire for slumber can overcome. Such a course cannot fail to bring on in due time a diseased condition of body and a morbid state of mind.

Do you believe that “the young men have no other place of resort?”

Not a word of it is true. Are there no avenues for the evening walk in God's pure health-giving air? no churches open for the evening lecture or meeting for prayer? no reading rooms and libraries? no private rooms for study and mental improvement? no intelligent and virtuous social circles in the bosom of which one always becomes silently wiser and better? Away with such miserable excuses for folly and sin. He who finds it more pleasant to the flesh to move on in the broad and well-trodden way to final sorrow may indeed persuade himself that there is not a narrow and a better way; but his wilful blindness and folly do not make it so. His foolish heart may apologize for him on the ground that "there is no other resort," but his reproaching conscience and sense of self-condemnation will treat him otherwise when once he finds himself lying amid the wrecks at the end of the race.

We know a young man, who in the course of his business as a journeyman mechanic, was thrown among a company of young fellow-workmen who had "no other resort," as they thought, but to spend their evenings in playing cards in a mill which they were at the time furnishing with its inside machinery and fixtures. He having been trained to different habits had no difficulty in finding another "place of resort." He procured for himself candles, fixed up for himself a study in a finished bolt-chest, where he spent his evenings in reading, writing, and study. As we know him well, we have been frequently assured that he still remembers some things which he learned in that bolting chest; and he is firmly of the opinion that those evenings were among the most pleasant and profitable of his whole life. While the card players would fall out in the game, and swear in fearful style at one another, the echoes of which would ring through the mill, he was getting along on the very best of terms with the poets, historians, and sages of other days. These conversed with him kindly and wisely, and did not seem at all ashamed or impatient of his humble company. He has since then learned a number of things which he knew not, nor learned in the bolting chest; but he has never yet been persuaded to believe that young men in any place, or under any circumstances, "have no other place of resort" than billiard saloons.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.

NINEVEH was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 300 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 429 feet to support the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides: its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers, and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and had 100 gates. Carthage was 23 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 259,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of \$500,000, and Nero carried away from it 500 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE following beautiful Poem, from its pious sentiments as well as being a curious specimen of composition, well deserves a place among our Sabbath reading. The author of it is not known. There are only two transcript copies extant. In one, it is said to have been written by King James I., and in the other, it is ascribed to Bishop Andrews :

If any be distressed, and would gather
Some comfort, let them haste unto
Our Father,
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Except Thou success us
Who art in Heaven.

Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing
Hallowed be thy name,
Of all our miseries. Cast up the sum,
Show us Thy joys, and let
Thy Kingdom come.

We mortal are, and alter from our birth :
Thou constant art
Thy will be done on earth—
Thou mad'st this earth as well as planets seven ;
Thy name is blessed here
As it is in Heaven.

Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us—
Give us this day
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to feed,
For without Thee, we want
Our daily bread.

We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin—
Forgive us our trespasses.
No man from sinning ever free did live,
Forgive us, Lord, our sins,
As we forgive.

If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disdainest us ;
We pardon them
That transgress against us ;
Forgive us what is past, a new path tread us,
Direct us always in Thy faith
And lead us.

We thine own people, and thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation.

Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver
Us from the fierce assaults of the world, devil,
And flesh, so shalt Thou free us
From all evil.

To these petitions let both church and laymen
With one consent of heart and voice say—
Amen.

THE CROWN OF INDUSTRY.

BY REV. J. V. ECKERT.

MANY young men of the present day, glory not in sobriety, industry and wisdom, but rather in intemperance, indolence, ignorance and lust. Instead of adorning their faces with the modesty of intelligence, and their eyes sparkling the pure rays of reason and religion, they are covered and shaded with moustache and rum, and their eyes glare the fiery vapor of hell. They act as though man was destined only for liquor, licentiousness and idleness. These are the gods they worship. At their shrines they sacrifice their time and talents. Law, industry and religion they despise. They never seem to have known, as Solomon says, that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." They can boast of industrious and worthy ancestors, but live in open shame to such honor. The honesty and diligence of their parents have placed them in the circle of respectable society, but they are prostituting that blessing to unrighteous and dishonorable purposes through idleness and recklessness. "Do you know that I am a descendant of the great reformer Knox," said a young puff of idle vanity once. "What a pity that a part of his brains and his piety did not descend to you," was the sensible and cutting reply. The same boast is still made by many who deserve the same reply. The industry and goodness of ancestors, will not exonerate descendants from them, and allow them to revel in indolence and vanity, without suffering the penalties of disgrace and want.

"I am the son of a Judge," said a young drunken rowdy, as they were leading him toward the lock-up. "So much greater the shame!" said the officer, pushing him on still faster.

Some young ladies, too, in the language of Pope,

"Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense,"

in much the same way. Dancing, idle street promenading, and fashionable folly, are substituted by many of them, for plain modesty, and kitchen exercise. They are permitted by their kind, indulgent mothers, to lounge upon the sofa in the calm close parlor during the light of day. When the invigorating rays of the sun, and the balmy air of the morning, has ceased to bless the earth, they are encouraged to link the arm of some young lord of creation, and spend the dark, dreary hours of night, in what they call recreation for health. Poor creatures! how their health improves under such unnatural treatment. How refreshing! to retire in the small hours of the night, and rise in the long hours of the day. Surely, if it is possible at all, even at the risk of bankruptcy, domestics ought to be kept in the cook-room, that daughters may enjoy such soul-destroying luxuries. God have mercy upon America's maidens who are trained in such habits of activity. Little wonder, that while the kitchen maiden is elastic, blooming and healthy, many of these fair daughters of folly and fashion are pining away with consumption and hysterical affections.

It is not the industry of bacchanalian revelry, thespian exercises, or harlequin buffoonery, that we advocate; but the useful diligence of a righteous Bunyan, a benevolent Howard, and enterprising Fulton and Morse. But for such as they, many a heart would be cold as death—many a mortal languishing in distress—and steam and electricity as things only known, but of no practical use. Arouse, ye sluggards, and behold what laurels and joys industry and the future have in store for you. Who will lightly say that fame like this

“Is nothing but an empty name!”

There is a charm about the names of the noble, enterprising and good, that braces the nerves, and warms the heart. And if there is a spark of true fire in our hearts, and a drop of pure blood in our veins, the very mention of the names of the industrious we have presented, should stir us into life and diligence.

True worth and learning are the rewards alone of industry. Wealth cannot purchase them—titles cannot confer them. They must be acquired by personal acts—they are the result of individual diligence and excellence of character. They are not appendages outwardly hung upon us or assumed—they grow forth from the substance of the soul. They are based upon inward excellence—they are the halo, the light, the radiance of a noble spirit—they are the bloom and the fruit of a well spent life. They are the eternal substance and power which remain when wealth and vain pleasures are contemptible—when the line of ancestry is broken—when titles have dropped away—when urn, and bust, and monuments have mingled with the dust they cover—they are that which time, and death, and the still more fearful ordeal of the last judgment cannot sever from the spirit which they clothe, and honor, and crown, and bless forever. Such enduring excellencies are to be gathered by the hands of industry. They will never lavish their garlands of praise upon the sluggard, the idle puppy of fashion, nor the miserable debauchee.

We must bend our energies upward, and not allow them to die in the dust, or the world will at last frown upon us. We must not crawl along upon the earth, like a despicable snail, leaving nothing in our path but the slime of sin and ruin. Whose names are wrought into our orations?—whose words are counseled by the learned?—whose characters are set up as examples of imitation?—whose memories are revered and perpetuated?—whose pens have enriched our literature and filled our libraries?—whose tongues have proclaimed the gospel and plead our country's cause in Legislative halls?—those of the buffoon, bacchanalian, or sluggard? No, but those of the industrious, wise and good.

Who has hewed down our forests? who has broken up our soil, filled our garner, built our houses, mills, factories, railroads, churches, halls, &c.? who makes our shoes, coats, hats and dresses? Not the idler, but the industrious.

But some may think they have not the muscle and genius to do such things. In this you are mistaken. Are you sane? have you common sense? have you a body? then you are naturally prepared for labor and study. That is the only basis necessary for an education in science,

art and trade. The difference of persons in intellectual abilities and success in life, is caused more by their difference in industry than natural endowments. Show me an idle and careless individual, and I care not how superior his talents, he will never come to much until a change takes place in his habits. Tell me of a man's habits of study, and I will judge better of his qualifications than by hearing a phrenological description of the faculties of his mind. There is nothing, we believe, that deceives persons more in this respect, than the notion, that unless they have a big head, they can never become learned. If any one desires to become a scholar, or an artist, or a tradesman, or succeed in any good thing let him go to work. Leave the measurement of brains to others, young men and ladies, and work! work! work! That is the secret of learning, prosperity and happiness.

Richard Burke being found in a reverie, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother, Edmund Burke, and questioned as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Edmund has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then, again, I remember when we were at play, he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Is this not the prevailing cause of a similar difference among many brothers, and in many families? While some, by industry and integrity, are making rapid success in knowledge, skill, prosperity and happiness, others are languishing in ignorance, sorrow and want. They lament, but will not act. If any of you are smothering, by indolence, a spark of honest desire in your hearts, give it vent by industry and perseverance. In the language of the Poet:

"Attempt the end, and never stand the doubt,
Nothing so hard but search will find it out."

If any man wishes to be poor all his days, just let him remain idle and doubt the possibility of getting rich. If he wishes to remain ignorant and die in obscurity, just let him stand careless, and doubt his ability to become learned and eminent. If he wishes to become feeble and morbid, just let him imagine that through exertion and business he cannot become healthy and strong. If a young lady wishes to fit herself only for the follies of the night, just let her deny herself the activity of day, and doubt that she was created for something better. If she wishes to paralyze her nerves and weaken her mind, just let her live idle, and doat and weep over novels. If she wishes to get a light-minded, foppish husband, just let her never be seen in the kitchen, but always visiting, and suppose that honest young men have no brains. In a word, if we desire to be useful, wise, healthy, prosperous and good, we must be industrious—must be active. Idleness has damped the ardor of many a promising genius—cast a gloom of despair over the brow of many a hopeful youth, and consigned thousands to a state of disgrace and want. We conclude in the poetic language of Wordsworth:

There is no remedy for time misspent,
Not healing for the waste of idleness
Whose very languor is a punishment,
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.

O! hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less,
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness;
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems:
And shape his acts and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven!

YOUNG MEN—PERSEVERANCE.

AMONG the young men who are floating like drift wood along our thoroughfares, apparently seeking, yet not obtaining situations, there seems to be a lack of a single quality—we mean perseverance. Without this, the young man can do nothing except become a vagabond. Almost all the young men, now out of a place, were once in the enjoyment of one—not perhaps just such a one as they desired, but still, one which was very much better than no place at all. Their mistake, and it is one which is likely to attend them through life, is that they did not stick to their employment, or, rather, that they left that employment before they had procured something better for themselves to do.

We do not counsel sticking to an avocation in which he is satisfied he never can succeed, but we would not advise him to leave even that avocation until, after mature consideration, he is ready to step into another. A young man is seriously injured by being out of business. Every day that he is unemployed lessens his capacity to do anything when he can procure employment, and it is very well known that a young man stands ten chances to go immediately from one place to another, where he has one chance to get a place while he is idle and unemployed.

A merchant or mechanic always looks with suspicion upon an applicant for work who has been for long a time loitering about the streets. Such loiterers either manifest too much fastidiousness as to the situation which would suit them or they have not the requisite energy to procure a place. In either case they exhibit their unfitness for any good situation, and hence the difficulty, nay the almost impossibility, of their procuring one.

The young man who has been long out of employment, ought to take, at once, the best place he can get, whether it exactly comes up to his notions or not. If it produces no other advantages, he will have something to do, and get accustomed to work. Thereby when a better situation offers, he will be capable of taking it. But after months of idleness, he cannot be said to be qualified for any situation at all. He must commence his business life anew, and perhaps at the lowest round of the ladder. The sooner he determines to do this the better it will be for him, for every day idleness is decreasing his capacity, and by and by, when his already prostrated power is further diminished, he will find himself obliged to follow our advice at last. Therefore, let us conjure him to begin now. He can do it easier now than at any future time, and if he will but commence and persevere he will surely overcome the habits of idleness, and make himself useful and respected.

When we cast our eyes over our cities, and note the men who have

accumulated fortunes, we find them almost invariably to be of those who commenced life with small pecuniary capital, but who, by sedulous attention to one kind of business, have compelled fortune to yield to their demands. The kind of business does not seem to have had much effect upon the fortunes of those who have been successful. No matter how unpromising their business may have appeared to others, or even to themselves, at first, all that was needed was perseverance against every obstacle, and a determination to make money, and finally they made a business almost from nothing, became wealthy, and are now enjoying the reward of their industry and perseverance.

Let no young man tell us that the days are past when fortunes can be amassed by a regular business perseveringly attended to. We could point out individuals who, by attention to business which ten years ago was thought Quixotic, are now in possession of a competence, and will certainly be wealthy men. Any young man may get into this class if he will. He has only to undertake any thing for which nature and education have fitted him, and having done this, to stick to it, to the exclusion of every thing else. His gains may be slow at the outset, and his prospects be, at times, discouraging; but let him persevere, and he will find that the gains of each year will increase upon those of its predecessor, until middle age will find him possessed of a competence, and his declining years will enrol him among the wealthy.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

Boys, let the birds alone! Watch them, study them, love them, and protect them, but do not seek amusement in slaughtering these beautiful tenants of the groves. Do you ask why? Because—

They have a right to live. He who created these joyous birds, and without whose notice a sparrow falls not to the ground, doubtless made them to live and to enjoy life—not to be ruthlessly torn to pieces by powder and shot, for the amusement of idle boys.

Alive, they contribute largely to the general stock of happiness; but dead, they are of no use to any body. By their gay plumage, their elegant forms, their graceful flights, their sociable chirpings, and their sweet songs, they fill the woods and fields with gladness, and make the solitary places rejoice. What would Summer be, were there no birds.

They are entitled to protection, on the score of their usefulness. The occasional depredations they make on the farmer's fields are merest peccadilloes, compared with the untiring service they render in the destruction of noxious insects. It is estimated that one swallow will destroy nine hundred insects in one day. The alarming increase of the insect plagues, of late years, calls loudly for the protection of the birds.

The shooting of harmless little birds is a cruel, hardening and despicable amusement. It is doubly mean when followed early in the Summer, before, or during the breeding season.

It is a dangerous amusement. It has been said, by one who has paid much attention to the subject, that "more persons fall, by their own hand, and by the hand of their sporting companions, while engaged in this wicked and cruel sport, than are executed for murder, or than fall beneath the bolts of the lightning or the thunder."

CAN I BRING HIM BACK AGAIN?

THE child of David, the bard and king, was dead. His son, his favorite son, his precious, well-beloved, best beloved son, was dead. For seven long, anxious days and nights, while the scale trembled in suspense, he had fasted and wept. King's children die :

“—————Death, with impartial fate,
Knocks at the palace door and cottage gate.”

The crown often rests on an aching head, and the royal purple covers a sad heart, when the messenger of the grave steals into the king's chamber, and stops the breath of his babes. It is so in ours.

The kind attendants of the stricken father reasoned wisely, as they reason who do not understand the power of true religion. They said among themselves : He was weeping and praying while the child was yet alive ; how he will vex himself, how much greater will be his anguish, now the child is dead !

They mistook the man. They judged him by their own standard, and were wrong. The pious father drew from a deeper fountain, and found waters they knew not of. He reasoned on other principles than those which lie on the surface of things, and he was strengthened.

He saw the servants whispering, and thought it was probably all over with the child. It was a sign that death was in the house, when even servants would not speak above their breath. The dead cannot hear, but the living are still when death is at hand.

And David asked, “Is the child dead?”

And they answered, “He is dead.”

Then David arose from the earth, and washed and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and *came into the house of the Lord*, AND WORSHIPPED.

Then he came to his own house, and when he required, they set bread before him, and he did eat. And the servants were filled with wonder that a father thus stricken with grief should so suddenly find comfort in his sorrow ; and they said unto him,

“What thing is this that thou hast done ? Thou didst fast and weep for the child while it was alive, but when the child was dead, thou didst arise and eat bread.”

And David answered, “While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept ; for I said, ‘Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live ?’ But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast ? Can I bring him back again ? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

“*Can I bring him back again ?*” A sad inquiry. *Can I bring him back again ?* Not, *would I ?* Perhaps he would. Perhaps we would not. But *CAN I ?* Had tears availed to save, the child would not have died. Had prayer prevailed, the boy would yet be living, the joy of his parents' hearts, and the light of their eyes. But he is dead. He is gone. Could human skill avert the death-blow, he would have been saved. But all was done that skill could do, and yet he died. And there he

lies. Can I bring him to life again? I may weep, but my tears fall on his icy brow, and he feels them not. His heart is still. He breathes no more. The love and wit of men are alike in vain to restore the spirit of this lifeless clay. Speak to it, and it hears not. Kiss it, and its lips are cold. Press it to your bosom, and it is not warmed. The child is dead, dead; and can I bring it back again? Ah, if I could! If rivers of waters running down my eyes, if oceans of tears would float his spirit back to this deserted shell that once was animated with his precious soul, I would weep day and night for my departed.

But it is fruitless. And it is not the part of a rational being to expend the energies of his nature on that which avails him nothing. This may be the least and lowest source of comfort that reason offers to a mind distressed, but it is the dictate of wisdom, and grace adds its sanctions to the conclusion forced upon us by the law of nature. It is the will of God, and we cannot change the purpose if we would.

We cannot bring him back again. *Then and therefore* let us lay his ashes in their kindred dust, close the green turf over his moldering form, and turn to the book of God for consolation in the day of our calamity.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

It is not generally known that this "Prince of English Grammarians" was an American, and born within the present limits of Lebanon county, Pennsylvania. He was born in the year 1745, on the Swatara, in East Hanover township, then Lancaster, now Lebanon county. His father was a miller, and followed that occupation when Lindley was born, but afterwards devoted his attention to merchantile pursuits, and amassed a considerable fortune by trading to the West Indies. Lindley was the oldest of twelve children, and when about seven years of age was sent to Philadelphia, that he might have the benefit of a better education than could be had at Swatara. He studied law in New York, and at the age of twenty-two was called to the bar, where he gained for himself the reputation of an "honest lawyer." His "Grammar of the English language" was composed in England in 1794, and published in the spring of 1795, many millions of copies of which have been sold. He resided in England twenty-two years, most of which time he was an invalid. He composed many works besides his grammar. He died in a village in Yorkshire, being upwards of eighty years of age. He is represented as a Christian and philanthropist. He left legacies to a number of relatives and friends, and sums of money to many religious societies. He also directed that the residue of his property, after the death of his wife, should be devoted to pious and benevolent uses.

PIN-MAKING.—Not many years since, all the pins used in this country were imported. Now, most of them are made with patent machinery, by three companies, at Poughkeepsie, in New York, and Waterbury, in Conn. One of these establishments turns out 70 cases a week, each case averaging 170 packs, each pack containing 12 papers, and each paper 280 pins, an average of about *forty million* pins each week—or about 200 pins per year, for every man, woman and child in the country.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA; Translated by Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D.D. Part IV. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1857.

We have already favorably noticed the former Parts of this Serial publication. Part IV. brings down the work to Cæsarius, including upwards of 400 pages of the original. As the work progresses it increases in interest, and gives new evidence that the translation and publication of this great work has fallen into good hands. We can think of no work which must prove such a large source of sound theological information to Ministers and Laymen, desirous of making progress in religious inquiry. The price is nothing compared with the value of the work. We earnestly recommend the work, not only to ministers but to all our young christian readers.

THE FOURTH CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE MORAVIAN CHURCH. Three Sermons. Phila. Moravian Book Store, 241, Arch Street. 1857.

It was a most interesting occasion that called forth these discourses. Four centuries has this zealous and peaceful branch of the church wrought for God and the souls of men, and it was a pious thought to remember in a public and solemn way, its history, triumphs and mercies. The first discourse by the Pastor, Rev. E. de Schweinitz, gives a brief but interesting statement of the rise and history of the Moravian Church. The second discourse, by the Rev. Dr. Berg, of the Reformed Dutch Church, is eloquent and appropriate, breathing a truly Catholic and Christian spirit. The third is a sermon by the Rev. R. Newton, D.D., of the Episcopal Church, which we know not how to characterize; it is by far too unchurchly and theologically radical for our sympathies.

THE LIFE OF REV. MICHAEL SCHLATTER; with a full account of his Travels and Labors among the Germans in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia; including his services as Chaplain in the French and Indian war, and in the war of the Revolution. 1716 to 1790. By Rev. H. Harbaugh, A. M. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1857. pp. 375.

It is not for us to characterize this book; we merely announce its appearance. As the mechanical part is independent of us, we may be allowed to say that it is gotten up in excellent style. Price \$1. Persons at a distance who desire it, can have it sent by mail, by addressing the Author or Publisher.

GERMANY; ITS UNIVERSITIES, THEOLOGY, AND RELIGION: with sketches of Neander, Tholuck, Olshausen, Hingstenberg, Twoesten, Nitzsch, Muller, Ullmann, Rothe, Dorner, Lange, Ebrard, Wichern, and other distinguished German Divines of this age. By Philip Schaff, D.D., Prof. in the Theo. Sem., Mercersburg, Pa. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. 1857. pp. 418.

How often have we wished for such a book. Though acquainted with the language, and some little with the Literature of Germany, yet we always felt the want of just such sketches as are here given of its literary places and literary men. No book of travels has told us what we learn from these interesting pages. Dr. Schaff has peculiar fitness for giving us a work of this kind on Germany. Born and educated there, and since dwelling many years in America, and thoroughly Americanized, he views Germany as an American, and can speak of it with all the knowledge and familiarity of one of its own citizens, without their prejudices. His strong and intelligent American feeling enables him to speak of his fatherland with great impartiality. The book is full of vivacity, the style is good, the whole conception and execution such as to satisfy us fully, and cause us to thank the author for the book. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, in superb style.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

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ZACHARIAS URSINUS.*—1534—1583.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE names and lives of Zacharias Ursinus and Casper Olevianus are associated in our minds like those of Jonathan and David. They were adapted to one another, co-workers and bosom friends. Both their birth and death occurred nearly the same time, and accordingly their lives extended over the same period. They belonged to the second generation of Reformers, coming upon the stage when the first earnest conflicts of the reformation began to assume a steady character, when less of the destructive and more of the formative, less of the outward and more of the inward, was needed to carry forward the work which was now left in their hands.

The names of these two great and good men are especially associated as the authors of the Heidelberg Catechism. This is the chief monumental representative of all their honor and work. In it their spirit lies embalmed, and through it they made the deepest impression upon their age, and conferred the most enduring blessings upon the Reformed church for all future time.

Ursinus was especially adapted in his talents and spirit for the inward and formative work then needed. Constitutionally averse to public life so far as it required personal contact and conflict with outward contending elements, he became from taste and talent a prophet of the inner circle. Here he wrought quietly, but on that very account the more powerfully for his age, for the church and the word, and especially for posterity. As Luther and Calvin struck the chords with such nervous and severe decision that they were in danger of breaking, by their sudden and terrible tremor, and Melancthon soothed and softened the vibrations by laying upon them his gentle hand, so the mild spirit of

* Prepared principally from "Geschichte des Christlichen Lebens in der reinisch-westphalischen evangelischen Kirche von Max Gobel."

Ursinus was mighty in its gentleness, laying in quiet the deep foundations of peace, and breathing a broader charity and a fresher hope into the christian spirit of his age.

On this account history has been somewhat indifferent to his outward history; and accordingly has left us less the details of his outward life than the pictures and monuments of his spirit and work in the inner mission of the church.

Ursinus was a native of Breslau the capital of Silesia, where his father was deacon, or assistant preacher, at the Magdalen church. He was born on the 18th of July, in the year of our Lord, 1534. The proper family name was Bear, which according to a custom which then prevailed among the learned, was afterwards changed into the corresponding Latin title, Ursinus. From his earliest youth he was blest with a strong and healthy constitution, superior talents, an ardent desire for knowledge and a pious disposition. He had an opportunity of indulging his taste for science to some extent in his native town, which he gladly embraced and made decided progress, especially in mathematics and philosophy, to which he was greatly indebted for that clearness and keenness of insight which afterwards characterized him. Provided with the means of support from home, he came in 1550, in the sixteenth year of his age, to the celebrated University at Wittemberg, where the amiable Melancthon then was; and where, notwithstanding all the reverence which prevailed for the recently departed Luther, the conciliatory scientific theology of Melancthon was in power and prospering. Here Ursinus joined himself in very special and decided love to Melancthon, whose devoted scholar also he remained during life.

He spent in all seven years at the university, though from various causes the course of his studies was several times interrupted for a short period. First the breaking out of the plague at Wittemberg, became the occasion of his spending a winter with his beloved teacher Melancthon at Torgau. In 1552 also, owing it is thought to the threatening aspect of the political heavens, he left the university for a short time and returned with honorable testimonials to the place of his birth. In 1553 however, we find him back once more in his favorite Wittemberg, where with great diligence and success, he cultivated and indulged his decided preference for purely scientific labors, in distinction from those which pertained to the more practical office of preaching; for, like Melancthon, his teacher and exemplar, he valued and loved above all else, his pious, scientific studies, which peculiar taste led him to avoid preaching and in a great measure intercourse with the outward world of man.

At the university, Ursinus particularly excelled in his attainments in mathematics, classical literature, philosophy and theology. Leaving Wittemberg in 1557, he was anxious still farther to carry forward his course of scientific development.

Closing his studies at Wittemberg in 1557, he was anxious still farther to carry forward his course of scientific development. He first accompanied Melancthon to the memorable conference held in that year at Worms; from whence, provided with a flattering letter of recommendation from his beloved teacher, and, which is a strong evidence of the high esteem in which he was held in his native place, having been provided with funds for defraying the expenses of his journey from the public

treasury by the Senate of Breslau, he started upon a pilgrimage as an apprentice of letters, upon an extensive journey to the most renowned Universities of Germany, France and Switzerland, visiting Heidelberg, Strasburg, Basel, Zurich, Lansanne and Geneva, and passing by way of Lyons and Orleans to the city of Paris. In these travels it was his privilege to become acquainted with many of the leaders of the Reformation, who esteemed him very highly, and whose influence impressed and influenced him. In Geneva he became acquainted with Calvin and Beza, in Zurich with Bullinger and Martyr; and as regards christian doctrine, he became their decided follower, without, however, on this account forsaking the Melancthonian stand-point where he had stood all along. In Paris he perfected himself in the French and Hebrew languages. After this he went again into Switzerland, making his home for some time in Zurich, where he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Bullinger, Martyr, Gessner and other distinguished theologians then belonging to that place.

Having returned to Wittemberg in 1558, in September of that year, he received a call from the council of Breslau as theological teacher in the Elizabethian Gymnasium, which on account of the generosity which that town had manifested toward him in providing him funds for his journey, he felt bound to accept. Here his services for some time gave great satisfaction. As a text-book in his instructions he made use of the ordination book prepared by Melancthon in 1554, for the examination of candidates for the ministry—a book then popular, and in use in many Universities. By this course, however, he soon fell under suspicion of entertaining Calvinistic views in relation to the Lord's supper. In justification of himself he published his first theological production, entitled "Theses on the Doctrine of the Sacraments, especially of Baptism and the Lord's supper," a work which gave great satisfaction to Melancthon. He said on this occasion: "With his learning he was previously acquainted, but as to knowledge in such matters, he had hitherto seen nothing so brilliant as that which he had found in the writings of Ursinus." The zealots for high Lutheranism, at a time when Lutheran Germany was passing into a general hurricane of excitement, under the progress of the second sacramental war, which finally resulted in its rupture into two confessions, were very jealous in regard to Calvinism; and sympathy with Melancthon's views of the Eucharist, was regarded as secret Calvinism. His defence did not quiet the clergy of the place who had raised an alarm in regard to his orthodoxy. He had plainly advanced to a deeper knowledge on this central point than that possessed by his masters, and instead of suffering themselves to be moulded by him, they turned against him. Melancthon exhorted them to peace, but they ceased not to reproach him as a sacramentarian. Being naturally averse to strife and commotion, he began to look around him for peace and quiet; and having sought leave of absence, which also he obtained in an honorable way, he left Breslau, having given promise however to the magistrates who greatly desired to retain him, in spite of all the clamor that had been raised against him, that he would return again when desired.

When he was about leaving, Roth, his uncle, asked him whither he would now go, to whom, in the spirit of true resignation he gave the

cheerful answer : “ Not unwillingly do I leave my fatherland when it will not suffer the confession of truth which I cannot surrender with a good conscience. If my best teacher Philip still lived”—he had just died—“ I would go no where else but to him. Now that he is dead, I will turn to the Zurichers, who it is true are not here in great repute, but who have so honorable a name with other churches, that it cannot be obscured by our preachers. They are pious, learned, great men, with whom I have already resolved to spend my life. God will provide for the rest.”

Sustained in his outward way by his early friend and patron, John Crato, he started on his journey, a pilgrim in the holy cause of peace and love. In passing through Wittenberg he declined the invitation of his friends there to become their colleague ; and in the autumn of 1560, he arrived in Zurich, where he associated himself anew with his former friends, especially with Peter Martyr, one of the most distinguished, mild, and decided of the Reformed theologians, to whom he now sustained a relation very similar to that in which he had previously stood to Melancthon, and upon whose recommendation, and in whose stead he was in 1562 called by Frederick III. as Professor of Philosophy in Heidelberg, whereupon he was also in that same year made Doctor and Professor of Theology.

Here was a new field, and one in which Ursinus was destined to accomplish his greatest work. At first he also preached in Heidelberg ; but this he soon gave up, both for want of time and talent for the work, and after 1568 he devoted himself exclusively to the profession of teaching. Although only twenty-eight years of age, Ursinus was in every respect ripe, as a man and a christian, as a learned man and a theologian. With deep and decided piety, and with a cheerful confidence of spirit, he gave himself with all, his learning, wholly and without reserve to the service of his Lord and Saviour. He acknowledged positively, “ that he was no more his own master, having become the property of another ; and he that gives himself over to God as His possession, will receive salvation from Him, but whoever seeks to withdraw from Him will also fail of salvation.” The ground-stone of his christian life was the cheerful consciousness of his unconditional dependence upon God, and that inward gratitude toward him, which springs from the rich experience of His grace. His whole life was a constant walking before the Lord in prayer, and in the strict and unwearied fulfilment of every duty. Modest and silent, never did any one hear from him an unnecessary word. The extraordinary love and attachment of his pupils was the pleasant reward of his diligence. A most conscientious teacher, he required of his pupils, after every hour of instruction, to hand over to him in writing any points of doubt and difficulty that remained on their minds, that he might consider them at home, and at the next lecture answer them to their satisfaction. Feeling the value of time, in order that he might not be too much disturbed in his labors by lengthy visits, he wrote above the door of his study :

“ Friend, whoever you may be, when you come to me,
Make your matter short, or leave me soon,
Or assist me in my work.”

On this account, however, Ursinus was also not easily approached, and whenever unnecessarily disturbed, he was easily displeased.

Storms are often the preeursors of quiet and peace in nature and in history. The violence of high Lutheran zealots, if it did not occasion, hastened the transfer of the Palatinate in one broad sweep into the bosom of the Reformed faith and life. The Melanethonian type of Lutherianism reigned in the Palatinate; and when the alternative, whether the views and spirit of Hesshuss and Klebiz or of Melancthon and Calvin should be its hope and home was forced upon them, both the Prince and the people had no difficulty in deciding in favor of the latter. After the public discussion of the points involved in June 1560, Frederiek's mind was fully made up to establish the Reformed faith in his dominions. A catechism or symbol was needed. By a wonderful working of the divine spirit, always the formative power in history, the peculiar christian life of the Palatinate had clearly reached a stage of development alike above Lutherianism and Zwinglianism; and the catechism must be of a type—not to unite these—but to embody and express the deepest and best elements of both, which history had already made one in a ground deeper than that upon which their separation rested. Upon the production of such a catechism, the "pious" Prince had set his heart. For such a work God had already provided him the right men—Ursinus and Olevianus—his theological professor and his court preacher.

In order to accomplish the work laid upon them by the Prince Olevianus as well as Ursinus, composed a special treatise—Olevianus his "divine covenant of grace, and Ursinus, after Luther's example, a smaller and larger catechism, in which he made essential use of the Emden catechism of de Lasky, and the Genevian catechism of Calvin, which last one was afterwards at the same time with the Heidelberg catechism translated into German, in order thus to prove the agreement between the Palatinate and Genevian doctrine. Thus in the preliminary work and in the substance of the catechism, the spirit and work of both these divines is to be recognized. Ursinus, however, whose plan received the preference, performed the duty of drawing up the catechism.

The circumstances under which this excellent symbol was produced, and the character of the men who were at the same time the organs of the religious age and of the divine spirit, wonderfully conspired in making it the flower and fruit of the entire German Reformation. It has Lutheran inwardness, Melanethonian clearness, Zwinglian simplicity and Calvinistic fire, all melted into one. In the beautiful combination of all these elements, it looses the peculiar and distinctive spirit of each one. It has no prototype in any of the Reformers. Zurich and Calvin can say, it is not of us. It has the suavity, but not the compromising spirit of Melancthon—the Prince himself it is said took care that it should not be without some sharp points. It has not the dashing terror and dogmatism of Luther. What is strangest of all, it is farthest possible removed from the scholasticism and rigid logic of Ursinus. Though it has the warm, practical, sacred poetical fervor of Olevianus, it has not his fire and flame. It is greater than reformers. It is purer and sounder than theologians. It is the product more of faith and piety than of knowledge and theology.

The pious Elector highly appreciated the services of Ursinus, both in the formation, and afterwards in the defence of his catechism. On one occasion when Joachim, a Silesian praised Ursinus to the Prince, he re-

plied: "And yet your fatherland was not worthy of such a man; tell your countrymen to banish many such men into my dominions."

In 1564, while fierce controversies were going on in regard to the new catechism, the Plague broke out with great violence in Heidelberg, causing both the Court and the University to withdraw for a time from the place. During this solemn recess, Ursinus wrote and published a small work on Preparation for Death, which proved very opportune, was translated afterwards into Latin, and did much good.

In 1571 he received an urgent call to Lansanne, which, on account of his enfeebled constitution and owing to heavy labors at Heidelberg, he felt inclined to accept; yet, through the influence of the Elector, who granted him an assistant, he was induced to decline it. In 1572, in the fortieth year of his age, he was married to Margaret Trautwein, which is said to have added materially to his comfort and rest.

In October, 1576, the Frederick died, and was succeeded by his eldest son Louis, under whom the religious state of the Palatinate again fell into disorder. The young Prince, whose previous connections had inspired in him a strong zeal for Lutheranism, in full opposition to the entire course of his father, at once dismayed the more prominent theologians, who did not fall in with his measures, and Lutherans were appointed in their place. Ursinus, declining to receive Luther's Catechism, and with it the Lutheran Doctrine and Reformation, became a martyr to his convictions, and was compelled to leave the place. He declined a call to his native city as professor. In 1578 he was called, by the second son of Frederick, the Prince Palatine John Casimer, to the newly established Reformed Theological School in Neustadt on the Hardt, which speedily flourished under his care, and that of his earlier colleagues, who had also been called to that Institution, which now became the home of nearly all the Heidelberg Theologians.

The triumph of Lutherans in the Palatinate was short. Louis died in the midst of his days; and under Duke Casimer, who succeeded him, the Reformed faith was again restored, and the Heidelberg Catechism became again the ecclesiastical banner of the Palatinate. The Theologians of Neustadt were recalled; but Ursinus had gone to the saints everlasting rest. His health had been failing for some years, but his unwearied zeal and industry stimulated him, as in the case of his beloved teacher Melancthon, even upon his tedious sick bed, still to labor in his office of religious teacher. Only about five years was he permitted to labor at Neustadt, when the will of God concerning him in the church, on earth was fulfilled, and on the sixth of March, 1583, the very year in which his catechism triumphed in the Palatinate, and in the forty-ninth year of his age, he fell asleep, resting upon Jesus Christ as "his only comfort in life and in death," and was translated into the general assembly and church of the first born in Heaven.

He was buried in the choir of the church at Neustadt. A funeral oration was pronounced on the occasion, in Latin, by his constant friend Francis Junius. His colleagues erected a monument to his honor and memory which very justly pronounces him "a great theologian, a vanquisher of the prevalent erroneous doctrines concerning the person of Christ and His Supper, gifted with powerful language and pen, a keensighted philosopher, a wise man, and a strict teacher of the young."

Some time after his death his works were collected and published, in three folio volumes, by his friend and disciple David Pareus. These are valuable in their place as monuments of theological conflict and victory in the past ; but not as the author of three folios is Ursinus known to the Christian world, but as one of the authors of the Heidelberg Catechism. In it his genius and spirit live in the Reformed Church ; and on account of it millions continue to call his memory blessed.

“CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.”

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| Cling to the Mighty One, | Ps. lxxxix. 19. |
| Cling in thy grief ; | Heb. xii. 11. |
| Cling to the Holy One, | Heb. i. 22. |
| He gives relief ; | Ps. cxvi. 9. |
| Cling to the Gracious One. | Ps. cxvi. 5. |
| Cling in thy pain. | Ps. lv. 4. |
| Cling to the Faithful One, | 1 Thess. v. 24. |
| He will sustain. | Ps. xxviii. 8. |
| Cling to the Living One. | Heb. vii. 35. |
| Cling in thy woe. | Ps. lxxxvi. 7. |
| Cling to the Living One. | 1 John vi. 16. |
| Through all below. | Rom. viii. 38, 39. |
| Cling to the Pardoning One, | Is. iv. 7. |
| He speaketh peace ; | John xiv. 27. |
| Cling to the Healing One, | Exod. xv. 26. |
| Anguish shall cease. | Ps. cxviii. 3. |
| Cling to the Bleeding One, | 1 John i. 7. |
| Cling to his side ; | John xx. 27. |
| Cling to the Risen One, | Rom. vi. 9. |
| In Him abide ; | John xv. 4. |
| Cling to the Coming One, | Rev. xxii. 20. |
| Hope shall arise ; | Titus ii. 13. |
| Cling to the Reigning One, | Ps. xcvii. 1. |
| Joy lights thine eyes. | Ps. xvi. 11. |

THE SEED MUST DIE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE Seed must die, before the corn appears
 Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
 Low must those ears by sickle's edge be lain,
 Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
 The grain is crushed before the bread is made,
 And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.
 O, be content to die, to be laid low,
 And to be crushed, and to be broken so ;
 If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
 Life-giving food for souls an hungered !

THE OLD HOME.

BY N. W.

FATHER was one among the many, who of late took notions into their heads to "go West." He owned a nice, good farm, where he lived, and this he sold. He has sons and daughters, whose worldly advancement he desires, and for their intended welfare, doubtless, the sale was made. Before any decisive step was taken towards this end, their wishes, in a general way, were consulted. And although there was opposition, the move was thought to be expedient.

It was not long till a farm, of more than three times the size of the old one, was purchased in the country whither we should go. For it was considered best to secure *first* a spot, somewhere on earth, to which the young and lively, as well as the more advanced in years and calmed in spirit, might look in hope of a future home—as their affections were torn loose from the old homestead—*before* the old one was brought "under the hammer" and left to the mercy of the stranger. A new place being so secured that we could call it "our own," on which, at least, the sole of our feet might rest, if not our hearts and spirits, all necessary arrangements were made for the disposal of the old home. An advertisement, in which the good qualities of the farm were made prominent, according to custom, was duly published.

Before the day of sale arrived, those of the family who were at a distance, and had partly made homes at other places, re-visited the place of their birth once more; and those who lived there, thought of it more frequently than they ever had done during an equal length of time before. It was after all *the home*.

For a stranger our old home possessed no unusual attractions. There was nothing grand or imposing in its appearance, and we cherish its memory not for that. Associations, in our view, contribute more towards a home, and on account of those we lament losing ours. Every object in this familiar spot crowds the mind with its many recollections. Here we were born and raised; first played and worked, smiled and were glad, wept and were sad. This small spot was the whole world in which we lived at first. What was beyond this we knew not, and little cared. From here, a few days later our wandering abroad commenced by means of which the horizon of our knowledge was enlarged. And the same objects, such as gates with their mysterious manner of opening, hills and turns in the road, rocks, trees and houses by the wayside, which at first seemed so strange, and were used to mark our great distance from home, afterwards reminded us of our near approach to home, became very familiar, recalled many events and could be opened as if by instinct.

With the house and furniture we were acquainted at an early day. The kitchen, the sitting-room, the parlor, the bedrooms, the garret, all, how very familiar! Every thing within them, and every corner and crack in the wall was known. Even in darkness every apartment, shelf and nook was accessible to a degree almost excluding liability to error. From usage we were accustomed to the bend and height of chairs, and softness of cushions, and knew at sight which would afford the most com-

fortable seat. And custom, also, had made us familiar with the appearance and positions of tables and stands, and the sizes and correctness of mirrors. Stoves were friends that seldom needed to be changed, still we remember of a few old ones being displaced by new and improved ones. But the clock was always at its post. From childhood we liked to hear its loud "tick;" and often stood staring in its well-known face. And when once we had learned to tell the hour as its many hands pointed it out, we felt not a little satisfaction at our discovery. And the sound of that clock, when it strikes, is yet familiar as the voice of an old friend.

Among the many objects which crowd upon our imagination, as if to plead for remembrance, we might refer to a huge hearth and a high mantle, a large cupboard from which we procured many a good "piece" between-times, a wood-bench and other things, even the wooden pins on which the "rod" was kept.

Our house was spacious from cellar to garret. But in some places *vorsorge*, as the German says, had pretty well filled up all spare corners. Still, this only added the more to our comfort. We never had any objections to dried fruit, nuts and cakes.

And when we think of things without the house, they have for us no fewer or less strong attractions than those within. On its steps and door-sills, we often sat and counted the stars as they appeared at evening in the heavens above us; or listened to the early notes of Robin Redbreast, as she sung from some topmost twig near by; of which delightful seasons we are even now invariably reminded whenever we hear her sing. And around this house we had many a lively race during warm spring evenings. In the yard before us were fruit trees, whose twigs we were always glad to see seasonably covered with many blossoms; and on whose fruit we were ever ready to watch the first turning color towards ripeness. Scarcely could we await that time. And when once fruit fell, it was an heroic deed to be out first in the morning to gather it.

From this yard our knowledge extended soon, also, to the orchard. Here the field was larger, but it was soon equally well known. First one kind of apples would ripen, then another and another, and at length many others together. The same was the case with the peaches. Experience soon taught us which trees were early and which late; which trees bore sour and which sweet apples. Paths through the uncut grass and unripe grain would often point out for weeks before hand, where fruit was ripening. We knew trees by their position and by their form—we knew them perfectly—not even excepting the young and beautiful shoots that would grow up from time to time, or the old limbs which would die off, in which the woodpeckers would build. Often we sat for hours waiting for a favorable breeze to shake us "one or two." And often we ventured out to "pick" long before the storm of rain which was passing ceased falling. And when once a venerable early-apple tree died, and was cut down, it was long held in sacred memory for the good it had done.

A few years later our hands helped to lay up in store for winter many large heaps in this orchard. And our pockets were accustomed to bear away not a few, in their dangerously extended bulks to the neighboring fields, to be consumed during the many long hours which intervened between meals. Still later, it was an object of great satisfaction to be able to point to some of the many fruit trees, whose tendency it was to make

home pleasant, and say : "these we planted." "This is sister's ; that is brothers." If ever trees were prized these were. They are among the dearest things which we left at the old home.

Next, we must say a word in reference to the stream of water that flowed by near our house. Among the pleasant things of youth we think, also of water-wheels, of dams and of fishing excursions. Some of these adventures we performed quite early in life. Who it was that first "taught our hands" to take the "finny tribe" with our simple hooks, we no longer recollect. But we know yet quite well that those hooks were at first made of those little domestic articles, which pedlars sell at "a penny a row." And our primitive lines were equally cheap. Often the clerk in the store gave them along with a pack of goods free of charge. And at other times they were unraveled from spools of thread taken from the work-basket without any very apparent injury. Meanwhile we are learned to scoop the shores of our run with a hand-basket, thus taking unawares those that had hid in rootlets and mud. Or, at other times this same handy instrument was by one carefully held in a branch of the stream, while another one or more, with frightful noise, wading the tiny "deep" and splashing it in all directions, would "chase in" the little fellows "by droves." This was also, during after years, our usual mode of taking bait for our links. To lay links for eels was to us great enjoyment. And often after an anxious half sleepless night we wound our way early through the long, dewy grass, until we were quite wet and frequently shivered with cold, to gather in the hooks and whatever "luck" hung to them, which had been hopefully baited and deposited the evening before. Any good success that followed our juvenile efforts at fishing made us leap for joy, and produced that satisfaction of heart to which youth alone is fully sensible. As we advanced in years our fishing implements, of course, were improved, and our success was better. For far and near we "had" the stream "perfectly." Knew every good fishing place. And long remembered the "good hauls" we made.

With our pleasures at fishing are associated closely our amusements at hunting. We could set traps and catch rabbits and partridges, and an occasional unwelcome skunk, at an early day. And we were seldom so busy, but that we could devote a few moments to these things when anything could be done at them. When necessary we were quite willing to rise a little earlier and retire later, rather than forgo these pleasures. But the more manly part of hunting, was later and more slowly entrusted to us. At first we were only permitted to go along with others of more advanced years than we. Then it belonged to us to "carry" whatever was shot. But at the same time, we were carefully charged to be "on the look out" for anything that might be near. Almost invariably however, our eyes saw not anything until it was shot, or was hastening away from us, or already in the distance. Being hungry and fatigued by long traps, we were often willing to return before we had taken game of any account. Still, we were not less anxious to go hunting on all returning occasions that would present themselves.

By and by, more confidence was placed in us, and we were permitted to discharge a gun ourselves, though it was always charged by another. At length the time came when we were allowed to rally forth with gun in hand. Happy day this ! Once permitted to go alone, our hunts were

more frequent. If we had not known the best places for game in the neighborhood before this, we soon knew them now. We were well acquainted with the brushes and field where rabbits could most likely be found, and could tell by experience the direction they would take, if chase were given. We knew also in which woods squirrels were most plenty—though they were most scarce far and wide—and had marked the trees in which they lived. And, if it was the season for birds, we were also familiar with their habits.

Before thus rambling away to describe amusements in which, of course, not all the young members of the family had an equal pleasure, we might have turned our thoughts to the enjoyments afforded in the garden. We will do it now. The garden was a spot we liked to visit; both early in spring and late in autumn; in the dewy morning and the calm evening. Here we once had our little garden beds. Here we planted seeds and rooted weeds. And how pleased we were to see the earth break, and the heads of little plants come forth. We half feared we had not done it rightly; but success crowned our labors and anxieties gave way to joys. Here, also, there were many flowers that were beautiful and sweet. We often watched them from day to day till they opened. The first “peep” at their mysterious colors and forms was the most gratifying. And oft in the dusk of eve, or during early morn we examined their folded petals, to see what fly, bee or humble-bee had been shut in, when the departure of the sun bid them close, and was compelled to make this beautiful, sweet chamber its sleeping closet. We were glad, also, to see vegetables grow. Especially if we had dug the beds on which they were planted. We learned early to associate in our ideas, the table around which we took our meals, and the garden. If vegetation grew well, we knew happy results would follow. But when radishes and peas and cabbage and potatoes grew slowly, we could hardly wait for the “first taste” or the “first fruits.” Along with these annuals we think, too, of currants, of raspberries, of gooseberries, grapes, quinces and other good things.

Similarly pleasant thoughts are associated with our youthful reminiscences of the poultry yard. We have pleasure in seeing all kinds of fowls. And one sister seemed to have special delight in attending to their wants. We often saw her do so, when we would have been inclined to leave them to their fate. For the sake of brevity we will add only one more idea under this head. After a brood of chickens was attended to, and watched over with almost parental care for a long time, it was to us the height of gratification which could follow such watchfulness, to witness the most heroic young rooster of the brood, for the first time, mount some elevation, flap his wings, extend his neck and audibly crow.

Following on these things we might also speak of our first ideas of objects about the barn. Look at the horses of which our stable generally had a goodly number, and with them, we, like other boys, had our adventures. Look at the cows, of which we have some early recollections, and of whose milk we were always fond. And look at the sheep and lambs, whose appearance is that of innocence and meekness, and of which we think so often since we know anything of the language of the Bible.

Abandoning these thoughts quickly, we hasten to cast a general glance

over the farm. Each field has its peculiarities and its particular associations. Could shade trees speak they might unfold some pleasant and some sorrowful tales. Under one we sat and were refreshed after hard labor in haymaking. Under another we reclined when we had "given out" in harvest. And others still remind of other histories. Long acquaintance with the different fields made us familiar with their soils, and taught us what kinds of grain and produce they would yield best. We knew where turnips, and sweet potatoes and melons would grow the richest.

Did space not admonish us to be as brief as possible, we might yet add to these reflections on early life, some on more advanced years. Such as the pride which some of the members took in mowing broad even swathes, in drawing straight furrows and in having good stock. How they liked to work for neighbors and have neighbors work for them. How they liked to visit friends and have friends do the same, and so on. But we must forbear. Suffice what we have said to show cause why we loved our home. It has for us many dear associations.

As we have already said the old homestead was advertised. Quickly the day of "public vendue" came. Old neighbors, old friends and strangers were there. The "crier" offered the farm, and it rose from "bid" to "bid." It was sold. "It was sold well," each thought so as the day closed.

At the interval of several weeks other real estate of indifferent interest was sold, and these sales were followed by numerous sales of personal property.

Without particularizing in reference to the implements sold, for they were such as ordinarily belonged to farms, nor were we present at the time, we will but remark, that handling them on such an occasion must have suggested many thoughts. Those, with which labor was difficult, could not fail to recall the sorrow previously produced. And with those by which work was accomplished pleasantly, it is against nature to part willingly. Thoughts of hard times, and pleasant times, of times that we would bury in oblivion, and of times that we would cherish for life, must have succeeded each other.

The furniture of the house stood nearer the centre of home, and the associations which it suggested were dearer. Among it were objects on which our young eyes first rested; and which left indelible forms in our minds. Among these, and with these we had often played in childhood; and afterwards *used* them until we attained to manhood. Here and there could still be seen traces of early mischief, which had received its due reward; while others were the mementoes of early, anxious wishes. With a few exceptions, such as the clock and other light furniture, every thing was sold. Not even mother's rocking chair was reserved. But this last article went to an aunt's house, and a member of the family thinks of redeeming it, and keeping it as a very precious relic. With such thoughts he need not wonder that mother, or a sister, would frequently say during preparation for sale: "It is such a bother to have sale and to move." But the work was undertaken and it had to be finished. And by the time spring came it was completed.

Meanwhile all were not too sanguine in their expectations of the new home, and the new society which would be formed. One member sought

a home in another place. He was married. And judging from appearance similar thoughts might have been harbored elsewhere.

The last time we visited the place where the old home was, the rest of the family had already left it, unknowingly to us. On our way thither we noticed many familiar objects, among which was the school house in which we commenced our literary course, and in which we once recited a goodly portion of Mother Hubbard, while we were learning the alphabet. Night overtook us before we reached our destined place. As we approached it, we thought we saw the accustomed light through the window. Gates opened as before, and the path had still the same turns in it. But there was a strange "watch" on guard that night. Also, an unaccustomed voice answered to our call at the door. In an instant we stood at the fireside; but it was no longer father's fireside. Neither he, nor mother, sister nor brother were there. Others bought it, and sought to make it their home. We recognized some old pieces of furniture in the house; but reflection made us unusually quiet that evening. Our wants being cared for, we were glad to retire for the night. But we slept not in our accustomed bedroom. Next morning we took an early walk out to see the fields. Went also to the barn and other buildings, and opened many doors as if hunting something. Soon we left to see a friend. Returned towards evening. Took another drink at the good old spring. And the number of children, who had taken our place in the house and in the yard, we saw now, also, amuse themselves on the bank of the same stream which was once such a pleasant spot to us. Then we were ready to depart. And as we went, every familiar object seemed anxious to bid us good-bye. In turn, we could wish all a feeling farewell.

And now, as we reflect over that home, and think that it was common to father and mother, sister and brother, we cannot but wish that we might all have hope of another home that shall be common—even a home in a "better country."

On our way from the house we directed our course towards a little graveyard, that is marked off between two neighboring farms. There a young sister was buried eighteen years ago. We were in the habit of visiting her grave whenever we came near home, and could not pass it by this time. Nothing marks it but plain, nameless tombstones. A stranger cannot distinguish it. We felt sad that it was not better marked. We wished, also, a peaceful rest to those ashes. Then, with a heavy heart, we plodded our way towards the fireside of friends. Afterwards we saw a part of the family start for the "West," and since, we often wonder how they like the "New Home."

THE THEATER.

"THE theater was from the very first
The favorite haunt of sin: though honest men,
Some very honest, wise and worthy men,
Maintained it might be turned to good account;
And so perhaps it might but never was.
And now such things are acted there as make
The devils blush; and from the neighborhood,
Angels and holy men, trembling, retired."

ROBERT EMMET AND HIS LOVE.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet.

A young girl stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon.

She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was nor that any one of such proud bearing should be an humble suppliant to the prison door—however, he granted the boon—led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall with a downcast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think the world was all sunshine. The clanking of the chains sounded like a death knell to her ears and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting perchance as is held in heaven only, when we part no more. In a low voice he besought not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body—he spoke of by-gone days—the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious, and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his childhood, and though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, he prayed she should still cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the Church bell sounded and he remembered the hour of execution—the turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned and their eyes met—they could not say, farewell! The door swung upon its heavy hinges, and they parted forever. No! not forever! is there not a heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously; a martyr to his country and to liberty.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of their fair band.

'Twas in the land of Italy; it was the gorgeous time of sunset in Italy; what a magnificent scene! A pale emaciated girl lay upon the bed of death. Oh! it was hard for her to die far from her home in this beautiful land, where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no; her star had set; the brightness of her dream had faded; her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth, close burning ties, "what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit, than to find, at last, the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love given to a passing floweret." Enough; she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet—the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains; its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the lulling notes of the shepherd's lute sounds a requiem to her memory.

I W A N T M O T H E R .

AN old man lay on his sick-bed struggling with death. Disease had worn out his body, and so affected his mind that he was insensible to all things and persons around him. His family, and one or two other friends, stood by his bed-side, for it was evident that he had but a few minutes to live. He rolled his head, as if in great pain, and made several efforts to speak. At length we could distinguish the words, "Mother! I want mother! Why don't mother come?" His mother had been dead nearly fifty years. He was probably unconscious that he had a wife and children and grand-children around him, or that he was himself anything but a child. When he was really a child, he had his troubles, as all children have, and then he used to carry his little griefs to his mother, for he knew that she would sympathize with him, and her voice would comfort him. He only knew now that he was in trouble, and he thought if his dear mother would come, she would comfort him.

O, that children could now understand what precious things their young affections are! It is sad to see how soon they sometimes part with them, and how easily they are even made ashamed of them! Boys who love to lay their heads in a mother's lap, to kneel by her side and offer their prayers to God, and who feel as though they could not go to sleep without her coming to their bed and kissing them, and saying a parting "good night," are sometimes ashamed of this simple and sweet attachment. Bad children, such as are spoken of in Proverbs xxx. 17, ridicule them for these expressions of artless love and call them babyish. When they become old enough to go out into the world, evil companions teach them that it is childish and unmanly to follow the counsels which they received in childhood, and laugh about "anxious mothers;" and they are too often successful in their mean efforts to wean them from the purest and happiest affections which belong to this world. They then part with the best love of earth forever.

H O P E .

BY GEORGE W. BENNETT.

THERE'S many a cloudy morning
Brings forth a glorious day,
And sheds rich fragrance o'er the earth,
Like flowers in early May.

Then let not hope desert her throne,
Though dark your hours may seem,
For soon the clouds will disappear,
And all be light again.

P O E T S ' G R A V E S .

CHAUCER was buried in the cluister of Westminster Abbey, *without* the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1556; Spencer lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan and Campbell all lie within Westminster Abbey. Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory.

Chapman and Shirely are buried in St. Giles', in the Fields; Harlowe, in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne in Old St. Paul's; Edm. Walker in Beaconfield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of St. Giles', Cripplegate; Butler in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway no one knows where; Garth in the church at Harrow; Pope in the church at Twickenham; Swift in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young at Walwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thompson in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's Church, at Chichester; Gray in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, where he conceived his "Elegy;" Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple church; Falconer at sea, with "all ocean for his grave;" Churchill in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dereham; Chatterton in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries; Byron in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey in Crossthwaite church, near Keswick; Shelley "beneath one of the antique wood grown towers surrounding ancient Rome;" and Keats beside him "under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius."

T O B L O S S O M S .

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
Then go at last.

What! were ye born to die
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

BY NATHAN.

MOUNT SINAI, March 18, 1857,

WE arrived here day before yesterday, after thirteen days of most delightful Desert traveling. Our last few days at Cairo were spent in visiting some more of its neighboring antiquities. On a very hot day we rode out to Heliopolis, the On of the Bible, (Gen. 41 : 50,) where Joseph got his wife, and where Mohammedan tradition says Moses had been a Pagan Priest before he fled from Egypt. Ruins like vast mounds cover the ground, but not a habitable ancient dwelling marks the site of the once proud metropolis of the Egyptian religion and learning. We stood under the tree in whose shade tradition says the Virgin and the infant Saviour rested, when she fled into Egypt. It is an old sycamore, with a thick gnarly trunk and two stout limbs, evidently only the remains of its former greatness. About a mile beyond this, is the famous obelisk, which was erected twenty-three hundred years before our era, and said to be the oldest known obelisk in existence. This and the large pyramid are monuments which carry us back to remotest antiquity. One feels a singular pleasure in standing at the base and on the summit of edifices which Abraham, Jacob, Joseph and Moses saw.

The daughter of the Pasha of Egypt was about starting on a pilgrimage to Mecca, prior to which she furnished a variety of festivities for a series of days. The street before her palace was spanned with a large canopy, lit up with chandeliers after night, and lines of lamps were suspended from ropes stretched along the streets. During the day music and dancing were served up under it to thousands of delighted spectators. The music consisted of a number of melodeous pipes, sounding very much like common willow pipes, and a set of drums and tamborines, on which a flat thumping noise was kept up, where each one seemingly followed his own time. This confusion of discord and wild fandangoes, were quite an event for the lovers of amusement in Cairo.

“The sports of children satisfy the child.”

On the 14th of March we started for Mt. Sinai and Jerusalem. We had now reached the land where camels were the only vehicles of travel. When these “ships of the Desert” were rowed to our door, we found that to their natural height, which is very considerable, piles of comforts, saddle-bags, carpets were added, which raised our seats into a region to which few carriages or riders of other countries can aspire. Several miles out of Cairo we met our baggage camels, which had been started the previous day. Our caravan consists of nine camels, led by ten Bedouins, armed with short swords, bowie-knives, several with guns flung across their shoulders. They bound over the Desert, wild and with elastic step, true pictures of their native untutored freedom. No superfluous apparel encumber their limbs—nought save a turban, a loose short gown with a girdle, and pieces of dried hard skin tied to the soles of their feet as

sandals. The most of them had bought pieces of coarse muslin, which they sowed into garments while leading their camels, so as to surprise their wives with a new dress. Besides these we have a cook, a Nubian boy for waiter, and our Dragoman, Ahmed Saidi, a Theban by birth. Arrayed in fine eastern costume, with a gun and sword hung to the back of his saddle, and two revolvers in his girdle, he forms the most graceful and picturesque figure of the group. I confess, such a number of bloody weapons are not the most suggestive of a pleasant prospect. But while these may not be amiss, we will try and seek protection from a source that avails more than human agencies.

We passed through a series of rank cactus fields, and soon crossed the border of Nile fertility, into the parched sterile waste of the Desert. On an eminence, about eight miles from Cairo, we looked back for the last time on the dream-like scenes we were leaving. The wind-mills, minarets, mosques, and above all, the pyramids rising up against the sky out of the sand, seemed to swim in a dense dry haze. Those who have never tried it, would scarcely imagine with what a light and joyous heart one enters upon a Desert route. Deducting its annoyances, Cairo is a very interesting city for a few weeks study. But the crooked, crowded streets, creeping over and under houses, rendered still more intolerable by the stores and shops being spilt into them; and above all, the rude impertinence of donkey boys, the cabmen of Cairo, who are alike the most useful, and the most pestering of necessary evils in this part of the world, and the great abundance of fleas and the remains of the third plague of Pharaoh, are formidable enemies to a man's comfort, where flight is safer than resistance. Then there is something fascinating in the prospect of getting away forever from the busy hive and drive of men, out into the pure free air of the Desert, where you are free from following in the old beaten path of formal conventionalities. Here no forbidden ground restricts your plans, but the wide, wide waste is open to your wandering predilections. Wherever fancy may lead you, and the smooth earth offer you a soft bed, there you can pitch your tent and call it your own.

The first three days we passed along the common way to Suez, a broad, hard-beaten road, that frequently reminded me of "a highway in the desert." All the India travel passes over it, which accounts for its improved condition. The second day we passed a caravan of one hundred and ninety camels. At noon we saw mirage several times. Scarcely a mile from us large wooded ponds appeared, but always flaked away as we approached them. Far as the eye can reach is a scene of the most perfect desolation. The ground rough and colorless, without tree, plant or bird, except vultures preying on the carcasses of camels that perished by the way. We encamped in a ravine, a short distance from the road. One unaccustomed to this mode of traveling, could hardly conceive how all the causes and effects, animate and inanimate, of complete family comforts in all their details, could be conveyed on the backs of camels. After we have spent our customary ten hours in these animated rocking chairs, a clear convenient spot is selected, and the animals kneel down for us to dismount. The baggage is untied, a bale unrolled, and lo! it expands and spires up into a full grown graceful tent. In half an hour we have a well carpeted, neatly furnished dwelling, and can take a gentle siesta on our bed-sofas. At the same time another canvass swells into kitchen

proportions, with all the unnameable array of pot and kettle furniture in full blast. Our camels browse among the dry desert brushes and the chickens cackle merrily around our camps, giving our vast newly acquired desert-premises quite a barn-yard atmosphere. The camels are brought home and made to lie in a circle, between them ramparts are formed of camel saddles and spareable baggage. Within this small enclosure, the Arabs kindle a brush fire, get their "measures of fine meal, knead it and make unleavened cakes upon the fire." Gen. 18 : 6. This is their best and worst fare. In the morning they pour water on the remains of the previous evening and knead it over, and with this repast they walk nine and ten hours without perceptible fatigue. Their supper over, they smoke their long pipes, then roll themselves up in their coarse blankets, with the bare earth for their couch and the sky for their canopy, and sleep sweetly, while a few wake in turn as guard around a watch-fire, and beguile the still long hours in humming the story of Aboused, a noted chieftain of their tribe. This will be our habitation until to-morrow morning. We rise with the sun. We read a chapter or two from the history of the Exodus, associated with our brief dwelling place, and commit ourselves in prayer to Israel's guide and keeper. Scarcely are we done with our breakfast before our tent falls into pieces and shrinks into its bale of baggage. "But when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

Our road the following day ran parallel with, and a few miles distant from Mt. Attaka, along whose base the Israelites are supposed to have approached the Red Sea. The third morning we passed "Ajerud," the station of the Mecca Pilgrimage, and which Stanley thinks may possibly mark the site of Pi-hahiroth. Ex. 14 : 2. At noon we reached another enclosure around a well of brackish water. We took our simple mid-day repast near by in the shade of a telegraph tower. Soon after, we reached Suez, near the upper extremity of the Red Sea. We saw the sea several hours before we reached it, but having been so often deceived by the mirage, we were uncertain whether this was not another optical illusion. Two hours sufficed to see this filthy port of India travel. We sent our camels around the head of the Sea, and had ourselves ferried across from Suez. But as the water was too shallow approaching the shore, the boatmen carried us out. In the meanwhile one of our Arabs wishing to come by the shortest route, led his camels through what he thought a shallow part of the sea. But while there the tide rose and threatened to submerge him. We continued three hours down the coast to "Ayo Mousa," or the Wells of Moses. This was the first green spot we met since we left the region of Cairo. A group of Cypress palm and tamarisk trees, and a vegetable garden, belonging to the English Consul General at Suez, irrigated and fertilized by seventeen wells, contribute to form this lovely oasis in the wilderness. Some make this the spot where Moses and Miriam composed the song, after passing through the Red Sea.

The next day was the Sabbath. Early in the morning we walked out towards the sea. On the opposite shore we saw a strip of land between the mountain and the sea, where most probably the Israelites were when Pharaoh thought "they were entangled in the land, the wilderness hath

shut them in." Before us the sea spread out its calm blue waters, a true image of Sabbath rest, and around us was the vast unbroken plain. From where we stood the Israelites could be seen passing over on dry ground and crowding somewhere over the plain around us, as the Egyptians were overthrown in the midst of the sea. Standing amid this early Sabbath stillness, and in view of these interesting localities, we sang as from an involuntary impulse, Watts' version of the 121st Psalm, "Upward I lift mine eyes." In the morning we held services in our unabiding tabernacle. How solemn and impressive did the reading of those parts of scripture seem which were connected with the place. O how joyful our hymns of praise. The still solitude of the desert, the sweet serenity and freedom from every earthly care, makes a day of rest a peculiar delight. In the afternoon we strolled along the beach of the sea, and mused over the wondrous event. In the evening we had a storm, a fit contrast to the preceding calm. At night-fall the heavens suddenly lowered with blackness, a slight shower fell, and then sudden puffs of wind; which blew in one side of our tent. We sprang through the curtain door without taking time to untie its cords. The tent reeled and flapped to and fro under the torturing grip of the storm. The cord-pins flew out of the moistened sand, and our fair dwelling seemed doomed to become a wreck. The Arabs were called out, some throwing additional cords over the central pole, while others-drove in the pins afresh, shouting and shifting about at their posts like men trying to defy the elements, while the storm blew the shreds of their sooty slips in all directions. But the chief actor was Ahmed, whose commanding voice was heard above the dread noise of the "howling wilderness," and who breathed order into this savage chaos. We retired, uncertain whether we would not awake entangled in the folds of the tent or in pursuit of our fugitive house. But the storm abated, and Israel's keeper, "who neither sleepeth nor slumbereth," kept us in safety. Though our tent fell not, this harmless incident gave me a vivid illustration of our Saviour's saying, of "the foolish man which built his house upon the sand."

The next day we traveled in sight of the sea, and parallel with the coast. The chain of mountains beyond were veiled in a soft clear light, so transparent that they seemed like the unrolling of a panorama, and the sea was a vast lake of deep blue, excelling in beauty of color any of the Scotch or Swiss lakes that we had seen. We saw vast lakes of mirage again, skirted with large trees. The next day we came to the region of Wadis, the winding ravine valleys, like dry beds of rivers, with rough cliffy mountain banks. These are the highways of the wilderness, the only means of communication between the different parts. The mountains have not a spot of ground where a tree can grow, save in some secluded nook, where winter torrents have carried disintegrated rock. In between these lofty walls, which shut out every breeze, and from whose bald surface the sun reflects a scorching heat, without a drop of water, save what we brought from Cairo, we roast our way along. At noon we lunched in the grateful shade of a large rock. While enjoying our hurried meal, we spoke together of the beautiful image of Isaiah, foretelling the blessedness of Christ's kingdom, which should be, "As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Isaiah 32 : 2. In the afternoon we came to a small well, hewn out of a

rock on an eminence, which some writers identify with Marah, where the Israelites murmured because they could not drink of the bitter water. Ex. 15 : 23, 24. The water is brackish, unfit to drink. We encamped at Elim, where we found numerous cypress bushes and a few palm trees, perhaps the lineal descendants of "the three score and ten." Ex. 15 : 27. In some places the sand is saturated with water. Our Arabs scooped small basins out of the sand, which soon collected enough to water the camels. Besides these there are no other wells there. The water tastes brackish and tepid. The following day we passed through a series of hot sultry Wadis, from which we emerged towards evening, and encamped on the coast of the sea near El'Markhah, the plain on which the Israelites encamped, (Numbers 33 : 10,) where we refreshed ourselves by a plunge into the cooling waves.

The sunset over the hills of the opposite coast was indescribably gorgeous. The sky was flooded with a rich orange color, heavy folds of luminous clouds hung on the horizon, which after sunset reflected their golden drapery on the sea and gave its waters the appearance of a sea of molten gold. The mountains on both sides of the sea, the large level that jutted into it, and the towering tops of Mt. Serbal, rising high above the intervening mountains afterwards disclosed new features in moonlight. At night our Arabs entertained us with a Bedouin concert. It consisted of a love song in detached verses sung in two parts. The stanzas were arranged in two lines, the first was sung by one voice, the second by the whole chorus, commencing while the first was still singing. They all stood in a line, accompanying their voices with a swinging motion of the body from side to side, and clapping their hands in concert at every common bar or measure. They seem to have no idea of harmony, for the variety of keys sung at the same time produced a discord that mocked all melody. Some had their heads uncovered, closely shaven, save the long braided tufts on the top. Some clad themselves in grotesque attire to personate the parties in the song. The whole scene before our tents, in the midst of the watch fires and weary kneeling camels, in clear moonlight, was exceedingly picturesque.

The next day we encamped in Mokatteb, or the valley of inscriptions. The rocks along the sides of the valley abound with hieroglyphics and inscriptions, supposed to have been made by pilgrims to Mt. Sinai, several centuries before and after the christian era. I noticed a number of Greek and Roman crosses, one with an anchor suspended from it. These inscriptions, however, are not confined to this valley. We have found them in many places since, especially around Mt. Sinai. That night we sat on a hill behind our tents, and sang "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," and felt what we sang. These Desert encampments are exceedingly picturesque. Often I steal around the tent fires to see the sleeping Bedouins, while the guards are humming these songs.

The next day brought us to Wadi Firan, the oasis in this part of the Sinaitic wilderness. For the last few days we met with a number of interesting shrubs and small trees. The wild acacia, a species of thorn or sennati—same as the burning bush of Moses, and shittim, of which the tabernacle was built, and the retem or wild broom, under which Elijah slept. 1 Kings, 19 : 4. We also met with a number of gray birds, about the size of our partridges, which our dragoman called quails

We encamped at Firan, amid a cluster of palm trees. When we arrived, our Arabs met some of their friends, whom they kissed most ardently six times each. Some bumped their foreheads together. I at once thought of Moses and Jethro meeting somewhere near here, and "Moses kissed him." Ex. 17: 7. They looked sullen and solemn; not a smile of joy was seen on their faces, as "they asked of each other of their peace." The valley is filled with luxuriant palm groves. Our Arabs again scooped wells out of the sand to water their camels. The next morning we started early to ascend Mount Serbal, the highest mountain in this part of the wilderness, (6,759 ft.) As we rode up a rough stony valley, a solitary bird caroled its early lays, while the first rays of the rising sun touched its lofty peaks. We rode about half an hour, and then continued our ascent afoot. At the base of a defile, called the father of wild-figs, from the few trees it contains, we found a spring of fresh sweet water, the first we met with since we had left Cairo. We ascended through this defile, gorged with huge blocks of granite; we crawled and clambered as best we could, with short intervals of rest, for five consecutive hours. Towards the summit we came to a large block of granite, containing a basin filled with rain water, even better than that of the spring at the base. After passing through all the panting and sweating usual to such feats, we at length reached the broad rock on the top, which has been fitly likened to the back of a petrified tortoise. On its top a few stones were laid around a glass phial, containing the names of several visitors. The five peaks that form the crown of Serbal, are covered with a variety of fantastic figures, round and oblong sphinxes, and unchiseled statues of men, large basins scooped out of solid masses, and others perforated with holes by some unknown agency. Large rock-drops linger on the surface, as if melted lava had been suddenly cooled in the act of trickling over the hissing masses. We met with small quantities of snow and ice in the shade, and on the summit found it comfortably cool. The view commanded the whole wilderness of Sinai, which, with the endless ramification of "sand rivers" or wadis, spread out below us like a mould or raised map. Somewhere below us we looked on the wilderness of Sin and Rephidim. Far to the west Mount Tor bordered the Red Sea; to the east the wilderness of El Tih. Our eyes rested on the whole scope of country in which the Israelites wandered, murmured and fell. Our descent took less time but was equally fatiguing. The whole was a very matter-of-fact exploit, so far as the labor was concerned, far more difficult than any ascent I have ever made. Fortunately the next day was again the Sabbath. How sweet was rest in such a place and after such labor. We held our customary services a short distance below our tent; the ruins of a convent on the top of a hill, are supposed to mark the spot where Moses sat while Aaron and Hur held up his hands during the battles which Joshua fought with the Amalekites. Around it lies the plain of the battle. Here they encamped, and found no water to drink, and murmured because of it. Ex. 17. High above us toward our mountain enclosure, along their craggy sides, are unoccupied hermit cells, hewn out of the solid rocks. Below them the ruins of an ancient town. Was not Paran of the Bible in this valley? At night our Arabs entertained their friends with coffee. They sat in a circle in a sullen silence, the red smoke curled up among the palm-trees,

while their blazing fire shone through the trees, and the night breeze kept up a gentle rustling among their leaves. The night was dark but clear, and the star-spangled heavens twinkled down through a million of eyes unnoticed by them. How prettily the stars shine here. The same that shone four thousand years ago. Often I musing watch Orion and the Pleiades, and feel pleasure in thinking that not many hours after me, some dear ones at home will look at the same stars. The starry heavens have an unknown charm in the still solitude of the boundless desert, and Job and Moses watched them with wonderful interest before their tent doors.

The next day brought us to this place. I will not take the reader through the whole list of unpronounceable Wadis through which we wandered hither. The principal one was, Wadi Sheykh, and then over a rough tortuous mountain pass called Nakbd. Here we were overtaken by a cold sprinkling of sleet and rain. We approached Horeb through the plain which it faces. The moment we reached the highest point of the plain we saw the mount rising up before us, and without knowing what it was, both of us involuntarily exclaimed: What an awful mountain that is! Our camels had fallen back, so that we could not get into our tent until an hour after night. The next morning we started for Mt. Sinai, and in our way stopped at the convent. One of the monks demanded our permit from the Greek convent at Cairo, which he hoisted up three stories with a strong rope through a shutter, and then asked us to enter. We stooped through a low hole in the wall, and were led through cellar-like chambers up several flights of stairs into a reception room which opens on a corridor. The Prior, a little old man with a silvery flowing beard, hearing where we were from, came in and bade us welcome. I told him he enjoyed a rare privilege to live so near the holy mount. Yes, he replied, with a shrug of the shoulder, I broke my leg six years ago and am lame. It is best for me here. I should not like to live anywhere else. He then entertained us with dates, coffee, and palm brandy, a mischievous drug used here. We then continued our ascent up Mt. Sinai. The ascent is comparatively easy over the steps which lead to the summit. We passed a small chapel erected to the Virgin Mary, in connection with which the monks tell a curious legend. Farther up we came to a basin, at the junction of several defiles in which a chapel is erected over the cave in the rock in which Elijah lodged. I crept into it, but whether it is the identical one I will not stop to enquire. Before it stands a tall, solitary cypress tree, and near by it is a small well of fresh water. We reached the top in two hours. A small chapel and a mosque crown the summit. The view is not near so grand as that on Mt. Serbal. It is strange that on such sacred heights our thoughts should be disturbed by attending to the mortal man. But climbing mountains and mountain air create a desire for food. Besides I could not feel that this was the mount of God. So, as usual, we lunched with an extra cup of coffee, which our Arab guide prepared there. We next went to the cluster of peaks which face the plain, and ascended Sesaf, or the Horeb of Dr. Robinson. When we reached a bluff at the side of the mountain which overlooked the plain, our guides said no one could ascend higher. We continued a short distance farther, when they begged us to stop, as a farther ascent would be made with eminent peril.

But as it still seemed practicable, we pushed upwards, and they followed. The top was a large, solid, granite rock, round and sloping, without any helps for climbing. Still it seemed safe to attempt it, so I clambered upward at one place, pressing the end of my fingers into a fissure, and so raised myself upward, and soon reached the top. The Arab would not be outdone and soon followed, and M. in his wake, who, climbing up a different way, could only reach the summit with assistance. It was the most awful place I have ever been on. The rock seeming to rise almost perpendicular from the plain. The large broad plain was spread out below it in full view. From the manner in which the plain approaches it, one can readily see what is meant by "the mount that can be touched." I could not look down without a shudder, and a strange feeling of uneasiness and awe induced us soon to descend from it. M. had symptoms of cramp going up, so that I held on to his feet and the Arab to his hands, in coming down, and we soon reached a safe place again. When I approached the base the monk grasped my hand, muttered a prayer and crossed himself, for our deliverance from danger. I know not whether any person has ever been on the summit of the same peak, but we have both solemnly concluded hereafter to leave all similar untried exploits to others. Most probably Mt. Sinai, and even Horeb, means the cluster or range of mountains. If it means any one or a few peaks, then the last named mountain facing the plain answers the account of the narrative far better than any I have seen. If so, we stood on the summit of the place where the Decalogue was given amid the most awful signs of the Divine presence, and in the plain before us the Israelites were encamped. It seems to me there can be little doubt to an impartial mind, that at least this group of mountains circling around Horeb, with this remarkable plain before them unlike any other in the whole peninsula of Sinai, answers most completely to the narrative. The unique combination of scenery, impresses one as awfully grand. When we approached it for the first time on our camels, the top was enveloped in a dense cloud, while the rugged, steep base, with its furrows and fissures stood out in all its rough towering outlines, at once calling to mind the thunder and lightning, the black cloud and the voice of a trumpet which attended the giving of the law. The next day we passed through a narrow valley, back of the mountain, through which a brook runs. Into this some suppose the ashes of the golden calf to have been strewn. Somewhere along here Moses may have kept the flock of Jethro, when the Lord appeared to him in the burning bush. The convent professes to be built over the identical spot where the bush stood, which I think is not very probable. This morning I saw several Arab girls leading their flocks around the face of Horeb, just as the daughters of Jethro did when Moses met them. Thus much in the solitude of our tent at the base of Horeb.

AKKABA, (EZION GABER.) March 28, 1857.

A few days pondering over the visible cliffs of Mt. Sinai, and inhaling the spirit of its stern, holy solitude, brings one into strange sympathy with the place. The naked forsaken grandeur which awes one at every step, like wild rugged waves, which in the full dash and tumble of a storm, suddenly stood still, remind one of the dread force of other laws, which here rioted during the infancy of the earth. After wandering through the wilderness of Sin, and looking down into its labyrinth of ridges and

ravines, and reverently strolling about Horeb and Sinai, he needs but little faith to people the plain again, and cover it with tents, just like the black goat-hair tents we met at the extreme end of it. Ex. 36 : 14. And when one reads the Decalogue in sight of the grand altar on which Moses stood, he can hear "Moses speak, and God answer him with a voice," differently from what he hears any where else. And yet there is an unsatisfying pleasure in pitching one's tents long near "the mount that might be touched." I felt a pleasant relief, when on the 20th of March I could mount my camel again, and turn my face Zion-ward.

It is strange that a region so interesting to the Bible reader, should be in the possession of wild savages. The few persons around Sinai, that can lay any claim to ordinary civilization, are the monks in the Greek convent at its base. But even these are a poor specimen of their order. Their sluggish indolent habits divest them even of the semblance of that austerity of life found in most convents. And the little old prior is evidently a man whose thoughts are more on earth than in heaven. Their number has dwindled down to twenty. We passed through the chapel to a small apartment at the extreme end. At the door we were requested to take off our shoes, as the place was "holy ground." Under a plated covering in a small recess in the wall, was the spot where "the burning bush" should have stood. The library of the convent contains a number of ancient well worn works. The monks said it contained between seven and eight thousand volumes. I think it may possibly contain two thousand. Attached to the convent is a beautiful garden, the only spot of cultivated ground this side of the wells of Moses. Its apricot and almond trees looked charming as we approached them from a desolate, sterile distance.

We decamped early on the last morning at Horeb, but the wrangling, vociferating Arabs, quarrelling for loads, delayed our departure for an hour later. There were more camels than we needed, which brought them to blows for loading. The few soldiers placed here to protect travelers, increased the difficulty. At length Ahmed administered summary justice with his stick, driving all from the baggage but those we wanted. Again and again I looked back on Horeb as we rode away through Wadi Sheikh, until the last peak of it was lost behind the turn of the ridge. An hour after we came to the tomb of Nebi Zallah, a noted Arab Sheikh, around which the Arabs pay festive honors. It is enclosed by a covered wall. I dismounted to see the interior. A large white cloth was hung over the coffin shaped tomb. One of our Arabs begged money from us to pay for lights, which he tied in one corner of the cloth. They regard the money as sacred, which can remain here for weeks untouched by rapacious visitors. Again we passed shepherd girls, clambering after their flocks along the mountain side. We reclined on the hot unshaded sand to take our noon repast. And a few hours later we spread our rugs "under a juniper tree," while waiting for our baggage camels. The next day we passed through Hazeroth, where Miriam was struck with leprosy for speaking against Moses. Numbers 12.

Hitherto we had encountered little sand. The Desert between this and Cairo for the most part, consists of a course pebbly surface. To-day we came into the region of sand. Our camels walked with an unsteady step. The sun beat upon us with scorching power, the heat teemed out

of the seething sand, and glared down upon us from the hot bare rocks. An occasional breath of air rushed through the narrow valley like a blast from a hot oven. We passed most remarkable rock-formations ; granite, sand-stone and lime-stone, succeeded each other in abrupt ledges, green, gray, black, red, white, brown, and sometimes all these commingling their colors in blended streaks. Huge rounded sand-stone rocks rose like islands out of these sand rivers, covered with a tissue of cells like honey combs. We encamped at the base of one of these fantastic rocks for Sunday. During the day the thermometer rose to one hundred and twenty-one in the sun. The following day we passed through the Wadi el Ain, in the Valley of the Well, so called, from a rill that ripples through it for a short distance, then loses itself in the sand again. Its mountain walls rose up thousands of feet in almost perpendicular height. As we proceeded through the winding lane, the intricate ridges uncoiled themselves, disclosing at every turn new combinations of overpowering grandeur. There is much here to remind one of the Alps. The scenery lacks the soil, trees, animals and men of the Alps. It is "the Alps stripped naked." Jogging wearily along after noon, we turned the corner of a ridge, when the distant hills of Arabia appeared, and soon after the blue waters of the Gulf of A'Kaba at their base. It was a pleasant relief for the eye, to escape from the narrow rock-bound view of wadis, to look out once more into the soft blue expanse, and a still more pleasant relief for the body to plunge into the cooling gulf, regardless of sharks and porpoises sailing over the surface. Flocks of flying fish, like finny birds, flew and skipped over the water pursued by the larger tribe. We encamped near the beach among a group of palms. We sat on the edge of the water, listening to the rippling waves lashing the beach, while we inhaled the refreshing sea-breeze, watched the stars as one by one they dropped behind the adjacent hills, and of course thought of home. Far out in the sea we heard the song of two Arabs living here, who mounted palm logs and floated out to catch fish for us, which proved quite a luxury. The wanderer in the wilderness is still dependent on foreign markets or extraordinary supplies of food. Our table is lavishly spread, but seldom contains anything from the country through which we are traveling, except mutton. Almost every day we have opportunities of buying a sheep. We eat rice from India, oranges and figs from Smyrna, hams and potatoes from England, macaroni from Naples, poultry and bread from Cairo. We drank filtered Nile water at Mt. Sinai, which continued fresh and sweet. But the water we brought from Sinai has become tepid in the hot sun. We pass wells, but the water is warm and brackish. Dry water-courses everywhere mark the channels of winter torrents, water oozing through the sand and collecting in wells, and here is this large sea,

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

Like the waters of the fabled Tantalus, it only mocks one's thirst. How I thought of the barrels of fresh sweet water that hourly run from my father's spring, and no body wants it. Oh, for a cup of that cold water. So longed the poor Hebrews for water, shut up among these burning wadis, still more burning later in the season. Coming out of the Red Sea they sought water at Moses' wells, but it was bitter; then

they came to Marah, faint and drooping with thirst, but the waters were bitter. Then they came to Rephidim, where there was no water, or if there was, it was bitter. And afterwards to the desert of Zin, where were no seed, nor figs, nor vines, nor pomegranates, nor waters to drink. Num. 20 : 1, 5. When we think of this vast multitude shut up in a wilderness without water where they most need it, where the very earth is radiant with parching heat, we can partly account for their murmuring remembrance of the beneficent Nile. "Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt?" The next morning our Bedouins watered our camels at a neighboring well. I looked down into the water, and saw my hair covered countenance for the second time since we had left Cairo. They drew up the water in a goatskin, and gave it them in their kneading basin. They and their camels are on very familiar terms. They eat and drink out of the same dish, sleep in one common herd. They treat their snarling petulance with forbearance. And well they may, for the camel is their bread. He earns money to buy it, and brings it from Cairo for them. The third day after we reached the sea, we crossed a steep rugged pass, over which our camels clumb with trembling caution. Early in the afternoon we discovered a black line along the upper extremity of the sea, which afterwards proved to be the date-palms that mark the site of Ezion-Geber, which we reached in the evening. We encamped among the palms close to the beach, where we enjoy shade and bathing facilities. Soon after our arrival a mob-market crowded around our tents. Men brought sheep, women and children couched in a circle with chickens, salads, milk, fish, fresh bread and water. Akaba, the Ezion-Geber of the Bible is an insignificant little village, nestled behind a luxuriant palm grove that extends along the beach for more than a mile. Adjacent to the village is a fort for the protection of the Mecca Pilgrims. The chief man of it is dignified by the title of Governor of Akaba, who called on us at our arrival, and made himself an unbidden guest at the cook's large basin. He and the soldiers are Turks, put here by the Sultan. To escape being robbed by them, we were obliged to employ them as guards. We have found a three days residence in Akaba very pleasant. It combines the virtues of the sea and the desert, without any of their annoyances. The swarms of flies which pester us may well be borne, and the theivish dogs taking their nightly rounds about our tents are endurable so long as they keep from our persons.

Ezion Geber seems to have been an important port in the days of Solomon. 1, Kings 9 : 26. It is situated at the extremity of the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern arm of the Red Sea, where Solomon "made a ship" to bring Gold from Ophir to adorn the Temple and Palace, and afterwards the fleet of Jehosophat was wrecked here. 1, Kings 22 : 48. In the prosperous period of the Jewish Kingdom, this gulf was a grand highway over which the wealth and treasures of Judea were borne. Those gaudy fleets have vanished, all signs of commercial life are gone, not even a skiff is left, naught save the log bark of an occasional Arab fisherman. The affluent traffic between the East and West, now passes over the other arm of the Red Sea from Suez, while the site of Ezion Geber is marked by a palm grove, and a few filthy Arab huts. It would be interesting to study the bearing these two links of commu-

nication between the Orient and Occident, have had and still may have, on the destiny of the world. What momentous results to modern civilization may yet flow from the intercourse carried on with India over the Gulf of Suez ! The service which the Red Sea has rendered the Church in furnishing a free passage to her while it slew her enemies, may have been a grand type of a great mission it is to perform in the future history of Christ's kingdom.

Upon our arrival here, we learned that Sheikh Hussein, whose sordid nature has become a terror to travelers, was on ill terms with some of the neighboring tribes, that he was six days' journey distant, and could not possibly take us to Petra. This was a sad damper on our hopes. For Petra, the ancient metropolis of Arabia, is next to Mt. Sinai, the most interesting point on this route. We should be obliged to go by Nakel, through another tribe which would protract our Desert journey five days. Fortunately, as we felt much fatigued, we concluded to rest here a day. This would at the same time secure us the society of an English party of two, who had traveled with us part of the way hither. The next morning we had taken half the side of our tent down to get more air, and while I was writing at the table barefooted and without coat and vest, Ahmed brought three Arabs into the tent, and introduced them as Sheikh Hassan, Abon Raschid, one of the most powerful chiefs of the Desert, and his brother. The Sheikh took off his boots at the side of the tent, then approached us and shook hands and passed his hand to his lips. (The usual salutation is to touch the lip, forehead and breast.) He then sat on a stool, while his brother sat on the floor. We had coffee and pipes brought in, the latter of which I shared with a courteous gusto. The Sheikh bore the stamp of native dignity. He is past middle life, of medium height, slightly corpulent, with an expanded forehead, oval face, a piercing eagle eye, and a sprinkling of age in his long beard, while a smile played on his cheek. I had to think all the while of Ishmael and Esau. A soiled silken bournouse girded on his head, a dusty loose slip on his person, a woolen striped toga hung loosely over him, and a Damascus sword at his side, constituted his apparel, just what his inferiors and slaves wear. No amount of artificial culture could have increased the unassumed, graceful dignity of his manners. The object of his visit was simply this : A few days ago he received word that none of the travelers have been able to visit Petra this spring on account of Hussein's absence. Raschid being on friendly terms with the Petra tribe, and having four thousand men at his command to awe the other tribes into respect, he at once set out for Akaba, to propose to convey travelers over the desired route. Of course we welcomed him as a providential messenger, and immediately negotiated with him for our safe transport. Our interview presented a picturesque scene, blending primitive with modern features. The Desert chieftain sitting easily on the stool while his brothers couched beside him ; M. sat on a low bed, and I whiffing away most orientally in my undisturbed dishabilles, while Ahmed and the other dragomen sat in the centre before the Sheikh, at one time pressing their fingers together, and speaking with vehement action, then seizing his hand as if moved by anxiety. The Sheikh replied in a calm tone of voice ; sometimes he would speak into their ear in a loud whisper. The contract was closed, and immediately a messen-

ger was sent for his camels, which are to be here in four days from the time. In the evening we had him and his men, ten in number, to dine with us, and the following night they slept in Ahmed's tent. This morning we gave them breakfast, consisting of a large wooden dish full of rice and mutton. They sat on the ground with the basin in the center, pawing out the contents with a manifest zest. Of course knives, forks and spoons were discarded. They washed their hands before and after they ate. Mark 7 : 2, 4.

Although not a trace of that ancient Ezion Geber remains, the Sea and the mountains are the same as they were when Moses led the Hebrews along here. The sunset across the gulf is transcendently charming. There is an after-sunset, darting rays of glory into the heavens, shedding orange colors along the horizon, while they shoot rose-tinges upwards. Over them hangs the crescent of a young moon, growing brighter as the colors of evening fade into night.

Several days before our arrival an American traveler died here. We could not ascertain his name. He seems to have come to the Desert for his health, and was doubtless unable to endure the fatigue of the journey. His comrades buried him on a hill, back of the village. A heap of stones, to protect it against hungry animals is all that marks his grave. If he has a wife, parents or friends, how they will grieve to hear that he died in the inhospitable Desert; and that his body lies alone in a sterile, parched region, where not a blade of grass grows over his tomb, and where it will perhaps be lost forever in a few months. I felt sad as I stood by his lonely grave. A stranger to be ill and die in a strange land, without sympathy or medical aid, two weeks from the nearest civilized town, and be left even dead, in this weary land, which the feuds and quarrels of Arab tribes may shut up at any time to the visit of affection, seems a melancholy fate. Never have I felt more vividly the force of Jacob's request : "bury me with my fathers."

On the last night at Akaba, the two other parties and Raschid met in our tent to close the contract. The Scribe of the village was sent for, who brought his pen and inkhorn in ancient style. He wrote the article on his hand for a desk, and demanded five dollars, which he finally reduced to the usual fee, 25 cents. When it was finished Raschid impressed his seal on it, the universal mode of signing a contract in the East. The agreement is of course worthless if the Sheikh is disposed to violate it. These Kings of the Desert are not amenable to any tribunal where we could obtain justice. Raschid raised the price of camel hire several times, and at last refused to sign the contract unless each party would give him an additional backshish of ten dollars. He would hear of nothing less until one of the ladies interposed, saying that in the country where we came from, the custom was to reward with presents the performance of a good act and not its promise. The Bedouins seem to look upon the unveiled women of the West with a mixture of reverence and amazement. Woman with them is so much degraded, and in her repulsive appearance so vastly inferior to man, that she seems but one remove above the animals around her.

WHEN most the world applauds you, most beware :
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind, with your own heart confer,
And dread even there a flatterer.

RAINY DAY AT THE FARM HOUSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WASHINGTON IRVING has given us a description of "a wet Sunday at a country inn;" and though we freely confess that he has done it well, yet are we not fully satisfied with the piece. He was not there over Sunday from choice, but by compulsion; and was therefore not in a proper mood to do justice to the place. The consequence is that in some passages he venteth himself somewhat uncharitably.

Moreover, in the very beginning of his piece he exposeth himself and showeth a rent in his morals, saying "I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition." So then, as we may lawfully and logically gather, if he had not been indisposed he would not have been detained; on the contrary he would have proceeded on his journey in the face of the fourth commandment! This, as we would here say, vitiates the whole piece. Why, if not for the sake of his own christian reputation, then in deference to the taste and conscience of his christian reader, did he not leave out that sentence! But where there is boil-matter in the system the boil will show itself on the surface.

Nor are we pleased with him for making an inn the subject of his sketch. Why not employ his eloquent pen on some country cottage or farm house? Seeing that here too there are many interesting sights on a rainy day. But by this question our pity rather than our indignation is awakened. Poor Irving was a bachelor; and consequently doomed to wanderings unblest. His lonely path lay outside of and away from the home circle. He knew not home in the strict sense of that word, but only stopping places. Thus we find him familiar with inns, and as his taste lieth so his pen runneth. Herein would we insinuate nothing in regard to his morals or immorals, as these, in some sort, by many persons, are connected with inns. On the contrary, we believe he was and is a sober man. We only wish to deliver ourselves to the effect that having ignored the duty of being "the husband of one wife," the current of his life has been necessarily turned in the channel mentioned; and thus has he written the piece on the country inn, and thus also has he fallen under our just censure!

Perhaps we have been ungrateful in our strictures; seeing that, by having his life and his thoughts turned into the aforesaid channel, he has left the subject on which our heart longs to expatiate, open to our pen. Thus, it is left for us to soliloquize on the scenes in and around the farm house on a rainy day. This being so, and having so far done with Irving, we address ourselves to the subject in hand.

By a rainy day at the farm house, we do not mean a transient thunder storm which rises in mid-afternoon and drives over in an hour. Though there is much of interest in such an event. There is beauty and sublimity in a regular thunder-storm. We watch the deep dark clouds moving up slowly from the western horizon, increasing in deepness and darkness

as the storm advances. Soon a bank of rolling clouds like a vast arch extends across the sky, from which the lightning glares and darts, while muttering thunder shakes the earth; and beneath the grand arch is seen the broad sheet of white descending rain, hiding the distant woods and sweeping the wide plain of fields, drawing nearer and nearer. Already the birds are silent in the branches, the cattle move toward a shelter; or if shut in, stand in mute wonder and fear, while the plowman has unhitched his horses and is riding toward the barn. Scarcely has the barn-yard gate closed behind him when the big drops fall like bullets into the hot dust of the road, and in a moment more, the rain comes down almost a torrent, and a fair sheet pours from the eaves of the barn, while the tin house spout chuckles in vain to disgorge its overloaded contents.

What a pleasant feeling of security comes over us when sheltered we look out into the driving storm. This, now does the plowman, as he stands thoughtfully at the stable door, while roaring wind and descending rain tell him only the more sweetly, that he is indeed sheltered. If his heart is attuned to pious meditation,—and how sad if it be not!—he will now the better understand and feel the charming force of the words, spoken of Zion: “And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from the storm and from the rain.” Or, of those other words spoken of Christ: “A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a rock in a weary land.”

It has rained a few hours. The sun has come forth; and the whole face of the earth smiles in freshness and beauty as in a Sunday dress. The horses have rested; and meanwhile the plowman has taken his supper. This done, he goes forth again “to his work till the evening.” What a change. The sun has a milder brightness, the trees and fields are greener, the air is purer, and the mountains have a bluer tinge. How calm and beautiful is this evening after the rain.

But how have we been interrupted in our main intent by this thunder storm. The rainy day we have in our mind is a regular “settled rain”—a rain which does not begin and end on the same day—a steady deliberate rain, that soaks the earth and fills the rivers, till

“Th’ unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day’s fair face.

What a dreary, dripping time it is! But really the cattle seem to have less fear of it than they have of the passing summer shower. It comes not so suddenly, and thus cools them without frightening them. They are the very picture of patience, as they stand in the barn yard to be rained on. But the fowls!—they present a sad picture. How their beauty suffers from the disorder introduced into the delicate foldings of their feathers. With all their picking at them, and stroking them with their bills, they will not be right again until after the sun has appeared.

The farmer is not impatient at this protracted rain. It will make the plowing one horse easier. When he goes forth again to the fields, he will not turn up the dry earth, as he did after the thunder shower. It has penetrated a full foot into the ground. How nicely the coulter cuts

the sod, and how smoothly the mould-board turns the furrow—and the horses move in a brisk walk.

These rainy days are no loss of time to the judicious farmer. He will find in-door work enough for “the boys.” The plow irons must be put into proper order. The horse gears must be greased. The barn mows must be cleared, and be put to rights. The stables and feeding rooms need a thorough cleaning; it will even do no harm, and look only the better, if all the spider webs are swept away from the ceiling of the stables and throughout the barn. Then the women have little jobs for the men about the house. The cellar needs attention, where there is some rough and heavy work. Remains of apples, potatoes, turnips, and other roots, must be cleared out; and the localities prepared for a new supply when the time of in-gathering comes round.

There is always some one about who is not slow in wood work. An axe, a shovel, or a fork needs a handle. A chair or a bench is to be mended. Some of the racks in the barn need slight repairs. A few window panes are broken, and must be replaced by new ones. The knives must be ground. In short there is enough to do; and there is no need of getting impatient of the long rain, or going to the nearest tavern to pass away the time. In all the sneaking crowd that there doth congregate, you will not find one good farmer; because he finds enough to do at home, which if done will be more credit to himself, and will “pay better.”

You shall see, when the rain is over, in what freshness and beauty, the earth will lie before you. What deep green the fields have put on. The rain has not been licked up on the surface, as in the hot dust or sand; it has found its way down to the roots, and its influence upon vegetation will be permanent.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

RELATION TO CHRIST.

Is Christ a head! Each Member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below and saints above,
Joined by his spirit and his love.

Is he a vine! His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
O, let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine

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NEWSPAPER INDECENCIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE fearful extent of indecency and vulgarity which has been reached by many of our secular newspapers is beginning to be sorely felt. These papers are even beginning to expose and reprove one another. With what shameless detail are all the particulars of vulgar trials, with their vulgar testimony, paraded before the public. In this way the pure over the land are daily insulted by the moral stench of city degradation, and the morbid, beastly souls of the impure fed with new iniquities.

The time was, says the Baltimore Patriot, truly, when these horrors and pruriences were confined, in fiction, to novels from the French, and in fact to the Newgate Calendar, and works of a kindred stamp. But that period has passed away, and now our leading newspapers combine the worst features of both, by seizing every opportunity of spreading before their readers the minutest circumstances connected with acts of gross licentiousness, as disclosed before the public tribunals, and of narrating with the most revolting particularity the testimony of witnesses with respect to crimes still more awful.

Not only indecent trials are thus reported, but the most abominable advertisements are to be seen in almost all our papers. While there are many who breathe freely and naturally in this kind of atmosphere, there are many also to whom the thing is growing into an intolerable evil. The extent to which the disgust of a large portion of newspaper patrons has risen, is not suspected by many papers which have been led gradually to grow in the desire of pampering to this wretched taste. We know persons who have stopped old and once favorite papers from no other cause. We know also others, who from a desire to retain such papers on account of other qualities, are prompt to watch their appearance from week to week, and from day to day, in order to keep them out of the hands of their children—still delaying and debating whether to proscribe and send them back finally. The matter begins to come earnestly home to the business and bosom of all who have wives or sisters, or daughters, or sons, “with eyes to read a newspaper, or ears to hear a newsboy.”

We join heartily with some high-minded journalists in saying, we are glad to see that many of the most respectable papers of the country join in protesting against the publication of indecent trials, and all those low advertisements which in many journals insult the eyes of the pure.

"What wonder is it, that the cause of good morals should suffer grievous injury, and the growth of the religious sentiment be impeded, when able but unscrupulous publicists, for a trifling pecuniary gain, daily pander to the morbid tastes of the community, and thus sap the very foundations of morality and virtue?"

It is only by comparing the present style of newspapers with those of former times that the full and fearful degeneracy can be seen. We had occasion some time ago in course of investigations pertaining to another matter, to examine old files of newspapers in the Philadelphia Library, when we were forcibly reminded of this downward tendency in the character and style of newspapers. What a dignity, gravity, classic earnestness, and moral purity distinguished the papers of earlier days from many of the wishy-washy sheets of the present day. We were struck particularly by the dignity kept up in the department of Anecdotes. Not a single one after the style of our modern bar-room anecdotes, born in low ignorance, was to be seen; they were all dignified, instructive, conceived in the spirit of true wisdom, wit, and humor.

We cannot forbear to remark, how wit and humor, so excellent in themselves, are degraded in most of our newspapers, even in those which are professedly devoted to the illustration of these powers, and which undertake to provide for this taste. Low caricature, foolish sayings, and silly things, you have in abundance; but genuine wit and humor, scarcely once a month. These occur not at all as the rule, but only by accident as the exception. There is too much superficiality, too little earnestness and solemnity, to perceive, much less to produce, true wit and pure humor. If the wits and humorists of the old English school should happen among our modern newspaper pretenders to wit, they would suppose themselves to have happened into a lunatic asylum.

As it is against the indecency of a great many of our newspapers that we are protesting, we will appeal to the reader's judgment whether a large proportion of what is intended as witty and humorous is not downright indecency—flat enough to suit the lowest taste.

Who does not know papers in abundance, the editors of which get themselves up as the jokers of the community, making before their readers day after day and week after week the silliest attempts to be funny; endeavoring so far as they can call forth imitation, to reduce the English language itself to a Billingsgate level—giving a printed dignity to the common by-words and cant phrases of the bar-room, the street and the stable.

Let the respectable portion of the reading community set their faces against these insults to all decency and good taste. It is an insidious and far-reaching vice. It grows in boldness if let alone. He that reads endorses the shame, and so far encourages its continuance. There are left, in the midst of the polluted newspaper Sardis, some noble exceptions which have not defiled themselves with the reigning indecency. Let such be patronized. If the morbid and vulgar will have and read the filthy rags of Tamuz, let them have them in lonely glory.

HE IS NOT LOST, THOUGH GONE.

BY SAMUEL I. PRIME.

It is clearly revealed that God employs the spirits whom he has made, to minister unto those whom he delights to tend with peculiar care. With the mode of angelic or spiritual intercourse, we are not acquainted. That disembodied spirits, the evil and the good, are permitted to reach our minds and exert a power on our spirits, is not to be doubted, though we may be unable to respond to that influence, and, at the moment of its communication, may be unconscious of its presence.

“Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.” And we believe, with many others, that if we were suddenly divested of this mortal, we should find ourselves in a vast amphitheatre, reaching to the throne of God, filled with spirits, the unseen witnesses with whom we are encompassed continually. There is a place where the Most High dwells in light that no man can approach, where the darkness of excessive brightness hangs over and around His throne, making *Heaven*, as Heaven is not elsewhere in the universe of God. But neither time nor place may with propriety be affirmed of spiritual existence. When Gabriel leaves his throne to execute the high behests of the Almighty, there is no intervening time or space between his departure and his presence, where his work is to be done. We use the terms that are adapted to our mode of existence, and are lost when we attempt to express the life of those whose nature is in another scale and order of beings than our own. It is, therefore, scriptural and rational to suppose that the spirits of our departed friends are around us by day and night; not away from God: his presence fills immensity; he is every where present. If an angel or the soul of a saint should take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, there to be with us or with those we love, even there the gracious presence of God would dwell, and the sanctified would find *Heaven* as blessed and glorious as in the temple of which the Lamb is the light.

We must be near to one another, to see and be seen, to hear and be heard. Our bodily organs are of necessity restricted, and hence we have the impression that spirits must be bound by the same fetters. But this is an illusion that vanishes, when we reflect that speech, and sound, and sight, are attributes belonging to spirits only to accommodate us in our conception of communication with them. *Thought* is the language of the soul. Words are needed to convey that thought through the organs of the body to another soul. If there were no intervening body, I know not that the soul has any need of words. Sympathy is doubtless felt through all the spiritual world, without those channels of intelligence that we must open and explore. There is joy among the angels when a sinner repents, or a saint expires, long before the news is whispered from throne to throne, through the palaces of the skies. The thrill is more than electric. It is instant and every where in the empire of holy mind.

If, then, there is such conscious sympathy among the spirits of the

blest, who will deny that they, whose angels do always behold the face of the Father, are also conversant with those whom they have left on earth? The dead are with us and around us, and, though gone, are not lost. Wherever, in the world of spirits, God may have fixed the habitation of his throne, it is right to believe that his essential presence is every where, and his saints are where they can be the happiest, and best perform his high and holy will

All this proceeds upon the doctrine, that the souls of infants do immediately pass into glory, when released from the prison of the flesh. This truth is too plainly taught in the Holy Scriptures, and is too firmly rooted in the human heart, to be doubted. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," was said by Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me." The royal prophet evidently recognized this truth, when he comforted himself by the assurance that he should meet his child again. To me it has always been a delightful truth, that these little ones are, in great kindness, transplanted to a more congenial clime, and spared the ills that they must meet and buffet in a world of sin. So that I have often said, "I thank God when an infant dies." But this is gratitude felt only when the children of others die.

Yet it is a blessed thought, that when one of our children dies in infancy, it sleeps in Jesus. We are sure of one in Heaven. The rest may grow up in sin, and die in sin, and be lost, but one is safe. Thanks to God, the lost is found, the dead is alive. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "They only can be said to possess a child for ever, who have lost one in infancy."

GOING ON STILL.

BY THE EDITOR.

As streams are hieing,—
 Away, and away;
As leaves are dying,—
 Decay, and decay:
As stars at break of day,
As childhood's happy play,
As youths sweet smiling May—
So pass our lives away,
 Away, and away.

As travelers weary,
 We go, we go,
Though oftentimes dreary
 With wo, with wo:
As goes the exile's sigh,
As mounts the eagle high,
So turns our pilgrim eye,
Up to the glorious sky,
 Longing for heaven.

REV. HENRY ANTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Der fromme Reformirte Mann aus Friederick Township.”

THE name of Henry Antes is very familiar to all who have pried to any extent into the less public annals of the first half of the last century. He was especially prominent in the religious movements of the day, and was widely and most favorably known among all religious denominations.

Those who have seen his name most frequently referred to as “the pious and active German Reformed Layman of Frederick Township,” may be surprised to see the title of the holy office attached to his name in our caption, and be ready to ask somewhat doubtingly, “Was Henry Antes also among the Prophets?” It is even so; and though this fact is less known, yet it is no less true, as in our history will appear, at the proper place.

The early life of Mr. Antes, as well as the time of his arrival in this country, seems to be irrecoverably buried in the oblivious past. We know little of him previous to 1736, except that he is frequently and familiarly referred to as the pious Reformed layman and farmer of Frederick Township, then Philadelphia, but since 1784, Montgomery county. As his name does not appear on the lists of emigrants which began to be entered on the Colonial Records in 1727, he no doubt emigrated previous to that time. That extensive and beautiful region of country lying back of Pottstown, including the townships of Hanover and Frederick, formerly called Falkner Swamp, is a very old German settlement. Soon after the arrival, in 1682, of “about twenty families from high and low Germany, of religious, good people, who settled about Germantown,” they were followed by others who “began to spread themselves farther back.” We are also informed that “many came over from the Palatinate, and other parts of Germany, early in the eighteenth century, between 1700 and 1720, or '30.”* Rev. George Michael Weiss, also, with a number of Reformed families, settled there, and built a log Church in the Autumn of 1727.

Being a man of deep and earnest piety, Mr. Antes took a lively interest in the religious interests of the early German emigrants; and having been endowed with good talents, which he diligently cultivated by reading and study, his intelligence and excellency of moral character gave him extensive influence among his German brethren in his day. Even as a layman his sound christian sense, his warm-hearted zeal and catholic spirit caused him to be known in other settlements than that in which he resided, and his influence was gratefully acknowledged among the German population throughout the Province, as well among the brethren of his own faith, as among well-disposed christians of other denominations.

The shepherdless condition of the Germans in the infant German settlements especially touched his heart, and called forth his warm christian sympathies in their behalf. Though as yet neither licensed nor ordained

*Day's His. Coll. of Penn., p. 482, 483.

in a regular ecclesiastical way, he felt himself constrained to make his talents useful among his brethren, by calling them together for singing and prayer, at the same time seeking to edify them by exhortations and lectures based on portions of the holy scriptures. We find that as early as 1736 he ministered in this way at stated times to the German Reformed people in Oly.

The peace-loving spirit of Mr. Antes was peculiarly distressed by the numerous sects and divisions into which the religious community was separated at that early day. He mourned over the injury which was done to the cause of Christ by the religious contention and confusion which reigned around him. He silently longed and prayed that a better spirit might be breathed into the hearts of professing christians, which should induce them to labor for the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. When in 1736 a certain John Adam Gruber, formerly of the sect of the so-called Inspired, sent out a call to "the awakened souls scattered here and there in Pennsylvania, to a new organization of union and communion in prayer," Mr. Antes heard this voice in the wilderness with joy, and seconded the project with all his heart. As early as 1739 the hope had grown up in many earnest hearts that "the pious" in the different sects might be "called out" and formed into one communion or "congregation of God in the spirit." Mr. Antes soon became one of the most prominent and devoted spirits in this movement, and gave himself without reserve to the labor of its realization.

Of this peculiar religious phenomenon we have elsewhere given a full account.* We will only here present to the reader a translation of the call, sent out in German by Mr. Antes in 1741, as it is not only an interesting historical relic, but also exhibits the spirit of the man. A copy of it may be found in the original German in the *Beding's Sammlungen*, vol. ii, pp. 722, 723.

IN THE NAME OF JESUS! AMEN.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:

Since a fearful injury is done in the church of Christ among those souls who are called to the Lamb, and this mostly through the mistrust and suspicion, and that often without foundation, which one entertains toward another, by which every attempt to do good is frustrated—and since, contrary to this, we are commanded to love one another—the question has been discussed in the minds of some persons for two or more years, whether it would not be possible to bring about a general assembly, not for the purpose of disputing with one another, but to confer in love on the important articles of faith, in order to see how near all could come together in fundamental points, and in other matters that do not overthrow the ground of salvation, to bear with one another in charity, that thus all judging and condemning among the above mentioned souls might be abated and prevented: since by such uncharitableness we expose ourselves before the world, and give it occasion to say: *Those who preach peace and conversion themselves stand against one another.* These facts have induced many brethren and God-fearing souls to take this important matter into earnest consideration, and to view it in the presence of the Lord; and they have concluded to assemble on the coming New Year's day in Germantown. Accordingly, you also are heartily entreated, with several others of your brethren who rest on good ground and can give a reason for their faith, to assemble with us if the Lord permit you so to do. Nearly all others have been informed of this by the same kind of letter as is here sent to you. It is believed that it will be a large assembly; but let not this keep you back; everything will be done without much rumor. The Lord Jesus grant His blessing to it.

From your poor and humble but sincere friend and brother,

FREDR'K TWP., in Philda. Co., Dec. 15, 1741.

HENRY ANTES.

The meeting contemplated in this call, was held in Germantown, and

*See lives of Lisehy & Bechtel.

was largely attended. It was opened by Mr. Antes, who also acted as presiding officer during the first Synod. It was followed by six Synods more of a similar character previous to June of the same year. These Synods resulted at length in the organization of "the congregation of God in the spirit." As we have elsewhere given an account of these Synods and the results growing out of them, we need not here repeat. The new communion proposed not to interfere with the confessional position of its members, but according to the Zinzendorffian theory of Tropes,* it was willing that the Reformed should remain Reformed, the Lutherans should remain Lutherans, and so of the rest, having their separate consistories or ecclesiastical assemblies with their pastors and congregations, only in subordination to this more catholic body, founded on certain essentials, and these consisting more in spirit than in doctrine. Mr. Antes stood in the Reformed Tropos of this unity, and as such received authority and license to go forth and proclaim the Gospel to such Reformed congregations and people as were willing to come under the nurturing care of this Unity.

At the meeting of the seventh of the Union Synods, "H. Antes was commissioned to prepare, in the name of the Synod, a circular to the whole country, in which all the children of God should be invited to join the congregation of God in the spirit." This is an indication of the prominent and influential place which he occupied in this union movement.

Zinzendorff, Spangenberg and Nitchman, all held Mr. Antes in the highest estimation, and frequently refer to him in terms of highest praise. January 12th, 1743, in the evening just before his departure to Europe, Zinzendorff delivered a farewell sermon on Mark 14 : 8, in Philadelphia, where many of his fellow laborers in the union scheme were present. This sermon is printed, and also the concluding prayer. In this remarkable prayer occurs this petition: "Thou faithful Heart! Bless, I beseech Thee, for the sake of thine own cause, all those souls who have in any way advanced Thy whole word. And since they are many who have done this to thy glory, whom we can lay upon thy heart as those who have faithfully espoused thy cause, but whom we cannot all name: we commit to thy wounds till thine own day, by name, our Brother Henry Antes, the household of Stephen Benezet, the Lutheran elders in Philadelphia, and our Brother Bechtel in Germantown." Spangenberg mentions him as "a venerated and excellent man."

It does not appear that Mr. Antes devoted his time exclusively to preaching; rather, he remained the "pious reformed man of Frederick township," and no doubt sustained himself from the proceeds of his farm; but he made occasional visits here and there, and was especially diligent in exercising his extensive influence in a private way upon his large circle of prominent acquaintances among the Germans in favor of the new movement. He was in a position to do much in this way, "being a man well acquainted with all the circumstances of the country, being widely and favorably known, and enjoying the confidence and love of many souls."† We find him active in this way till 1748.

*Suggested, it seems, by Philippians 1, 18—"Every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached: and I therein rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

†Spangenberg's Life of Zinzendorff. Part 5, p. 1400.

At this time the union movement had exhausted itself. Though well meant it had not the elements of permanency. The stream of history will move in the old channels, except when there is a freshet, and the floods will soon dry away. The Reformed and Lutheran Synodical organizations, the former effected in 1747, the latter in 1748, drew their respective material into their own bosoms. The Moravians also organized, drawing into it such material as inclined that way; and such religionists as had fallen in with it from the separatists and small sects were either merged into the several regular denominations, or returned to the world, or into separatistic isolations. Antes, like Bechtel, went with the Moravians; and from 1748 to 1750, took up his residence at Bethlehem, where he was made *consenior civilis*, October 27, 1748—an office which at that time pertained to the legal care of the community's property and outward temporal affairs. The office is now extinct. His faithfulness in this calling is praised.

In April 1750, the Moravians at Bethlehem introduced the wearing of the white robe or surplice by the minister at the celebration of the Eucharist. He says complainingly, "Sie haben die Mess-Kutten angezogen und das Abendmahl gehalten." The tender conscience of Mr. Antes was wounded by what appeared to him a romanizing tendency. The result was that he withdrew from them, and returned to his farm in Frederick township, where he ended his days in pious retirement.

Notwithstanding the occurrence at Bethlehem which separated him from the brethren there, he still retained a warm love toward the Moravians.

When in 1752, Bishop Spangenberg was appointed to select a tract of land in the wilds of North Carolina for a Moravian settlement, Henry Antes, with four others, accompanied him, to assist him in this responsible work.* They left Bethlehem, August 25th, 1752, and made the great journey amid many hardships, through uninhabited regions, all on horseback. This shows his continued good-will toward the Moravian brethren, and his willingness to labor in the advancement of the kingdom of Christ under their supervision, and by their zeal.

He lived yet several years after his return. In the Church Book at Bethlehem, there is this record :

"July 20th, 1755, Sabbath. Henry Antes, our dear brother in Fredericktown, who as long as he was here served the unity and economy in Bethlehem faithfully, early this morning at one o'clock departed peacefully to the Saviour. Before his end came he requested that the Brethren might bury him. This was also accordingly done on Monday 21st, after a consolatory address from Brother Spangenberg. Brother Abraham Reinike read the burial litany. Ten of our Bethlehem Brethren bore the corpse to the grave, in the burial place on his own land in Fredericktown, where yet other bodies of our Brethren repose."

On the 14th of June 1854, the season of bloom and beauty, we visited the burial place of Antes. We found it on part of the farm once owned by Mr. Antes, but is now the property of Mr. Reif, some distance from the house. The spot which once was a graveyard, but can now scarcely be recognized as such, is on the west side of a large field. The fence which once enclosed it is long since gone. The field was at the time covered with waving rye. The plowing of the field has from time to time encroached upon the sacred precincts, so that the corners have been rounded off, and it now lies like a small half moon along the

*The Moravians in North Carolina, by Rev. Levin T. Reichel, p. 22.

fence. The soapstone gravestones are all broken ; some pieces are still projecting above ground, but nearly levelled with the earth, while fragments are lying around with letters, and parts of names, upon them. The largest number of letters we could find together on any fragment were four—"Schu."

The fact is very apparent to a visitor, that if not from design, from negligence, the sacred spot is in a course of desecration, that looks toward turning it into common ground. The slivers of tombstones as they still stand in their original places, or lie in ruins around, betray that other waters than time have wrought there. For want of fence it is already in the open field, and soon the aggressive plow, which now lightly, as if half in distrust, scoops over part of it will grow bold to move in its full depth—and the reaper will bind his sheaves over the grave of Antes!

Of course, we sought in vain for the grave of the "pious German Reformed man of Frederick township." Few graves are distinguishable as graves, much less as the graves of particular persons. We had to be satisfied to know that somewhere amid that silent congregation reposes the "little precious dust," which

"Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep."

A most lonely and neglected spot is this ancient burial place ; but on that very account it is more sadly and solemnly interesting. The fence corners are filled with thorns, under which we found pieces of tombstones. A solitary barberry tree throws a feeble shadow upon the spot. The ground is covered with the many leaved yarrow, the wild parsnip, the Canadian thistle, St. John's wort, cinquefoil, spots of white clover, the solidago or golden rod, with here and there a lonely mullin, a bunch of wild cotton, and low bushes of the wild plumb. It was a bright and beautiful day when we stood on the spot. Around lay a most lovely country in all the hope and glory of June. The ear was greeted from all sides with the sound of summer—the hum of bees, the song of birds, and the voice of plowmen far and near. At a distance of about six miles south lie the Madetche mountains, and still nearer winds the Skippach through a beautiful valley. How frequently, however, while we lingered in this lonely graveyard, was our mind and heart called from the Eden-like scenes which lay around, to the lowly resting-place of the dead around. Such is our poor transient earthly life. How sad, did we not know of a more enduring inheritance, where the dead in Christ live for ever, and where all the beautiful is permanent.

About two hundred yards east of the graveyard, near the "little North east branch" of the Perkiomen, on what is now the farm of Jesse Andrews, is the spot on which stood the log church erected by Rev. George Michael Weiss and those who emigrated with him in 1727. The site of the old church is at the edge of a woods, not far from the house, where is still to be seen something of a glebe, such as betrays a venerable place. The old church stood, it is said, till about 1700, when it was taken down, and never rebuilt, the congregation having removed their place of worship to what is now called Wentz's church. The logs of the old church were used in the erection of what is now Allabach's mill, on the Skip-

pach near Mr. Reif's house, where they still form the walls of that old log building. There the farmer boy, when he rides on his wheat-bag to the mill, may still see the venerable, widely hewed timbers which, one hundred and thirty years ago, formed the holy place in which his great great grand-parents heard God's word, offered their prayers and songs of praise, and received the emblems of our Saviour's broken body and shed blood.

S P E A K G E N T L Y .

BY D. BATES.

SPEAK gently ! It is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind ;
And gently friendship's accents flow ;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child !
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild :
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart !

Speak gently, kindly to the poor ;
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word !

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
Oh, win them back again !

Speak gently ! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, " Peace, be still."

Speak gently ! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

A SPIRIT DREAM.

BY J. H. D****.

I SLEPT, and o'er my spirit came a spell,
As softly sweet as those which Angels feel,
When Eden's rivers sing their lullaby.
Methought I rested by a gurgling brook,
Whose gentle wavelets kissed the verdant bank
With lips of burnished silver; then, methought,
'The perfume laden breezes sighed amidst
The waving trees bedecked with fadeless flowers,
And o'er my head an unseen spirit sang
A lay as joyous as the notes that well
From purest lips of tuneful Seraphim.
Like this, methought, was once the home of man,
Ere sin's foul blot had stained his virgin soul,
And changed the Earth from Paradise to Hell;
Less fair than heaven it was, but far more sweet
Than all earth's raptures, since their brightest bloom
Was mildewed by the chilling blast of sin.
But, while I pondered on the earth and man,
By angel hands uplifted, I was borne
Through floods of mellow sunlight, till at last
The golden stars that in their courses roll
Seemed like a gilded toy, or like a ball
Thrown feebly by the fingers of a child.
Now soared we upward through the realms of light,
Beyond the crystal spheres, whose music sweet
Doth waft its cadence to the worlds afar,
And, 'neath my feet, a meteor fair and bright
Leapt upward in the fullness of its joy,
While infant stars attuned their sweetest notes,
And hoary comets shook their manes and smiled.
Still upward borne on pinions fleet and strong,
I saw the glory of that central sun,
Around whose throne the universe revolves,
And from whose hot embrace, the madden'd stars
Shoot past the earth, to lave their burning brows
Within the oceans of some distant sphere.
At length we passed through adamantine gates,
Along the streets whose shining walks are paved
With pearls and brighter jewels :—

Ask me not
To write what there I saw, for angel's pen,
Though steeped in angel raptures, ne'er could tell
The joys which crowned my happy Spirit Dream.
My eyes were dazzled by the shining rays,
Which shone from angel crowns, like golden darts
From amethystine quivers; music sweet
Rolled on its waves of liquid melody,
And all was brighter than the mortal eye
Can hope to see, or mind could understand.
I prostrate fell upon the golden floor,
But thunders told me in their deepest tones,

That I *alone*, of all the countless host,
 Should never praise His great and holy name.
 Still onward rolled the anthem sweet and strong,
 Still brighter shone the gem on angel brows,
 And I alone was mute; but in my heart
 A stream of praise came wildly gushing forth,
 And burned upon my lips, until the chains
 Which bound my tongue were broken.

Falling down,

I bathed my face with tears and dared to pray,
 That I might haste to some far distant world
 To serve His mandates, or His glory show.
 Then spake the thunders louder, but a voice,
 As soft as spring-tide zephyrs, hushed their sound
 And gently blessed my prayer.

Joy filled my breast,

And on my heart-strings played, as on a harp.
 I hasted back to earth,—for Heaven itself,
 Devoid of praise, were even worse than Hell—
 And, on the bosom of the earth awoke.

D E P A R T E D F R I E N D S .

WHERE are the gentle friends of youth,
 Who have lingered by our side;
 Like the frail and tender flowers
 They've faded, drooped and died.
 Where are the friends of former years,
 The early friends of yore,
 Who've soothed our sorrows, dried our tears,
 Alas they are no more.

No more we'll meet with those we loved,
 Fond ones we cherished here,
 No more with welcome hearts we'll greet
 Our absent ones so dear.
 They dwell in a far distant land—
 A better World on high,
 And with yon spotless, blessed band,
 They live no more to die.

We would not call them back again
 To this dark world of woe,
 And see them suffer grief and pain,
 With mortals here below.
 Then gather the rose and the lilly fair,
 And strew them o'er their tombs;
 And count the loved ones happy there,
 In their peaceful, hopeful homes.

Aye surely 'tis a blessed hope—
 We all again shall meet;
 In Heaven's final blissful home
 Our loved ones we will greet.
 Where parting will no more be known—
 In our lovely home on high—
 We'll worship round the Father's throne,
 And friends no more shall die.

LONGINGS AFTER THE INFINITE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“O Konnt Ich, doch den Ausgang fin len,
Ach, wie fuhlt Ich mich beklukt!”—SCHILLER.

IN this beautiful season of life and love, every thing in nature tends upward. The germ of the seed seeks the light. The sap in trees and plants ascends. The flower, on the top of the stalk, having gathered up into itself all impelling powers that have crowded up into it from beneath, bursts in bloom and beauty, looking with sweetest face still upward, and sending its emancipated fragrance toward heaven—grateful incense to the God who made it such a “thing of beauty,” such “a joy forever.” The fishes move up stream, insects leave their cold prisons for the free air, and the birds mount upward and sing as under the very dome of Heaven.

The human heart, if rightly in play, feels at this season peculiarly tender drawings upwards. The spirit widens in sympathy with opening nature, and inspired with a peculiar tenderness of gratitude and praise, joins in the general seekings after destiny by which it is surrounded. We take this opportunity of saying something about longings after the infinite. We shall find the basis and the interpretation of all aspirations, both in the kingdom of nature and of grace, in the ascension of Jesus Christ into heaven, and the consequent opening up of the higher world to human longings and hopes.

Like our Saviour's birth, death and resurrection, so also his ascension was for a long time, and in many ways foreshadowed and typified. Heathenism itself is not without its “feelings in the dark” after this glorious fact. With all its degrading and downward tendencies, it produced many earnest aspiring spirits—spirits that felt the stirrings of a higher destiny, and labored to realize the dreams of their hearts.

To whatever source we may trace these suggestions of hope—whether to dim traditions that found their way out into their gloom from revelations made to the Jews; or to the deep soundings from a higher world among the ruins of God's image in them—it is certain that they dreamed of a higher and better state to which their thoughts ascended in the way of earnest aspiration, and into which they longed—if they did not hope—to rise.

With the heathen, as with us, “down” was misery, grave, death, hell, and hopelessness—“up,” was joy, life, freedom and deliverance. Hence upward they looked, and upward they aspired. Not only did they love to worship in “high places,” and build their temples on lofty sites; but they raised their poets, philosophers and heroes to the high honors of Gods, and located them in the regions above.

Much stronger and clearer were these aspirations among the Jews—because with them a higher world was a matter of direct and positive revelation. Not only did God come down to walk with men, but angels were their friendly visitors in their tents and in their travels. In the

mystic ladder of Jacob they saw heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending. They also loved to regard their high and solemn mountain peaks as nearer heaven—yea, Sinai, Horeb, Tabor, Pisgah, were covered by the descending and bowing heavens, and their awfully glorious summits lay in the higher world—on their solemn heights were the foot-treads of the great God!

Then the rising smoke of their incense, the up-lifted hands and the up-turned eyes of their priests—all, all pointed their hearts and raised their affections unto the Lord in the heavens—to the land of peace and rest to which they hoped and longed at last to ascend.

Though the gates of Paradise had closed behind them, yet they were taught to look for one who should open the sealed treasure, and wide-unfold the gates of bliss. Already did their prophets see the glorious event accomplished in prophetic vision, exclaiming: "Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men."

Already, on great and solemn days, when the devout congregation crowded around their altars, were they taught to sing: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the king of glory shall come in!"

The same joyful anticipation inspired the words of the 47th Psalm: "O clap your hands, ye people, shout unto God with the voice of triumph. God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness; he is greatly exalted."

The ascension of our Saviour is the fulfillment of all these anticipations. He accomplished what they longed for. He broke through the limits of this narrow earthly sphere. Before him the eternal gates did lift themselves up, the everlasting doors gave way. He entered as the king of glory. He took possession of the heavens for us all.

Not only are the unconscious longings of paganism explained, and the foreshadowings of Judaism fulfilled, in the fact of His ascension; but still, the deepest longings and aspirations of christian hearts are interpreted and strengthened by it.

In many ways are our hearts and hopes taught to aspire, and allured upwards. There are no doubt dull and sordid spirits in whom a higher world has no response, as there are dull dead waters that give not back the shining heavens. In the world of beauty which lies around us, in the hope of May and the glory of June, there are things of death amidst the life and beauty—dead trees in the green forest—dry stumps in the verdant meadow—cold stones amid the springing clover—skunk-weed beside the lovely violet—and the ghostly death-boding owl takes up its dreadful bass before the last song-bird of evening has finished its cheerful lay of praise and love. In like manner there are narrow, miserly, obtuse, dull, debauched and degraded spirits, who have no aspirations—whose thoughts are on a level with the earth, and who love only what is beneath them. But there are also those whose hearts and thoughts ever rise—restless till they rest in heaven! This is man's destiny. He is made for heaven. Even in his fallen state—with God's image in ruins in him—like the fragments of a broken mirror he sends back some rays of light towards the source. But as fast and as far as this image is re

stored through Christ will he long more ardently for his high home, and his eternal rest. Then "in hours of solemn jubilee—

"Then wake
Stirrings of deep divinity within,
And, like the flickerings of a mouldering flame,
Yearnings of a hereafter. Thou it is,
When the world's din and passion's voice are still,
Calling thy wanderer home."

Man is the only being made to face heaven. The very word which signifies MAN in Greek, means "one that turns his face upwards." It is also a fact that the eye of man is not only more easily turned upwards from a horizontal position, but that a far greater angle can be taken in upwards than downward, without moving the face. This fact, to the thoughtful, is full of deep significance.

A spirit rightly attuned takes in the infinite through every sense; and through every sense is awakened to longings after the infinite. As the inner chambers of a smooth-lipped sea shell sound with the voices around it, so the spirit, in its inner holy of holies, through the senses, makes hymns of the echoes of the universe—anthems from far-off choirs, familiar voices that call it home.

Thus for instance, there are sights which no awakened spirit can look upon without feeling itself drawn into the infinite, as naturally and instinctively as a miser is attracted toward his gold, a hungry man to his food, or a thirsty man to the fountain. Such is the effect—who has not felt it—of the starry heavens moving and shining in solemn silence above us—the red fading glory of the setting sun, and still more the setting moon, especially on the sea, on the wide prairie, or in a foreign land. Such is the view of a wide land-scape, or deep valley, viewed from some lofty place—the sight of distant mountains, the wide expanse of the rolling sea, or the boundless desolations of a desert, the sight of a vast cathedral by moonlight, or any tower, column or arch. Yea, this effect is even produced by the smaller objects of beauty that rise not into the sublime—the twittering heat over the fields in summer, the rosy fields of blooming clover, the waving grain fields before harvest, and the brown woods and golden mountains in Autumn.

The same effects are produced through the ear. There are sounds in which the spirit hears the voices of distant worlds, the music of other spheres, the soundings of the infinite. Such is the cooing of the dove, the mystic notes of the cuckoo, the sighings of the willow, the sound of the mountains, the dirges of the Autumnal forest, and the deep cadences of the sea.

There are even instruments of art, the notes of which have all this mystic power over the associations and longings of the spirit—the flute the dulcimer, the æolian strings, and some departments of the organ. So also there are certain tones of the human voice, and certain harmonies produced by the true masters of the art, which find access to the most delicate tissues of the spirit—touch it in those deep recesses where it lies nearest the unseen and infinite, and causes it to tremble as under angelic touch, and vibrate with the harmonies of heaven.

"Thus, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither."

O these are the hemmed and repressed powers in us that long for an

ascension ! These are hopes and aspirations that have been born by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. These are longings which seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. In the power of these feelings, christian hearts, like the men of Galilee, stand gazing with a holy intensity of love, and longing after the ascending Christ up into heaven.

“Master—so we ever say—
Taken from the world away ;
See, thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee ;
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height—
Grant our souls may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.”

By our Saviour's ascension the mysterious aspirations of christian hearts heavenward have been intensified. He that has been lifted up draws all hearts toward himself. The members rise after the head. Toward his exalted and blest abode all hearts that live in Him are turned ; and all lips that are happy in his praise exclaim : “Whom having not seen, we love.” Drawn by the words, “Where I am ye shall be also,” they seek the things which are above, have their conversation in heaven, and look for their glorification with him in the glory which he had with the father before the world was, and which shall be revealed in all the saints.

The thought of being with him is as a new power in the soul to lift it above the love and dominion of sublunary things. The life of grace in the saint rises towards its source. It disdains what is beneath it, or on a level with it, seeing how Christ has opened the shining way upward before it. ‘You shall be with me and behold my glory’—so calls the victor Jesus, from the holy heights of joy to which he has ascended—and the spirit replies—it is enough—to be with thee is all—in thy presence is fullness of Joy—

“Forever with the Lord,
Amen ! so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word—
’Tis immortality !”

That *he* is there is all to us. “God is gone up.” He has raised the church into the “heavenly places.” In her have we *already* come unto Mount Zion, and into the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and church of the first born !

“God is gone up with a shout.” Over his enemies and ours has he triumphed. The glorious victor has returned home from the fields of the slain. He has led captivity captive—he has received gifts for men. These ever descending gifts show us the path upwards, and our hearts rest no more till they rest in heaven. Missing that, they never rest !

Now awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust. Be of good cheer, O heart, repressed by a painful sense of limitation—all your aspirations shall be satisfied ! Every longing, now repressed, shall burst forth in victory. Every imprisoned thought shall shake off its fetters, and bound forth into eternal freedom. Every fluttering endeavor of the heart after an ascension shall be successful. The earnest prophesies which our spirits ever utter on earth, shall all be gloriously fulfilled in Heaven.

THE GLORY OF THE MIND.

BY REV. DANIEL GANS.

WHATEVER estimate men, induced by the spirit of materialism and worldliness, may place upon other things ; such as wealth, physical comfort, or mere social position, it still remains true, that *mind* is, after all, the highest in value ; and that from it, under proper conditions, we derive our purest, most satisfactory and lasting pleasure. This is admitted by all. Money has its charms ; position has its attraction ; fine and comfortable surroundings are pleasant ; and none, who knows the importance of mind, would reject all these, or refuse to make a reasonable effort to secure them ; but mind is an interest which towers infinitely above them all. It is mind that radiates them—it is mind that shows their uses—it is mind that gives them their application, so as to produce sensations of real pleasure, or true happiness. Mind is the priceless diamond, occupying the centre of all our possessions, giving to them, indeed, all the beauty and real excellence which they are found to possess. It is the sun, daily rising over them, revealing their uses and extracting their fragrance.

But, mind is not satisfied with the limited possessions, comprehended in the phrase, “personal property or real estate.” It cannot be confined to the narrow legal boundaries of the man, under other views. It reaches farther ; it comprehends more ; it owns more.

The right of the mind to possessions, is neither created nor determined by the Legislature—nor can it be. It carries the right within itself, and this right is bounded, or limited, by its own innate strength or weakness. No civil engineer is authorized to drive stakes for it in any department, and say : “Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther.”

The mind as such, has a right to possess all that it can know, or master, in the way of study ; and this it does possess really and truly, without asking permission from any quarter.

A farm is bounded by civil authority, and the farmer dare not drive the plough one inch beyond the legal line ; but the mind is at liberty to roam from field to field, from mountain to mountain, from sea to sea, comprehend both continents, and step from star to star ; and looking over all, it can say : “I am monarch of all I survey—my right there is none to dispute.” The real possessions of the mind are limited only by its own powers of acquisition. The uncultivated miser may own that beautiful landscape in a legal point of view—that is, in a material way ; because he has paid his money for it ; but the man of cultivated mind owns it really ; for he only understands it—he only appreciates it truly—he only enjoys it—he only derives from it the highest and only true benefit which it is calculated and adapted to impart. The flower that blooms in vain for the uncultivated owner is to the man of science, a world of wonder, affording the most delightful employment in the way of examination, and creating at each new discovery, a thrill of the most ex-

quisite joy. That flower, if it be a rare one, is of infinitely more real value than all the landscape besides ; and in the laboratory of science, may be made to yield more, even in the way of dollars and cents, which of course is always the last and lowest strength in the calculation, than its stupid legal owner can expect from his barley and potatoes, for half a century. It is mind that guides the plough as well the pen and the pencil ; and the education that develops the strength and beauty of the mind, no less really brings out the physical resources of the country.

The mind alone is lord of this world, and the body is its servant. The uncultivated may legally own the clay and the clod ; and in the ownership, assume the obligation to keep them in proper condition as security ; but the man of mind, real cultivated mind, will enjoy the ripened and delicious fruit. Humboldt may be the servant of a king nominally ; but really is he not the king himself ? Looking upon his real worth, of which his Kosmos is a particle type, how shriveled into infinite insignificance must appear in comparison, any, even the greatest of the petty kingdoms of Germany ? Humboldt owns the world.

And what constitutes the real wealth of nations ? Is it the body ? Or is it the mind ? And certainly it consists in nothing wholly beyond and independent of these. Wealth is wealth only in relation to *man*, and as it promotes in some form or other, the interest of man, either as an individual or nation : and the nation, after all, is only the full comprehension, under an organized form, of all the individuals in it. In what then consists truly the wealth of nations ? Does it lie in just so much human body—so much combined blood, bone and muscle, capable of making just so much impression upon the material world, by which it is surrounded, without any definite plan, or comprehensive system ? Or does it consist in mind, penetrating this human mass, setting before it a proper and definite object, and devising the best means to accomplish the object. The proper answer here is surely not very difficult. One man with a proper system, can accomplish more than a dozen without such system, in every department. Where then lies the great power in the production of material wealth ? Is it not in the mind ?

Mind has felled the forest, laid open the rich mines, cultivated the plain, adapted the seed to the soil, and covered the whole earth, where it is covered, with the varied and abundant harvest. Civilization, with all its train of blessings, grows out of mind, liberated from the bondage of ignorance and superstition, by the power of education, and pervaded with the pure leaven of christianity. Mind has planned and built our cities, when once were the rude tents of the Indian, and filled them with all their comforts and conveniences. And what other agency has sent the railroad winding through every part of the country, like the veins through the human system ; thus carrying the life from the heart, and circulating it through every member, imparting vigor, animation and beauty to the whole ?

See that engine passing by your door with the rapidity of the wind, dragging after it its fifty and hundred cars, all laden with the bounteous products of the soil, enriched by mind, or the equally numerous and wonderful results of art ; and what is the motive power ? Some will answer steam. But, we say no, but mind. What is steam ? The result of a certain condition of water. How is this power applied so as to

produce the motion desired? Look at the whole complicated character of the engine. Whence came all these parts? By what agency have they been so united as to accomplish a given purpose? And now, when the iron horse marches forth in all the majesty of his mighty strength, drawing in his long train, almost half the world, with the rapidity of the light; what is it that governs its motion and stops it at pleasure? It is mind applied to it, perhaps only with the finger. Our wealth consists in *our power*, and our power lies in the mind.

If you turn your attention to the great ocean, and see it ploughed with the steamboat, against wind and tide—see it whitened with the sails of commerce—nations formerly separated by thousands of miles, now brought so near as to be able to shake hands with each other, you can only behold the mind in its wonderful practical application more extensively illustrated. The mind of Franklin, by one effort, overcame the lightning; and in the great victory obtained over the seas, the mind of our own Robert Fulton stands out, perhaps the most prominent.

The same thing is seen in the telegraph, the annihilator of space and time, and in the “thousand and one” improvements in the way of machinery, of which the present age can boast, over ages in the past. These constitute the material wealth of a nation, and all these grow out of mind, just as the plant grows out of the seed, or as the stream flows from the fountain. Mind is the great seed of the nation, from which grow both the oak, which is the emblem of majesty and strength, and the rose, which is the sign of beauty, love and pleasure.

What gave Rome the dominion she possessed in the days of the Cæsars, and afterwards? Was it not her mind? Why does England now sway such a mighty influence over all the civilized world? One mind, such as that of John Milton’s, would be enough, of itself, to raise her to the proudest position and clothe her with a glory which might well be envied by all the other nations of the earth; but, instead of this one bright genius, England has been blessed with a long succession of brilliant and gifted sons, who, receiving the divine impulse from the age, have paid it back afterwards with double interest; and the last great representative of the power of mind, Thomas Babington Macaulay, to say the least, does not sully England’s fair reputation in the republic of letters. And what would England be to day, were it not for the legacy left by her great men? Like the play of her own Hamlet, with Hamlet’s part left out.

The same is true in the case of Germany, although mind here, whilst it is deeper and more for reading, has not connected itself outwardly and practically with the great movements of the age, as in the case of England. The full power of Germany is yet to be seen and felt: and while that of England shall lower and die, if great strength and schemes can die, that of Germany, being all the more mighty because of its slow growth practically, will rise and increase. The influence that Germany shall have when her theory shall connect itself with practice; or when the life in the root shall pass up the great trunk, and out into the great branches of her rational being, is a prophecy which her present material shows to be big with promise.

And looking upon America as she now stands, the youngest daughter in the family of nations, yet vieing with the oldest in point of greatness

and power, we ask, what shall she be when the full maturity of her intellectual life shall be reached, or when her broad forehead shall be silvered over with age?

If, as a nation, we can ever keep before us the important fact that mind is the great secret of strength, the great mine of wealth, and the true fountain of prosperity; and, if then we act upon the conviction with the solemn earnestness peculiar to a genuine faith, no future can be brighter than ours. The best products of the English and German mind have become ours long since; and incorporated with our youth, we are already men in intellect, active, energetic, progressive, and in the very best condition to apply to the highest practical account all that we may yet receive. Already has our country added to the great galaxy of human genius some of its brightest stars. We mourn their early loss by the mysterious hand of Providence, but we rejoice in the rich legacy they have left us—the eminence to which they have raised us, and the intellectual impulse they have imparted to their sons. May we, as a nation never tarnish the mantle which they, rising, like Elijah, have made to pass upon us; but may each succeeding generation, enriched by the labors of the preceding, acquire increased mental wealth for their children, until America, blessed with the finest soil, the grandest scenery, and the freest government in the world, shall occupy a position equal to that of Rome even in her fabulous greatness. The glory of Greece and Rome, of England and Germany, pictured in their romance and poetry, is but a prophecy of the varied splendor of America, when the mind of America shall wake up to a consciousness of its great strength, and enter fully upon its grand mission.

Already the glorious prophecy is realizing itself in part. The horizon of intellectual vision is rising higher and higher. Flowers of poetic beauty, and fruits of scientific discovery, are beginning to vie with the stately lily of her fields, “that toils not, nor spins,” and with the golden harvest that covers her valleys. The deep prophecy has entered the masses and is beginning in earnest to lead them to the condition of its complete fulfilment. Schools of learning are rising up in every nook and corner, and from every city and hamlet crowds of the young go forth to enrich their minds, and join the noble army already in the field. We hail the coming prospect with a hearty good cheer, and pray that the day may not be distant, when every mind, made to think, to know, to enjoy, and thus to reflect the glory of God’s works, shall fully realize its high calling to be made to contribute its part to the grand result to be accomplished by the American intellect.

REMEMBRANCE.

TAKE the bright shell
From its home on the sea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.
So, take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

THE POETRY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE main principle of the Old Testament may be comprised in the sentence, "Fear God, and keep his commandments: this is the whole duty of man." The main principle of the New is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And yet, round these two simple sentences, what masses of beauty and illustration have been collected! To enforce them, what argument, what eloquence, what poetry, have been employed! Say, rather, that those truths, from their exceeding breadth, greatness, and magnetic power, have levied a tribute from multitudinous regions, and made every form of thought and composition subservient to their influence and end.

The New Testament, as well as the Old, is a poem—the Odyssey to that Iliad. And over the poetry of both, circumstances and events have exerted a modifying power. Yet it is remarkable, that in the New Testament, although events of a marvelous kind were of frequent occurrence, they are not used so frequently in a poetical way as in the Old. The highest poetry in the New Testament, is either didactic in its character, as the Sermon on the Mount, and Paul's praise of charity, or it is kindled up by visions of the future, and apparitions through the present darkness of the great white throne.

The resurrection, as connected with the doctrine of a general judgment, is the event which has most colored the poetry of the New Testament. The throne becomes a far more commanding object than even the mount that might be touched. Faint, in fact, is the reflection of this "Great Vision" upon the page of ancient prophecy: the trump is heard, as if from the distance; the triumph of life over death is anticipated seldom, and with little rapture. But no sooner do we reach the threshold of the new dispensation, than we meet voices from the interior of the sanctuary, proclaiming a judgment; the sign of the Son of Man is advanced above, the graves around are seen with the tombstones loosened and the turf broken, and "I shall arise" hovering in golden characters over each narrow house; the central figure bruises death under his feet and points with a cross to the distant horizon, where life and immortality are cleaving the clouds, and coming forth with beauty and healing on their wings. Such is the prospect in our Christian sanctuary; and hence the supernatural grandeur of the strains which swell within it. Hence the rapture of the challenge, "O death, where is thy sting?" Hence the solemnity of the assertion, "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming when they that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man." Hence the fiery splendor of the description, "The Lord himself shall descend with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God." Hence the harping symphonies and sevenfold hallelujahs of the Apocalypse, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." Here, indeed, is a source of inspiration, open only to the New Testament writers. The heathens knew not of the resurrection of the dead. But Paul and John have extracted a poetry from the darkness of the grave. In heathen belief, there was, indeed, a judgment succeeding the death of the individual; but no general assemblage, no public trial, no judgment-

seat, "high and lifted up," no flaming universe, and, above all, no God-man swaying the fiery storm, and, with the hand that had been nailed to the cross, opening the books of universal and final decision.

"Meditations among the Tombs," what a pregnant title to what a feeble book! Ah! the tombs are vaster and more numerous than Hervey dreamed. There is the churchyard among the mountains, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet lie." There is the crowded cemetery of the town, where silent thousands have laid themselves down to repose. There are the wastes and wildernesses of the world, where "armies whole have sunk," and where the dead have here their shroud of sand, and there their shroud of snow. There is the hollow of the earth, where Korah, Dathan and Abiram, and many besides, have been engulfed. There are the fields of battle, which have become scenes of burial, as well as of death. And there is the great ocean, which has wrapped its garment of green round many a fair and noble head, and which rolls its continual requiem of sublimity and sadness over the millions whom it has entombed. Thus does the earth, with all its continents and oceans, roll around the sun a splendid sepulcher!

Amid those dim catacombs, what victims have descended! The hero, who has coveted the dreadful distinction of entering hell, red from a thousand victories, is in the grave. The sage, who has dared to say that, if he had been consulted in the making of the universe he had made it better, is in the grave. The monarch, who has wept for more worlds to conquer and to reign over, is in the grave. The poet, who, towering above his kind, had seemed to demand a contest with superior intelligences, and sought to measure his pen against the red thunderbolts of Heaven, is in the grave. Where now the ambition of the first, the insane presumption of the second, the idle tears of the third, the idler laurels of the last? All gone, sunk, lost, drowned, in that ocean of Death, where no oar ever yet broke the perpetual silence!

But, alas! these graves are not full. In reason's ear—an ear ringing ever with strange and mystic sounds—there is heard a voice from the thousand tombs, saying—"Yet there is room." The churchyard among the hills has a voice, and says—"There is room under the solitary birch which waves over me." The city cemetery hath a voice, and says—"Crowded as I am, I can yet open a corner for thy dust; yet there is room." The field of battle says—"There is room. I have earth enough to cover all my slain." The wildernesses have a voice, and say—"There is room in us—room for the travelers who explore our sands or our snows—room for the caravans that carry their merchandise across our dreadful solitudes." The depth of the ocean says—"Thousands have gone down within me—nay, an entire world has become the prey of my waters, still my caverns are not crowded; yet there is room." The heart of the earth has a voice—a hollow voice—and says—"What are Korah and his company to me? I am empty; yet there is room." Do not all the graves compose thus one melancholy chorus, and say—"Yet there is room; room for thee, thou maiden, adorned with virtue and loveliness; room for thee, thou aged man; room for thee, thou saint, as surely as there was room for thy Saviour; room for thee, thou sinner, as surely as thy kindred before thee have laid themselves and their iniquities down in the dust; room for all, for all must in us at last lie down."

But is this sad cry to resound forever? No; for we are listening for a mightier voice, which is yet to pierce the cold ear of death, and drown the dull monotony of the grave. How magnificent, even were they fictitious, but how much more, as recording a fact, the words—"All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." To what voices do the dead not listen! Music can charm the serpent, but it can not awaken the dead. The voice of an orator can rouse a nation to frenzy, but let him try his eloquence on the dead, and a hollow echo will rebuke his folly. The thunder in the heavens can appall a city, but there is one spot in it where it excites no alarm, and that spot is the tomb.

"The larks shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more across them from their narrow bed."

There is but one voice which the dead will hear. It is that voice which shall utter the words—"awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

Was it a sublime spectacle, when, at the cry, "Lazarus, come forth," the dead man appeared at the mouth of the sepulcher, the hue of returning life on his cheek, forming a strange contrast to his white grave-clothes? What, then, shall be said of the coming forth of innumerable Lazaruses, of the whole congregation of the dead—the hermit rising from his solitary grotto, the soldier from his field of blood, the sailor from his sea-sepulcher, the shepherd from his mountain-grave? To see—as in the season of spring, the winged verdure climbs the mountain, clothes the plain, flushes the forest, adorns the brink and the brow of the precipice—in this second spring, a torrent of life passing over the world, and living men coming forth, where all before had been silence, desolation, and death; to see the volcano disgorging the dead which were in him, and the earthquake relaxing his jaws, and giving back the dead which were in him, and the sullen tarn restoring her lawful captives, and the ocean unrolling and revealing the victims of her "innermost main," and the Seine disclosing her suicidal prey, and the wastes and wildernesses becoming unretentive of their long concealed dead—every pore quickening into life, every grave becoming a womb. This is the spectacle of the Christian resurrection—a spectacle but once to be beheld, but to be remembered forever—a spectacle which every eye shall witness—a spectacle around which a universe shall gather with emotions of uncontrollable astonishment and of fearful joy.

The New Testament stands and shines in the luster of this expectation. So important is the place of resurrection in the system, that Jesus identifies himself with it saying—"I am the resurrection and the life." And from his empty grave floods of meaning, hope, and beauty, flow forth over the New Testament page. The Lord's day, too, forms a link connecting the rising of Christ with that of his people, and is covered with the abundance both of the first-fruits and of the full harvest.

Among the incidents in the life of Christ, there are several of an intensely poetical character. We shall mention here the Transfiguration. This singular event did not take place, as commonly supposed, on Tabor. Tabor was then the seat of a Roman military fort. It took place on a high, nameless mountain, probably in Gallilee. It was seemingly on the Sabbath day ("After six days, Jesus took Peter, James, and

John, up into a high mountain apart") that this grand exception to the tenor of Christ's earthly history was manifested. It was a rehearsal of his Ascension. His form, which had been bent under a load of sorrow (a bend more glorious than the bend of the rainbow,) now erected itself, like the palm-tree from pressure, and he became like unto a "pillar in the temple of his God." His brow expanded; its wrinkles of care fled, and the sweat-drops of his climbing toil were transmuted into sparks of glory. His eye flashed forth, like the sun from behind a cloud—nay, his whole frame became transparent, as it were one eye. The light which had long lain in it concealed was now unveiled in full effulgence: "His face did shine as the sun." His very raiment was caught in a shower of radiance, and became white as no fuller on earth could whiten it; and who shall describe the luster of his streaming hair, or the eloquent silence of that smile which sate, like the love of God, upon his lips?

"What hill is like to Tabor hill, in beauty and in fame,
For there, in sad days of his flesh, o'er Christ a glory came,
And light o'erflowed him like a sea, and raised his shining brow,
And the voice came forth, which bade all worlds the son of God avow?"

This radiance passed away. The glory of the transfigured Jesus faded as the red cloud fades in the west, when the sun has set. (And how could the disciples bear the change? And yet, as Christ, in his coronation robes, had seemed, perhaps, distant and strange to them, did not his returning self appear dearer, if less splendid, than his glorified humanity?) But the glory did not pass without leaving a mild reflex upon the page of Scripture. "We were with him in the holy mount," says Peter; and was not the transfigured Christ in his eyes when he speaks immediately after of "The *day-star* arising in our hearts?" And John's picture of Christ in the Apocalypse, is a colossal copy of the figure he had seen on the holy mount, vibrating between dust and Deity, at once warm as humanity, and glorious as God.

As producing or controlling the poetry of the New Testament, next to the resurrection, stands the *incarnation*. "Will God in very deed dwell with men upon the earth?" Will God, above all, dwell in a form of human flesh, and so dwell, that we must say of it, "God is here," nay, "this is God?" Is there found a point where the finite and the infinite meet, mingle without confusion, marry without compulsion, and is this point the Man of Galilee? In fact, the incarnation and poetry bear a resemblance. Poetry is truth dwelling in beauty. The incarnation is the Word "made" holy and beauteous "flesh." Poetry is the everlasting descent of the Jupiter of the True into the arms of the Danae of the beautiful, in a shower of Gold. The incarnation is God the Spirit, descending on Jesus the perfect man, like a dove, and abiding upon and within him. The difference is, that while the truth of Jesus is entirely moral, that of poetry is more varied; and that while the one incarnation is personal and real, the other is hypothetical and ideal. Man and God have rhymed together; and the glorious couplet is, "the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh."

From this fact have sprung the matchless antitheses and climaxes of Paul's prose poetry, Peter's fervid meditations on the glory of Christ,

and John's pantings of love toward the "Man God," on whose bosom he had leaned, and whose breath had made him forever warm.

But without dwelling on other circumstances modifying New Testament poetry, we pass to speak, in the next chapter, of the Poetry of the Gospels, and of that transcendent poet who died on Calvary.

GRANDPAPA AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

WRITTEN FOR A FAMILY MEETING.

We are coming! we are coming!
 What a merry host! ha, ha!
 Laughing, shouting, singing, drumming,
 We are coming, Grandpapa!

Here are Henrys, by the dozen;
 Here are Marys, half-a-score!
 Brother, sister, aunt and cousin,
 We are coming—many more!

We are coming! Willies, Lucys,
 Anns and Lizzies, two and two;
 Frank and Robert, little *gooses*,
 We can find no mate for you.

We are coming! Edwards, Johnnys,
 Harriet, Richard, George, Louise;
 Lads and lasses, little cronies,
 All are coming—what a squeeze!

We are coming! Don't you hear us?
 What a glorious noise we make!
 Grandmamma, you well may fear us
 With your lemonade and cake.

We are coming! O believe us,
 Happy, joyful, *glad*, hurrah!
 In your open arms receive us,
 With your *blessing*, Grandpapa!

THE following little ballad has been much admired for its simple beauty. It is a translation from the Slavonian language:

THE DEAD LOVE.

"WHITE art thou, my maiden,
 Canst not whiter be!
 Warm thy love is, maiden,
 Warmer cannot be!

"But when dead, my maiden,
 White was she still more;
 And, poor lad, I love her
 Warmer than before."

WASHINGTON'S RESPECT FOR MINISTERS.

At every period of his life, was the conduct of Washington marked by a special respect for the office and person of the ministers of religion. He honoured the calling, as one of express divine appointment, and him who filled it, as the living representative of the Divine Author of Christianity. This was the combined result of his good sense and pious affections. He well knew that religion could not long be maintained in any community, where its ministers were lightly esteemed. He also knew and felt that no higher offense could be offered the Almighty, than to contemn and refuse his duly accredited ambassadors. He was incapable of that injustice and pusillanimity, which can insult a clergyman, because he is known to be comparatively defenceless—as of that narrow-minded and illiberal jealousy which looks with suspicion upon the ministers of Christ for no other assignable reason, than the errors or vices which may have distinguished some of their order, in the lapse of ages. He was well able to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty; and his sense of justice, as well as benevolence of feeling, prompted him to a scrupulous regard for so manifest a duty.

Through every stage of his illustrious career the marks of this wise and becoming course may be distinctly traced.

While embarked in the French and Indian War, as Commander of the Virginia forces, he earnestly sought of Governor Dinwiddie the supply of a chaplain to his regiment. His language was:

“The want of a chaplain, I humbly conceive reflects dishonor on the regiment, as all other officers are allowed. The gentlemen of the corps are sensible of this, and proposed to support one at their private expense. But I think it would have a more *graceful appearance* were he appointed as others are.”

To this the Governor replied:

“I have recommended to the commissary to get a chaplain, but he cannot prevail upon any person to accept it; I shall again press it to him.”

In answer to which Washington wrote:

“As to a chaplain, if the government will grant a subsistence, we can readily get a person of merit to accept the place, without giving the commissary any trouble on that point.”

With the letter, of which this was a part, the Governor seems not to have been well pleased. In his reply, among other things, indicating displeasure, he says:

“In regard to a chaplain, you should know, that his qualification and the bishop's letter of license, should be produced to the commissary and myself: but this person is also nameless.”

Washington answered:

“When I spoke of a chaplain, it was in answer to yours. I had no person in view, though many have offered; and I only said, if the country would provide subsistence, we could procure a chaplain, without thinking there was offence in the expression.”*

* Governor Dinwiddie, though compelled by public opinion, to place Washington in honorable station, was never his cordial friend.

Notwithstanding the importunity of Washington, no chaplain was provided, at least by the government. His solicitude on the subject continuing, he wrote to the President of the Council, about two years after the above correspondence with the governor, in words already quoted under another head.

"The last Assembly, in their Supply Bill, provided for a chaplain to our regiment. On this subject I had often, without any success, applied to Governor Dinwiddie. I now flatter myself that your Honor will be pleased to appoint a sober, serious man for this duty," &c.

Having seen the nature of his feelings, in regard to the Christian ministry, as evinced in his earlier days, we pass to similar indications as attending his subsequent life.

It has before appeared, that after his marriage, he was a constant attendant on divine worship; and that the most friendly intercourse subsisted between himself and the minister of the parish—the latter being often a guest at Mount Vernon. The annexed portions of a letter from his pen, are inserted more as serving to fill up a chasm in our record, than for any thing very decisive. The letter is addressed to the Rev. Dr. Cooper, President of King's College, New-York; its date, Mount Vernon, December 15, 1773:

"The favorable account which you were pleased to transmit to me of Mr. Custis's conduct at college, gave me very great satisfaction. I hoped to have felt an increase of it by his continuance at that place, under a gentleman so capable of instructing him in every branch of useful knowledge.

* * * * *

"I am very sorry it was not in my power to see you while in these parts. I thank you very sincerely, sir, for your polite regard to Mr. Custis, during his abode at college, and through you, beg leave to offer my acknowledgments in like manner to the professors. With very great esteem and regard, reverend sir, I am," &c.

In his instructions to Colonel Arnold, in September, 1775, when that officer was about to march against Quebec, he thus expresses himself:

"As the contempt of the religion of a country, by ridiculing any of its ceremonies, or affronting its *ministers* or votaries, has ever been deeply resented, you are to be particularly careful to restrain every officer and soldier from such imprudence and folly, and to punish every instance of it. On the other hand, as far as lies in your power, you are to protect and support the free exercise of the religion of the country, and the undisturbed enjoyment of the rights of conscience in religious matters, with your utmost influence and authority."

As showing the *principle* on which the above admonition was given—that it was not one of mere worldly policy, a private communication to the same officer, on the same subject, and of the same date, is here given:

"I also give it in charge to you to avoid all disrespect of the religion of the country, and its ceremonies. Prudence, policy, and a true Christian spirit, will lead us to look with compassion upon their errors without insulting them. While we are contending for our own liberty we should be very cautious not to violate the rights of conscience in others, ever considering that God alone is the judge of the hearts of men, and to Him only in this case, they are answerable."

The following letter will add yet other evidences of the kind and

respectful feelings which he ever cherished towards worthy ministers of Christ. The communication is addressed to the President of Congress, and dated September 30, 1775 :

"The Rev. Mr. Kirkland,* the bearer of this, having been introduced to the honorable Congress, can need no particular recommendation from me. But as he now wishes to have the affairs of his mission and public employ put upon some suitable footing, I cannot but intimate my sense of the importance of his station, and the great advantages which may result to the United Colonies, from his situation being made respectable.

"All accounts agree, that much of the favorable disposition shown by the Indians, may be ascribed to his labor and influence. He has accompanied a chief of the Oneidas to this camp, which I have endeavored to make agreeable to him, both by civility and some small presents. Mr. Kirkland also being in some necessity for money, to bear his traveling charges and other expenses, I have supplied him with thirty-two pounds lawful money."

In writing to Governor Trumbull about this time, he says :

"Having heard that it is doubtful whether the Reverend Mr. Leonard, from your colony, will have it in his power to continue here as chaplain, I cannot but express some concern, as, I think, his departure will be a loss. His general conduct has been exemplary and praiseworthy; in discharging the duties of his office, active and industrious. He has discovered himself to be a warm and steady friend to his country, and taken great pains to animate the soldiers, and impress them with a knowledge of the important rights we are contending for. Upon the late desertion of the troops, he gave a sensible and judicious discourse, holding forth the necessity of courage and bravery, and at the same time of obedience and subordination to those in command.

"In justice to the merits of this gentleman, I thought it only right to give you this testimonial of my opinion of him, and to mention him to you as a person worthy of your esteem and that of the public."

In a letter to the President of Congress written about the same time, he says :

"I have long had it on my mind to mention to Congress, that frequent applications have been made to me respecting the chaplain's pay, which is too small to encourage men of abilities. Some of them, who have left their flocks, are obliged to pay the parson acting for them more than they receive. I need not point out the great utility of gentlemen, whose lives and conversation are unexceptionable, being employed for that service in this army. There are two ways of making it worth the attention of such; one is, an advancement of their pay; the other, that one chaplain be appointed to two regiments. This last, I think, may be done without inconvenience. I beg leave to recommend this matter to Congress, whose sentiments hereon I shall impatiently expect."

From the Orderly Book, July 9th, 1776. "The honorable Continental Congress having been pleased to allow a chaplain to each regiment, with the pay of thirty-three dollars and one-third per month, the colonels or commanding officers of each regiment are directed to procure

*The Rev. Samuel Kirkland was missionary to the Oneida Indians, among whom he resided many years.

chaplains accordingly, persons of good characters and exemplary lives, and to see that all inferior officers and soldiers pay them a suitable respect. The blessing and protection of Heaven are at all times necessary, but especially so in times of public distress and danger. The General hopes and trusts, that every officer and man will endeavor so to live and act as becomes a *Christian soldier*, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

To the President of Congress—Trenton, Dec. 6th, 1776.

"By a letter of the 14th ultimo from a Mr. Caldwell, a clergyman, and a staunch friend to the cause, who has fled from Elizabethtown and taken refuge in the mountains, about ten miles from hence, I am informed, that General or Lord Howe was expected in that town, to publish pardon and peace. His words, 'I have not seen his proclamation, but can only say he gives sixty days of grace, and pardons from the Congress down to the committee. No one man in the continent is to be denied his mercy.' In the language of this good man, 'The Lord deliver us from his mercy!'"

From Valley Forge he wrote to the Rev. Israel Evans, as follows :

"VALLEY FORGE, 13th March, 1778.

"Reverend Sir :

"Your favor of the 17th ultimo, enclosing the Discourse which you delivered to General Poor's brigade on the 18th of December, the day set apart for a general thanksgiving, never came to my hands till yesterday. I have read this performance with equal attention and pleasure ; and at the same time that I admire and feel the force of the reasoning, which you have displayed through the whole, it is more especially incumbent upon me to thank you for the honorable but partial mention you have made of my character ; and to assure you that it will ever be the first wish of my heart to aid your pious endeavors to inculcate a due sense of the dependence we ought to place in that all-wise and powerful Being, on whom alone our success depends ; and moreover to assure you, that, with respect and regard, I am, reverend sir," &c. &c.

About this time, the late Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, then chaplain to General Parson's brigade, wrote to General Washington in the following language :

"The application which is the subject of this letter, is, I believe not common in these American regions, yet it will not I hope on that account be deemed impertinence or presumption. For several years I have been employed in writing a poem on the Conquest of Canaan by Joshua. This poem, upon the first knowledge of your Excellency's character, I determined, with leave, to inscribe to you. If it will not be too great a favor, it will certainly be remembered with gratitude." In answer, Gen. Washington wrote, with the usual address :

"I yesterday received your favor of the 8th instant, accompanied by so warm a recommendation from General Parsons, that I cannot but form favorable presages of the merit of the work you propose to honor me with the dedication of. Nothing can give me more pleasure, than to patronize the essays of genius, and a laudable cultivation of the arts and sciences, which had begun to flourish in so eminent a degree, before the hand of oppression was stretched over our devoted country ; and I shall

esteem myself happy, if a poem, which has employed the labor of years, will derive any advantage, or bear more weight in the world, by making its appearance under a dedication to me. I am," &c.

In the year 1779 Gen. Washington addressed the following respectful letter to "The Ministers, Elders, and Deacons of the Dutch Reformed Church at Raritan.

"Gentlemen :

CAMP, MIDDLEBROOK, 2 June, 1779.

"To meet the approbation of good men cannot but be agreeable. Your affectionate expressions make it still more so. In quartering an army, and in supplying its wants, distress and inconvenience will often occur to the citizen. I feel myself happy in a consciousness that these have been strictly limited by necessity, and in your opinion of my attention to the rights of my fellow-citizens. I thank you, gentlemen, sincerely, for the sense you entertain of the conduct of the army, and for the interest you take in my welfare. I trust the goodness of the cause and the exertions of the people, under Divine protection, will give us that honorable peace for which we are contending. Suffer me, gentlemen, to wish the Reformed Church at Raritan, a long continuance of its present minister and consistory, and all the blessings which flow from piety and religion. I am," &c.

In August of 1789, Dr. Griffith, minister of Fairfax Parish, Alexandria, but then Bishop elect of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, died in Philadelphia. On the occasion, Dr. William Smith preached a funeral sermon, in which the following words occur :

"In the service of his country, during our late contest for Liberty and Independence, he was near and dear to our illustrious Commander-in-chief—he was also his neighbor, and *honored and cherished by him as a pastor and friend.*"

During his Presidency, Washington, as we have seen, attended public worship at Christ Church, Philadelphia. Of that Church, Dr. White was then the Rector ; as he was also Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania. This aged and venerable man, often recurs with grateful remembrance to the kindly intercourse which subsisted between himself and his illustrious parishioner. He was a frequent and honored guest at the mansion of the President—always sharing his marked attentions, with those of Mrs. Washington.

L I N E S .

As distant lands beyond the sea,
 When friends go thence, draw nigh,
 So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
 Draws nearer from the sky.
 And as those lands the dearer grow,
 When friends are long away,
 So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
 Grows dearer day by day.
 Heaven is not far from those who see
 With the pure spirit's sight,
 But near, and in the very hearts
 Of those who see aright.

THE ORIGINAL OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

WE have been much interested in the perusal of an allegory published in London more than two hundred years ago, called "The Isle of Man, or the Legal Proceedings in Manshire against Sin, wherein by way of a continual allegory, the chief malefactors disturbing both Church and Commonwealth, are detected and attached, with their arraignment and judicial trial, according to the laws of England; the spiritual use thereof, with an apology for the manner of handling most necessary to be first read, for direction in the right use of the allegory. By the Rev. Richard Bernard."

The edition before us is printed in Bristol, England, in 1803, and the editor states in a note to the reader, that the work is prized "as well on account of the ingenuity of the performance, as the probability of its having suggested to Mr. John Bunyan the first idea of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, and of his *Holy War*, which was intimated on a leaf facing the title page, by the late Rev. Mr. Toplady.

The editor says, that Bunyan had seen the book may be inferred from its very extensive circulation; for in one year only after its first publication, it ran through seven editions. He then proceeds to the internal evidence and points out a supposed similarity between the characters in the two works, as between Wilful Will of the one, and Will-be-Will of the other; Mr. Wordly Wiseman of Bunyan, and Sir Wordly Wise of Bernard; "Soul's Town" of Bernard, and Bunyan's "Town of Mans Soul," &c.

That the book has no very high order of genius to commend it, is evident from the fact that it has passed into comparative obscurity. The world does not suffer the works of true prophets to die. Still there is enough in it to render it worthy of being held in remembrance; and antedating Bunyan as it does, passing through seven editions immediately after its first publication, presenting some striking analogies with the great master of allegory, and sinking into obscurity before the brighter and more enduring light of the genius of the Bedford tinker, the work deserves to be revived at least as a curiosity, and the author duly honored for his attempt to present religious truth in striking and impressive form in the day when such attempts were rare. The book is not in all respects suited to our modern tastes, and without the revision of some of the names and epithets, it would not be desirable to print it. But it is a curious and interesting little work notwithstanding, and we are quite obliged to the friend to whose kindness we are indebted for its perusal.

LITTLE GRAVES.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light have fled;
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie—
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, IN GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE AND ENGLAND. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigne. Translated by David Dundas Scott, Esq., Author of "The Suppression of the Reformation in France." With numerous notes from the Netherlands Edition of J. J. Le Roy. Splendidly Illustrated with original Portraits and Historical Scenes. Lancaster, Pa: W. & W. H. Freeman, No. 40 East King street.

This is a beautiful edition of this well known work published in Numbers at 25 cents per number. We have received the first six numbers. On examination we find that it is an entirely new translation of this great work, and has evidently been made independently of the English translation heretofore published. We are informed in the Publishers preface that "the present translation has been revised and approved by D'Aubigne himself." This translation has evidently been made with care; it flows smoothly, and is dignified and classic in its style. The vast superiority of this edition of Freeman, is in its fine mechanical getting up, in its extensive notes from the pen of an eminent divine of Holland, and in its beautiful illustrations. The first number contains fine portraits of Luther, Melancthon, Pomeraneus and Omeigor, translating the Bible—Luther finding the Latin Bible in the University Library at Erfurt—and also a splendid portrait of Charles V., Emperor of Germany. The second number contains a fine portrait of Melancthon—the third one of Philip the Magnanimous Margrave of Hesse—the fourth gives us John Bugenhagen, otherwise called Pomeraneus—the Fifth gives us Luther in better ecclesiastical style than we have ever seen him appear before—the sixth presents the scene of Luther burning the Pope's Bull at Wittemberg. December 10th, 1720. All these illustrations are done in the highest style of the art. Luther and Pomeraneus by Sartain are master-pieces. As a whole, this edition is by far the finest ever published, and the only one that does mechanical justice to this great and popular history. While the cheap editions have done a good service in giving the work general circulation, this edition will answer the demands of the highest taste, and as such will be widely sought. The work can be obtained by mail. Address, W. & W. H. Freeman, Lancaster, Pa.

THE POWER OF RELIGION ON THE MIND, IN RETIREMENT, AFFLICTION, AND AT THE APPROACH OF DEATH. By Lindley Murray, Author of an English Grammar. pp. 378.

This book handed to us by the firm of Sprenger & Westhaeffer of this city, shows the author to have been a pious, as well as a learned man. Though originally an American, he died in England, but left a legacy, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to printing and spreading religious books in this the land of his birth. This book is published under these auspices, and well deserves such honor. With the book we take occasion to recommend to our readers the large book store of SPRENGER & WESTHAEFFER in Lancaster. This enterprising firm by their large and well selected stock of books in all departments, deserves the patronage of our friends who may visit our city.

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THE RETALIATIONS OF SIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

NATURE ever illustrates grace. Our Saviour continually made the natural world, and objects and laws in it, parables of the supernatural or spiritual, illustrating the higher by the lower. We find, on close reflection, that natural laws furnish striking illustrations of moral laws. This is seen particularly in what may be called the retaliation of the moral law upon its transgressors. The effects of all physical acts always react and rebound. The air has its laws of reaction. Light reflects. Water returns to its level. So in spiritual laws. A good act returns in a blessing. An evil act returns in a curse. Sin recoils upon the sinner in the penalty and the sorrow.

The scriptures are full of the declarations of this solemn truth. Whatsoever a man sows that shall he reap. They that sin shall eat the fruit of their own doings—they shall be beset with their own ways—they shall be filled with their own devices. Their swords shall enter into their own hearts! The judgment and the penalty will recoil upon him from whom the sin goes out.

This law of the reaction of sin is certain, and has no exceptions. Time may intervene between the sin and its returning sorrow. The sin may be committed to-day, the penalty may come to-morrow, in a year, or in years to come. The sin may be the sin of youth, the sorrow may be the sorrow of manhood, or of old age. But time will bring back its fruits without fail into the bosom of its author. Space may intervene. The sin may be committed in one land, the penalty and wo may come upon the sinner in another. Mountains, seas, and the boundaries of nations, do not arrest the avenger, who follows his victim and will punish him. No distance can break the fixed continuity, or remove the author of the sinful act from the punishment which follows him, steady to his purpose,

“Nor misses once his aim.”

Circumstances may intervene. The sinner, poor when he sins, may become rich; or ignorant when he sins, he may become learned; or in ad-

versity when he sins, he may become prosperous; or weak when he sins, he may become powerful; yet will the penalty find him. The law is fixed, and the execution of the penalty is sure.

Though the one who sins may not be conscious of it, yet part of the penalty of sin comes back upon him immediately with the committal of the act. As every physical act—every stroke made by the mechanic's arm, exercises that arm, makes it firmer, steadier, more expert, so every act of sin reacts upon the source whence it proceeds—makes it easier for the spirit to re-commit the same sin, and fixes and confirms the habit of sinning. It gives the spirit an injury deeper than that which it possessed before. Moreover, because the one who sins is in soul and body one being, the reaction affects injuriously soul and body. Both are wounded by the return stroke. Both, by the reaction of sin, have been pushed farther back from God, are more enfeebled, and have less hope of recovery and restoration to that position for which they are designed, and which is their true and proper place and home.

Did the avengings of sin go no farther, this would be penalty enough to satisfy any one with the fearful reward of sorrow. It goes, however, farther. Sin returns its fruits of sorrow upon him who sins, in the retaliations of conscience. Conscience is the voice of judgment and condemnation in man—the sure prophesy of a still deeper damnation to come, and the herald of it—a tormentor before the time. The reproofs of conscience are the returning echoes of sin—in its reproaching voice are the first fruits of the penalty. Conscience bears the warrant of its execution, and evermore reads it to the transgressor.

If the woes of a sinful being were summed up, it would be found that the greater portion of them by far is made up of the bitter reproaches of conscience. It is this that sounds the fearful forebodings of something worse to come, eternally, into his ears. It is this that makes his life lie through a region peopled with secret tormentors, reproaching him from all sides, and making him fearful and uneasy at every step he takes. The constant cloud of gloom which hangs over his heart may be unseen by others, yet he evermore moves in silent woe through it. All his deepest, most earnest, personal reflections are embittered by it. His silent and lonely hours are without rest or peace to him. He may indeed flatter himself that his is a happy life—and that around him and before him lies a bright world, but it is an illusion. He supposes this because he knows of nothing better. He whose eyes have been always dim and beclouded, may regard the world which *he* sees as the world which *others* see; but only they, and not he, know the difference. He knows no solid peace. He is never free from his uneasy conscience. He ever writhes under his self-reproaches. He may even become so used to these soundings of woe, that the distinct keenness of the sorrow is unfelt, even as the everlasting roar of Niagara, which stuns the visiter, is scarcely heard by those who dwell around it, yet he is still a poor worn and weary culprit, only the more so because his bitterness has become a second nature to him.

Men may lay aside God's word, set aside God's laws, and shut their ears to the divine testimony concerning the bitter fruits of sin; but they cannot silence the ever-sounding sentence of damnation uttered by the inward monitor, conscience. They may disown the judge that speaks

from without, and from above, but can neither hush nor bribe the judge within. Like the ominous prophet that walked the streets of Jerusalem in the silent night, as Gods voice to the wicked, his cries ring through the lonely chambers of the spirit—wo! wo! wo! Conscience may indeed be blunted, scared, and unnerved, yet this will not be till the line is passed from beyond which the reprobate leaves all hope behind. Then is the wo only greater! The silence and quiet which then ensues is like that in nature which is the sure prelude of the coming fearful storm.

Closely allied to the return of sin in the penalty as connected with the retaliations of conscience, are its bitter fruits as gathered, preserved, and poured back in treasures of bitterness by memory. Memory, like conscience, restores the sorrow of sin to the sinner. It is a fearful faculty! How is a pious life blest by the memories of the past—how is a sinful life cursed by the remembrances of sin! It is said, by metaphysicians that memory retains every impression ever fairly made upon it, and will restore it in proper circumstances. Sure it is, that much of the silent wo of a sinner's life consists of bitter memories. Sure it is also, that the remembrances of past sins are always more quick and powerful in a sinner's experience at precisely those times when he would rather be without them—in adversity, in sickness or affliction, in old age, and in the hour and article of death. When he would fain forget them, behold they crowd in upon his spirit, like wild furies, and shake their fearful darts. When he needs more friendly visitors to cheer him in the trial and gloom, behold with threatening, reproaching, angry faces, they range themselves around him. In such an hour, if there is any prayer that he would prefer to have answered more than another, it is that he might be enabled to forget!

All this, however, is but the beginning of sorrows. This is only the going before of men's sins to judgment; there are others which follow after. The warnings of conscience will be fulfilled in the sentence of the final judgment, when the penalty so solemnly foretold will fully come. Memory, too, as it will bear its powers, so will it bear its treasures, into a future life. The stream of a sinful life, as it flows on to the end of its earthly history, so will it hold on in the same direction in eternity. The misery of sin here is a sure prophesy of its misery hereafter. As it strikes back here so will it there, only with a heavier—with an eternal stroke. As in the case of the good, glory is only grace continued and fulfilled; so in the case of the sinful damnation, is only sin continued and completed in its penalty and its eternal sorrow!

Such are the retaliations of sin. This fearful fact is not considered as its solemnity requires. The truth we have sought to illustrate is seldom learned by precept, but alas! how often by experience! What a pity that all persons—especially the young, whose life is yet before them—do not hear the voice of warning which speaks to them with such solemn and affectionate earnestness. Why not be wise; and thus avoid the sin as the only way to escape the sorrow.

DEPARTURE OF THE PIOUS AGED.

He set, as sets the morning star,
Melting away into the light of heaven.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

So we descend ; and winding round a rock,
Attain a point that shows the valley—stretched
In length before us ; and, not distant far,
Upon a rising ground a grey church tower,
Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees.

The floor
Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
Was occupied by oaken benches, ranged
In seemly rows ; the chancel only showed
Some inoffensive marks of earthly state
And vain distinction.—WORDSWORTH.

No spot on earth is like the home of our childhood. No scenes have a charm so undying. None so hard to forget. We may forget many other endearments to which we once clung with fondness ; but has ever fame or power, prosperity or adversity, joy or sorrow, exile or roving, been able to banish from the memory of the uncorrupted the scenes of his early life. Though all the earth beside become a desert, barren, tasteless and cold, yet will this one spot remain an oasis of green things for the dejected traveller. Another spot may have as mild a sky above it, the stars may look as sweetly down upon it, the sun may rise as fair and set as gloriously over it, the evening breeze may hum past it with as sweet a vesper, a stream may glide as softly by it, the flowers may unfold as early, bloom as proudly, and fade as solemnly, yet only around one spot hangs the charm which gives to all these their deepest meaning—it is our childhood's home. There are our youthful sports recorded in every changeless scene. Every object has some tale to tell of earlier and happier years ; and forms, as by magic touch, are called up on every side, presenting their claims to old acquaintanceship. Though our thoughts and feelings may have been changed by the fortunes of an eventful life, yet will they still harmonize with the music of life's first song, and joy anew in the returning raptures of childhood.

Though there are many recollections of this kind which often almost make us wish to be a child again, yet there is one spot among these pleasant spots, one scene amid these sacred scenes, on which memory rests with peculiar vividness and delight. It is the old Country Church. This is a hallowed spot in the past. Ah, well we remember, how it stood ill-concealed amid a clump of trees,

Where forests, sloped—from the silver flood
To the sunlight lift their tall greenwood :
And beetling cliffs, and mountains high,
Their dark brows rear to the arching sky.

It was literally a sunny spot, for the mountains on either side turned the rude rough storms high over it. Just back of the church a small brook murmured by, joyfully in springtime and dolefully in Autumn ; yet either in its cheer or its sadness, it was in harmony with the place,

for just on the farther side of it slept the silent dead, mournfully but in hope—its music in either case was welcome to the mourner who wept tears both of joy and of sorrow on its bank.

A graveyard is a spot of solemn interest wherever it is found ; but it is peculiarly so by the side of a country church. No tread of busy feet, no sickening monotony of city life, ever disturbs this quiet city of the dead. Hear the earnest may meditate undisturbed ; and whoever will may find aid in his endeavors to number his days, and impress himself with a just sense of life's vanities. Here the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the great and small, rest together in the common embrace of death.

There is not a tomb which we love more to visit than that of the snowy headed grandfather, who was long looked upon as the patriarch of the valley. Indeed he was the father of the old church itself—it was built principally through his zeal and liberality, and well he loved it. His seat was seldom empty on Sabbath. Scarcely would it have seemed more odd if the minister himself had not been in his place. In his week-day life every boy of the valley recollected him well—how he used to walk around the meadows and fields with cane in hand, now pulling up a useless weed, and by whiles laying up a rail that had fallen from the fence, regulating a stake, or casting a loose stone out of the road. Memory sees him, too, quite naturally in the familiar room where the clock stood, leaning over his often read Bible—for he searched the scriptures, and, as he used to say, found something new in it at every reading.

Beyond the graveyard was a spot, half commons and half woods ; and well we remember the tinkling sound of the bells among the shade trees there on a sultry summer noon as we rode past on the way to the mill. Birds, too, were there, but sparse in their songs, as if the place bespoke reverence. On week-days perchance you might hear some bird dolefully drumming on the roof of the old church. The owl, too, that boding bird of night, with his ghostly hooting amid those shades, would often make the timid mill-boy ride faster as he made his way homeward in the twilight of evening. On Sabbath really, or we imagined it, all around the place seemed held in a kind of religious awe—silence reigned, except when at intervals the twitter of a swallow, or the quick tap-tap of a sap-bird, was heard.

It was pleasant on a summer Sabbath morning, when the sunbeams yet fall aslant through the branches of the big-trees, to see crowds emerge on all sides from the woods and by-paths. The lanes that led to the home of the wealthy farmer as well as the humbler winding foot-path that led on to the cottage of the poor and lowly, all sent forth their groups of tidy men, women and children—and all seemed to say, if they did not express it :

.. How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In Zion let us all appear.
And keep the solemn day.

The spring, too, which belonged to this Country Church, we shall never forget. It gurgled from beneath a rock, and was overhung by a tall, wide spreading oak-tree, whose friendly limbs formed

A bower beneath, through whose branches gleams
The mellowed light in its fitful beams.

Cool, clear and healthy, it oozed out of its secret source and rolled on

over its pebbly bed. There was the music of contentment, peace and joy in its gentle flow, or father down in its rippling laugh, when like the dance of the fairies, it descended over little cascades, making its way down the glen, under the bright sun, in evening's twilight, or beneath the light of the joyous moon. It is an image of early life, an emblem of innocence and purity. The boy when weary of his little frolics, sits down under some shady tree and drinks joy from nature, or from the fresh flow of his own innocent heart, but when his innocence is gone, he wanders as by a muddied stream, where nothing cheers or invites. Often when our mind seeks through the backward path for some emblem of innocence, joy and love, we are led to that well remembered spring close by the country church. Like Siloa's brook it flowed "fast by the holy oracle;" and still fresh as our last thoughts, are all its murmurs, as memory echoes them through the lapse of years back upon the heart. We still see the crowd of familiar faces ranged around it, while the kind, officious boy, takes special pride in dipping first for one and then for another the cooling drink. We see one after the other arrive, greeting his neighbor with a grasp of the hand, drinking and passing off to the church or to some friendly shade.

Meanwhile the hour for service arrives. The whisper is soon circulated from group to group: "The minister comes!" In a moment all swarm toward the church. The spring, the shade trees, and the graveyard, whither some lately bereaved had gone to unburden themselves of a sigh or a tear—all are forsaken; and now out of that rural sanctuary ascends the voice of psalm and prayer, as earnestly and sincerely as beneath Gothic arches—and as well heard in heaven! "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect to the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Even now that we worship no more in that country church, its scenes still come up before us in "memory's mellowing glass." To it our heart returns as the exiles thoughts travel to his home. Nor would we exchange the sacredly pleasant remembrances of that spot with its scenes, for "the mines of Ind," or lose the fragrance which from it is still breathed around our heart for all the spices of "Araby the blessed."

A N G R Y W O R D S .

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
 Bitter poison drops are they;
 Weaving for the coming morrow
 Sad memorials of to-day.

Angry Words! Oh, let them never
 From the tongue forbidden slip;
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip.

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.

BY J. V. E.

It is the duty of every person to be engaged in some lawful and useful business. As "Idleness," said Rev. Matthew Henry, "is the devil's anvil, on which he hammers out many temptations," nothing but proper active engagement, will guard us against such evil. Man is constituted for business. He can never be happy without doing something. The blessings of peace of mind and health of body, are connected with activity; and unless we give that as a sacrifice to nature, the happy incense of elasticity of spirit and firmness of muscle, will not be ours. The decree, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," cannot be reversed, without man suffering inexpressible loss.

But while most persons agree to this, they seem after all, not to have a clear sense of the manner in which the blessing of employment can only be fully realized. Instead of endeavoring to find out what their Creator has called them to do and fitted them to engage in, they are constantly shifting from one business to another, and hence never become truly adapted to any. We say adapted. There is something in this. A transition from one thing to another, will mostly be attended with a feeling of strangeness and awkwardness.

For example, a young man who has been raised a farmer, will, in leaving the plow, and out-door life, feel a sense of unhappiness at first in confining himself to a shop, for the purpose of learning a trade. But by perseverance, and patience, if he is at all adapted to that business, he will soon begin to feel at home, and enjoy himself as much as in the field. The human constitution must have time to adapt itself to new positions. And this it must do, or one situation could not be changed for another. We often hear the expression, "I could not follow that business, or be engaged in that profession." Why not? Because you are not adapted to it by preparatory training. The shoemaker on his bench, is as happy, as the farmer in his field. The physician, the minister, and lawyer, doubtless feel as contented in their professions, as the mechanic or merchant at his business. But if a person was to study medicine a year, theology a year, law a year, be a farmer a year, a printer a year, a mechanic a year, and so on, changing his position continually, from mental to physical labor, not continuing long enough in one place to become adapted to it, little wonder if he is neither happy nor successful.

As places, where we reside long, become homes to us, so with our engagements. If we continue in them a sufficient length of time, we get a kind of love for them, which leads us to prize them above any other. The man of the world no doubt thinks he would not like to be a minister. He sees so much self-denial necessary; so much faith and patience required; so much of what he may think dry study; but if he had the heart which a minister should have to do good, and feel the pleasures

arising from the cultivation of his finer feelings, and better nature, he would think otherwise. So too, the farmer, mechanic, and merchant, no doubt thinks I would not like to be a physician or school-teacher, but although they see much in the life of the physician, that by itself, would be unpleasant and tend to make a person feel anything but happy, yet the interest that the mind becomes inspired with in the contemplation of the human system, and the desire created in a generous and merciful man to alleviate suffering, are calculated to make him fully happy in his business. So we might go on, and enumerate the thoughts which occupy the minds of many persons, with reference to professions and businesses different from their own.

We would advise every young reader of the *Guardian*, to endeavor to come to a conclusion as soon as possible, what business or profession he is desirous to engage in; then to betake himself to it and stick to it. Suffer not yourself to imbibe a changing, unsettled habit of passing from one business to another. You never can be happy by so doing; and if you allow yourself to be carried about to and fro, too long, you will find it almost impossible to get settled down in contentment. There are many in the world that have made themselves unhappy in this way. They have wandered from one thing to another, until they scarcely know what they want to engage in. We say again, seek some lawful and worthy engagement early, and stick to it. The income or success may not be very rapid, but perhaps the more sure. The man that is accumulating property at a regular, though slow rate, is in a more sure condition to gain a fortune, than the speculator, who advances at unnatural strides, and often falls into the arms of poverty as suddenly. It is only by sticking to business that success is sure.

So also in study; we must make it our business and stick to it, if we would succeed. We cannot speculate with mind, as with dollars. It is only by perseverance and by regular habits of thought, and investigation, and study, that the mind can be improved, and much wisdom gained. The idle, wandering, careless student, will never have much knowledge. Some will not work, because they cannot get rich in a few months or years; and some will not study, because they cannot become learned in a short time; such, we may say, act contrary to sound reason, and will live and die unhappy and ignorant, and perhaps in want, just because they did not stick to their business. Stick to your business then, young friend, whether it be of a mental or physical nature, and you must succeed in your reasonable wishes.

CHEERING WORDS.

“AMID the busy crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
He dropt a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper in the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.”

A PLEA FOR RED HEADS.

WE do not intend to write about woodpeckers. It were perhaps well if some Republican, who has the time and proper disposition, would put in a plea in behalf of those true-colored, white, red and blue Americans. Why was not this made the emblem of our national flag? But we are more personally concerned with the subject in hand in another form.

Some time ago, there appeared in the *Guardian* a short paragraph taken from the *Phrenological Journal* on "Red Hair," in which occurs the following sentence. "We have never seen or heard of a red-headed minister, or, rather of a minister possessed of a pure sanguine temperament." Then follows the remark that it is not certain whether the *Journal* is correct or not, but that some years ago a minister was rejected by a certain parish in Scotland because his hair was red. The Presbytery found the objection insuperable.

The Editor of the *Guardian* certainly knows one red-headed minister. And in our own mind we now hold at least three others who are in the same sacred office, one of whom is a very worthy D. D., whose hair is real, genuine red, and whose temperament is almost exclusively sanguine. Of others named to us, of the same sort, of course we cannot speak with the same certainty. This is, however, itself, enough to set aside the force of the ill-natured remark.

One reason no doubt why there are not many red-headed ministers, is found in the very natural fact that the proportion of red-headed people is rather small in comparison with the sum total of all other colors. Then, too, there may be much in the fact that the sanguine temperament of which red-hair is an indication, may naturally seek exercise for its activities in some other calling than the ministry. The department of law and active business may be in many cases a more congenial sphere. Some of the most successful politicians and public speakers, and partizan leaders show the sanguine temperament predominant, and many of them had red hair. Aside from many in our times, such was Jefferson, the great father of American Democracy, David, the Royal minstrel, and sweet-singer of Israel, as we learn from the description given of him in the Bible, (1 Sam. xvi: 12,) was of this temperament; and his life in many instances confirms this statement. He has all its warmth, zeal and impulse. His failings also before the Lord are doubtless in great measure to be accounted for in the same way—that is, tracing them to the influence of this temperament upon his life.

From what has already been said, and from the examples given, it may be inferred that there is nothing in the sanguine temperament, and especially nothing in the fact of a person having red hair, that prevents or excuses any one from manifesting a religious life—especially such as is required in the ministry. We make this remark with reference to the common notion, which is only fostered by such paragraphs as that extracted from the *Phrenological Journal*, that there is something in the nature of the case which prevents red haired people from being as good as others. Under such public sentiment many who have this mark upon them, are looked upon by others and so learn to look upon themselves, as beyond the reach of grace, and thus proper candidates for all ill favor

and sin—such sentiments prevailing, no wonder if the natural consequences were just such fruits as are anticipated.

Novel writers, whenever they want to picture a mean, low, cunning, abandoned, ill-favored character, generally in their charity give him an abundance of red hair. If they can make it fiery red, and bristling, all the better for their purpose. Just as if deep feeling, passionate emotion and impulsive zeal were always vicious. The tendency of such notions prevailing, has been to make the subjects of this character believe that there is no hope for them ever to rise above the misery of their red-headed fate. How disastrous this becomes is at once apparent. To counteract all the evil that may follow from such sentiment in the ascendancy, it is necessary that red-headed people be treated as other moral agents. That they have a mark upon them worse than that of Cain, which makes them unredeemable, is by no means a fated truth.

One thing we think is plain. It is no sin *per se*, to have been born with a red head. If it be a disgrace, as many seem to think, the fault certainly is not with the red heads themselves, but rather it must be charged upon the decree of God's providence. As well might they be derided, sneered at and mocked, because they cannot add one cubit to their stature or turn one hair white or black. Having red hair is then certainly not the fault of those upon whom the Creator has put this work. And yet persons who allow themselves with complacency to ridicule red-headed people would not consider it any special work or evidence of wit and piety, to poke fun at the born cripple, or blind or unfortunate dwarf.

Red headed women are the especial object of the satirical and splenetic remarks of those who imagine themselves more favored in having black heads, or brown heads or flax heads, and even grey heads. If they can run a rig "on red haired girls" by sagely proposing to make lamp posts of them, and thus light up the city without the expense of gas, they allow the *smart* thing to cover their want of common politeness, as well as their want of respect for God's creatures, and their implied censure of His wisdom in doing as it seemeth Him good, since He has made them such. So, too, prejudice against hair of this color can be fostered, and the risibilities wonderfully tickled and excited by picturing a red-haired woman with a broom-stick, administering summary vengeance upon some object of her excited wrath. The same high (?) order of wit could probably turn the shaft of ridicule with equal force against any other class of persons. For all this there are those who will show their smartness at the expense of their generosity and better sense. Any slur on nature, like the Indians gun, "costs more than it comes to."

In point of fact we have known red-headed women who were models of their sex. One of the prettiest we ever had the pleasure to look upon had red hair. And one of the best women and truest heroines we ever knew, has a sanguine temperament and very red hair. The red-headed ministers we know are certainly of full average talent, piety and usefulness; and Israel's red-haired monarch was a man after God's own heart. For honesty, talent, activity and the generous attributes of humanity, red heads, in proportion to their number, will compare well with any or all other colors.

What crime of darkest die committed by a fiery, bristling red-head,

but finds itself eclipsed and multiplied by heads of black, or brown, or doubtful color? What dark, mean, low, vulgar mode of life by an unfortunate red-head, but is equalled or surpassed in degradation and vice by all other colors, even to the jettiest black? Other villains, under cover of the red, sometimes do their vile deeds. It is not uncommon for them to wear a red wig or false red whiskers. With all this and common prejudice to boot, we do not remember to have seen one red-headed prisoner in our visits to the county jail where we saw at different times some hundreds of prisoners. And in the House of Refuge, among two hundred boys confined for various grades of offence, we looked in vain for one red-head. Two had yellowish hair, many had fair hair—but perhaps the large majority were black heads. Among the girls in the female department of the same institution, the same scarcity of red hair prevails. One girl has what might be called auburn hair, and she plays the melodeon and leads the singing in the chapel services.

It was our lot to be born with red hair. Without our consent or approbation this mark, this temperament and this life were fixed upon us. For this we are not accountable. For what we have made of it since we had the choice of free action, we must be considered as responsible. Whether it was fortunate or unfortunate, we could not for many years determine. God made it red, and red we have left it, though very often we were made to feel that somehow it was a circumstance of which we ought to be ashamed. We were cursed for “a little red headed rascal” from our earliest recollection, by grand-parents, uncles, cousins *et id genus omne*, down to the more favored boys on the street, till we often wondered whether we were not such a rascal. or at least whether we ought or might not as well be one. Some who prophesied as much, may be disappointed now, that we are not now, thanks to grace, a big rascal, but if we are not, it is not owing to any word of encouragement from them to cheer us in our red-headed misfortune of worse than orphanage.

Oh, we know that red headed people can feel and do most keenly feel the taunts that are often thoughtlessly or in malice heaped upon them for what they are not to blame! What generous soul will then wantonly wound that feeling! Our plea is for justice to a persecuted class, till a cause for blame is made out against them. We want no more slighty or cutting paragraphs about red heads, till it be shown that it is a sin to be one of them. Till it be proven that to be red-haired is to be vicious above all others, and that those are accountable for the crime of being thus created who now have this hated mark of prejudiced public sentiment upon them, we cannot see the force of witty taunts and jeers against this class of God's creatures.

Fellow Red Heads! if such there be who read the Guardian, we are not disgraced by this special mark of Providence upon us. It is in itself no sin. There is no harm in leaving it as God has made it. We need not be ashamed of what God has made us—though we once were taught to believe so—as many doubtless still do. Only use rightly what He has given us, and we may be as fit to become His ministers, and servants in other useful departments of life, as any other color of heads. There is more truth than comfort in the fact that for every villain with red hair, there are hundreds of others with other colored hair. It will however not do to retort upon those who attempt to wound our feelings by

pointing to snub noses, pug noses, squint eyes, pigeon toes, bandy legs, and other imperfections in nature. But red hair is no defect—it argues no disgrace or shame, but when it is spoken of in mockery and derision, we have a right to object. The brunette does not like to be continually told that she has a very dark complexion, nor the petit stature that it looks dwarfish, as though these were faults of their possessors; so we red heads do not object to the fact that we have hair which was held in high favor by the ancient Greeks, but when ill-natured remarks are made against us as a class, we put in our plea till it be proven a sin or a cause for shame.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—'Harvest home.'

NATURE AND POWER OF COMETS.

ALTHOUGH comets occupy an immense space in the heavens, surpassing millions of leagues, yet on account of the absence of atmosphere in those regions permitting fluids to be infinitely rarefied, the matter of these bodies is reduced to the most feeble proportions. According to Laplace, although the dimensions of the tails of comets be myriads of miles, yet they do not sensibly affect the light of stars seen through them. They are then of an extreme rarity, and their mass is probably inferior to the smallest mountains on the earth. They cannot, then, by their contact with the earth, produce any sensible effect; and it is probable that they have frequently enveloped the earth without being perceived. It is this which doubtless explains how many comets have passed in proximity to certain planets without producing the least physical influence. Delambre says that the comet of 1770 passed between Jupiter and his satellites without causing any sensible perturbation. Sir John Herschel goes still further, and says, in express terms, that the tail of a large comet, as far as any idea can be formed of it, is composed of a few pounds of matter, and, perhaps, only of a few ounces. And M. Babinet, well known in both hemispheres as one of the greatest authorities of the age in physical astronomy, has gone so far in respect to this subject as to say that the earth, in coming into collision with a comet, would be no more affected in its stability than a railway train coming in contact with a fly.

SMILES

NOTHING on earth can smile but man! Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared to an eye flash and mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile. This is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor any living thing. It is the prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, or friend, that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either. But all smiles are not alike. The cheerfulness of vanity is not like the smile of love. The smile of gratified pride is not like the radiance of goodness and truth. The rains of summer fall alike upon all trees and shrubs. But when the storm passeth, and on every leaf hangs a drip, each gentle puff of wind brings down a pretty shower, and every drop brings with it something of the nature of the leaf or blossom on which it hung; the roadside leaf yields dust, the walnut leaf bitterness, some flowers poison, while the grape blossom, the rose and the sweet-briar lend their aroma to the twinkling drops, and send them down perfumed. And so it is with smiles, which every heart perfumes according to its nature—selfishness is acrid; pride, bitter; good-will, sweet and fragrant.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

LABORERS AND LOUNGERS.

"Be a man or a mouse."—*Old saying.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are in the every-day world around us two classes of persons, distinctly marked—the industrious and the idle—the laborers and the loungers.

The one class are earnest, honest men. They take a true view of life, and live to be useful. They are diligent, regular, orderly. They provide well for themselves, and for their families, and have always a loaf for the needy poor, and a tythe for the cause of God. They are found at their business—in the mart of trade—in the workshop—in the school-room—in the office—in the study—in the field at daily labor—in the kitchen—in the sitting room with the needle and scissors—in the nursery, performing the holy work of a mother.

These are the sinews and strength, the salt and the savor, the soul and substance of the world's life and love. These are they who bear up the pillars of society and bless the world.

There is the other class—irresponsible, idle, and useless. They have no earnest views of life and duty. They are drones in society. They do nothing, or little that has any true meaning. What they do is irregular, in starts and fits, when pressed and pinched by want. With them labor is not the rule but the exception. They do not as much as they can, but as little as they can. They have nothing surely either for themselves or for others. They are not producers but paupers.

These are found—if they belong to what are called the lower orders—in the public squares, at the corners of the street, in the market places, on benches before the taverns, looking like hungry vultures that are gathered together, as our Saviour says, where the carcass is. They swarm like muck-flies around lageries and groggeries and doggeries,—they lounge and lie about, the mere burlesques of living men. They live on the offals of other men's industry—preferring to shiver and starve to engaging in regular work. They would rather be kicked for standing in the way of men and the world, than be courted for their usefulness.

If they belong to the "higher classes"—alas, what a misnomer!—they are found in retired idleness—amid scenes of pleasure and fashionable dissipation—worshipping fashion with its finery and foolery—on sofas and before the glass, dreaming over the last novel, preparing for the last dance, or drowsy and droning from the effects of the last ball. Eating, sleeping, dressing and pleasureing—this is the whole round of their unmeaning lives.

Are not these true pictures? And why have we drawn them? To contrast this class of persons with another class who are workers—true, earnest men. These feel the spirit of their master, feel deeply for a

wretched world, feel deeply for the honor and prosperity of the Church, and hence labor. These are found regularly in their places and callings—regular and active in the Church and in all their private business. They can always be depended on, and are faithful in every work or position assigned them. Such persons have right views of life, live to a good purpose, and will receive the approbation of God and the blessing of men.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE following is a most remarkable and praise-worthy instance of what perseverance and industry, rightly directed, are able to effect. Among the graduating class at the last commencement at Williams' College, was one by the name of Condit, from Jersey. The gentleman is a shoemaker, married, and has a family of four children. Six years ago, becoming sensible of the blessings of an education, he commenced learning the simple branches, such as are taught in our primary schools. One by one, as he sat on his shoemaker's bench, he mastered grammar, arithmetic, geography, &c., with some occasional assistance from his fellow workmen. At this time he determined to obtain a collegiate education. Without means and with a large family depending on him for support, he commenced and learned Latin and Greek, in the evenings, after his day's labor was over, under the direction of a friend; and after the lapse of a year and a half, prepared himself, and entered the sophomore class at Williams' College.

He brought his bench and tools, as his books, with him. The students supplied him with work; the faculty assisted him; and with the fund for indigent students and some occasional assistance from other sources, he was enabled to go through the college course, and at the same time support his family. He graduated on his birth-day, aged thirty-two. He stood high in his class, and received a part at commencement, but declined. At the farewell meeting of the class, in consideration of his perseverance, talents and Christian character, they presented him with an elegant set of silver spoons, tea and table, each handsomely engraved with an appropriate inscription.

Mr. Condit will now enter the theological seminary at New York, and will no doubt, make a faithful and popular minister.

What young man in this country will ever, after such an example as this, despair of obtaining an education.

THE SABBATH.

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
With health for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoever may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

WORKING WOMEN.

THE following words of Bishop Doane are worthy of all consideration. They are full of sweet comfort to true women, and the sting of a scorpion to those butterflies of vanity whose lives are but a meaningless round of fashion.—[ED.]

A working Church must have its working women. Women are half the world, and greatly more than half the Church, numerically considered. But, are they made the most of by the church? As sisters, wives, and mothers of our children, they are inestimable in value. And, in countless offices of charity, unknown of men, and by the world unnoted, they are gliding round as ministering angels to the sick, the suffering, and the sorrowful. But, this is on the instinct of their natural benevolence, and as a personal enterprise. They should have service in the church. They should be encouraged to be what Priscilla was, and Phœbe, and Stachys, and Tryphina, and Tryphosa, and the beloved Persis, helpers in Christ Jesus. These should be allowed to work upon a plan, and feel that they have responsibility, and rejoice in the permission to be servants of the Saviour; of His children, of His suffering, of His sorrowful, of His poor; as teachers in every form, as district visitors, as nurses, as sympathisers, as comforters. No vows but those of their baptism, no sisterhood but that of mercy, no veil but that of modesty, the daughters of the Church in duty and devotion, and sisters of the love of God. How much better than to be lounging half the day upon a couch, enervating and unwomaning them. How much better than to be dawdling over the last inflammatory novel. How much better than to run the idle round of visits that mean nothing, and of parties which minister only pride, and vanity, and selfishness. How much better than to be gatherers of gossip, scatterers of scandal, couriers of calumny, and hyenas to their sisters. How sad that the one name of Florence Nightingale should have to stand alone in our own age, like the aloe that blooms once a century. How happy when the name of Dorcas shall be shrined among us as a "household word," and our young women and our widows, forming their lives upon her fashion, be emulous of her example, and "full of the good works and alms-deeds which she did."

BENEVOLENCE.

REV. DR. NOTT, President of Union College, N. Y., who is now between eighty and ninety years of age, in a public address delivered a short time since, said:

I have been young and now I am old, and as I stand before God to-night, I declare that nothing I have given in charity is regretted. O no! it is the riches we keep that perish; that we give away abides with us forever; it impresses itself on our characters and tells on our eternal destiny; for the habit of charity formed in this life will accompany us to the next. The bud which begins to open here will bloom in full expansion hereafter to delight the eye of angels and beautify the Paradise of God. Let us, then, now and on every fit occasion hereafter, practise that liberality which in death we shall approve, and reprobate the parsimony we shall then condemn.

BEWAIL ME NOT.

BY REV. ISAAC H. REITER.

COMPANIONS ! kindred ! friends !—bewail me not,
 When I am gone, when I am gone !
Though lovely scenes of joy be ne'er forgot,
 When I am gone, when I am gone.
Let not the sadden'd heart with grief o'erflow ;
Stain not the sable bier with tears of woe !
Nor heave a sigh as round my grave you go.
 When I am gone, when I am gone.

Raise there no gilded stone or marble shrine,
 When I am gone, when I am gone,
These crumble like this mould'ring frame of mine,
 When I am gone, when I am gone.
But plant a pine and cedar close entwin'd—
Fit emblems of the pure, immortal mind !—
To wave in fadeless beauty there reclin'd,
 When I am gone, when I am gone !

Plant od'rous flow'rs all o'er the swarded vest,
 When I am gone, when I am gone ;
To bloom as tokens of a sweeter rest !
 When I am gone, when I am gone.
In pray'r then lightly press the slumbering dust ;
Look up to God in holy hope and trust,
And be assured I dwell among the just !
 When I am gone, when I am gone.

Think oft of heaven, but, O ! bewail me not,
 When I am gone, when I am gone ;
For happy, happy then will be my lot !
 When I am gone, when I am gone.
I'll sweetly sing and pray at Jesus' feet,
Where we may all in "heavenly union" meet !—
Oh ! then let every sorrow far retreat,
 When I am gone, when I am gone.

Rejoice !—and gladly shout Jehovah's praise,
 When I am gone, when I am gone,—
That care has chang'd to joy, and pain to bliss !
 When I am gone, when I am gone.
And when you hear the death knell's melting sigh,
O think !—vain mortal, think,—"*I too must die !*"
And be prepared to meet my soul on high,
 When I am gone, when I am gone.

EVIL TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have never admired croakers. We are not given to croaking ourselves. We do not intend to inflict upon our readers a croaking article. That the times are evil, we verily believe—we see it, and feel it; but there is a salt in the earth, and a light in the world, in which we have full confidence. We believe not for a moment that christianity is dying out, or that the church will perish, or that the world is losing its christians. Individuals may make fools of themselves by sin—families may rot away because they separate themselves from the life of God—nations may knock out their brains against the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler; but the victory in the world belongs to Jesus Christ and his church and the saints; and triumphant over prostrate men, and families, and nations, will stand the cross and they that cling to it.

Of the success of the right, and the pure, and the good, then, we entertain no fear in our heart—no not for a moment. We speak of the evils of the times not from fear in regard to the good, but from pity toward those who are found with the evil. As Christ wept over Jerusalem, and as Lot vexed his righteous soul over the wickedness of the Sodomites, and as David and Jeremiah wished for tears that should flow like fountains for those who were perishing through sin; so must every rightly disposed christian heart lament the madness of men, families and nations who consider not the things that belong to their peace, and rush with infatuation into the merciless arms of ruin.

That the foundations of society in our land are fearfully disordered no one can doubt. It needs only eyes, to see it, and reflection, to know it. Our public papers are mirrors which reflect the sores of society in a way to make good men tremble, and to make angels weep. Can you pick up a paper without beholding records of murders, suicides, riots, defalcations, public frauds, social corruptions, lawlessness, and every kind of disorder. Deeds of sin and shame are daily revealed, which like blotches and boils upon the body only show how deeply the whole constitution of society is pervaded with the seeds of disease and death. So common and shameless are the displays made in our public papers of scenes of such truly satanic originality in evil, that the only way to keep our children from being corrupted by the knowledge of sins of which the innocence of early life cannot even dream, is to exclude secular newspapers from our doors.

This suggests to the reflecting mind at once one of the most fruitful evils of the times—an unsanctified press. We are not ignorant of what has been said in praise of newspapers as vehicles of common intelligence. We appreciate it fully; but such praise applies only to a pure press. We hail every clean newspaper sheet as a leaf of life; but we deprecate every time-serving, filthy sheet as the leaf of the poisonous night-shade. Nor do we hesitate in saying that one-half of our daily and weekly secular newspapers are a curse to the land. They indicate in many of their advertisements, and even of their selections, yea, even often in their edi-

torials, that they are designed to be congenial with the lowest haunts of vice, and suited to the most debased tastes in the meanest strata of society. There they may be regarded as in place. But with what a blast of moral death do such sheets enter the families of the pure! What a wound do they inflict on many an uncorrupted heart! Indeed there are many of our newspapers who can lay claim to no higher mission than to equalize the moral degradation of the land, and bear the filth of cities in all its damning originality, to the quiet country, and spread it in all its loathsomeness over the homes devoted to the higher and purer aims and ends of life.

We do not intend to say that editors generally intend to do evil by filthy advertisements, but they do intend to print such shame for money. A paper that speaks in praise of morals and religion, and social purity in one column, will sell another column to puff a theater, a gaming house, a humbug, or any enterprise that may be sufficiently successful to pay well out of the weaknesses and lusts of men. It is to be remembered that the meanest advertisements pay best. Only a few weeks ago one was sent to us, offering \$35 for a few insertions. We did not take the bait, of course. But other papers did. Money once sold Jesus Christ; and money sells his pure cause now. Money!—money!—money!—truly great is this Diana which the whole world worshipeth!

Here again we have a sore evil of the times—the omnipotence of money. Of no other vice is it said that it is the *root* of *all* evil, except the love of money. It is said that “every man has his price.” We take this with some limitations. There are still some men who cannot be bought. Well that it is so; for if there were no more true men to be found beyond the reach of corruption, Sodom would soon be given over to the cleansing virtues of fire and brimstone. But if all men cannot be bought, any *thing* can be. You can buy office, votes, laws, decision on laws, verdicts, sentences, witnesses. You can buy men to keep silence when they ought to speak, and buy them to speak when they ought to keep silence.

A very intelligent gentleman from one of our principal Atlantic cities, lately remarked to us, when speaking on this subject, that almost any verdict which a man pleases to have can be secured by money. I will tell you, said he, how these matters are managed. There is a class of men in our cities—the respectable, well-doing, business men—who do not wish to be on juries. When the officer makes up the jury list, some beg off, some buy themselves off. They can make more money and make it more pleasantly at their business, than by waiting about the Court House. There is another class who want to be jurors; these are such as have little else to do, and are too idle to do what is properly their business. These beg themselves on the list, or if begging will not succeed, it is worth \$5 or \$10 to be on; for they can make more than that out of it. As soon as they are on the list, and in the jury, they are for sale! It is known that they are for sale; and the party wanting a certain verdict, finds no difficulty in approaching them through friends. Like those who were to watch our Saviour’s tomb and report that his disciples stole him away while they slept, “They receive the money and go and do as they are bid.”

This was stated as a well-known fact by our friend; and we have no

hesitation in believing it. If the fountains of justice and judgment are not corrupt—if bribes are not taken—how is it that almost all monied rogues escape the penalties due their crimes? Let any one refer to the numerous instances of fraud lately committed throughout the land, and then remember that there has not been a single instance of punishment in all of them together, and then tell us on what other principle the fact is to be explained. It is not so in other lands. In England, but a short time ago, a defaulter, who had been a member of Parliament, was banished for ten years for committing a public fraud. Still later, posters offering £10,000 reward for a similar rogue could be seen along the streets of London; there the law takes its course. It is not asked how much money is he worth, or what has been his previous standing, but is he guilty of the crime. So it should always be; and so it will be when the administration of justice is in the hands of the pure and patriotic.

The sentiment begins more and more to prevail that the law which submits to the people the election of judges, magistrates, and other smaller executive and judicial officers, is working badly for the cause of justice. Many good men raised their voices against it, when it was first proposed; but the popular idea prevailed. It is certain, however, that the practical operations of the law, have caused many reflecting persons to change their opinions. Can the judicial ermine be dragged around in the small riot that commonly surrounds our polls without being soiled? He that administers justice ought to be removed from the cry of the popular voice. He ought in no way to be dependent upon popular opinion. Above all, no such temptation as besets the way of any candidate for an office where success depends upon a majority of votes, ought to be held out to a judge.

There is not the least doubt that the increase of lawlessness and crime in the land is properly traced to a defective administration of law. The fault is not in the law itself for facts show that it is abundantly adequate to reach all rogues of the lowest grade, and all penniless sinners against it. Our jails and penitentiaries are full of ragged rogues,—but the law cannot bring broad-cloth to the same penalty. It is easy to see that this failure of the law in administering justice to monied criminals must work disastrously for the honor of law and justice among all on a lower social level. Who has not seen that even public papers have advocated the acquittal of poor rogues on the ground that the rich have escaped. False as the ground is, there is a large class in every community whose sympathies can be reached by such arguments and appeals. In proportion as the administration of justice is seen to be slow and uncertain in that degree does law lose its dignity and power in the public mind. In minds where the higher principle of religion does not govern, crime will increase in proportion as the hope of escape is seen to exist.

The highest conservative and reformatory power which a nation possesses, as a nation, is law. There is a higher power in each nation, it is true, namely its religion; but that is a power in the church, not in the nation. The nation itself has its foundations in its laws; and in the faithful administration of these its permanency and peace are to be found. Let its laws be bad, or if good, uncertain in their execution, and the foundations are destroyed—the fair fabric begins to totter, and all its glory departs.

What we begin to need as a nation is true and worthy men in office. We mistake the signs of the times if things are not fast tending to the point when dire necessity will bring about two parties who shall aim at the control of all elections of public officers—the primitive division of good and bad. Already in some places have things been forced into this position; and tendencies indicate that the same thing will become more general. There is enough of virtue, patriotism, and religious principle in the land to conserve its highest interests should ever circumstances compel the lines to be clearly drawn between the evil and the good. So weary are many of the best men in the land of demagogism and official corruption that we believe a nomination of men to office on the ground of their purity of life and principles, would now rally a ruling party around its standard,

DEAL GENTLY WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

A child when asked why a certain tree grew crooked replied. "Somebody trod on it, I suppose, when it was little."

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit,
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow!
Onward must it flow forever;
Better teach it where to go.

"A T T H E C O F F I N .

HERE she lieth, white and chill,
Put your hand upon her brow,
For her heart is very still,
And she does not know you now.

Ah, the grave's a quiet bed!
She shall sleep a pleasant sleep.
And the tears that you may shed
Will not wake her—therefore weep!

Weep—for you have wrought her woe!
Mourn—she mourned and died for you!
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false and what is true.

M O U N T C A L V A R Y .

MOUNT Calvary is lord of the "Sacred Mountains," and by its baptism of blood and agony, its moral grandeur, and the intense glory that beams from its summit, is worthy to crown the immortal group. Its moral height no man can measure, for though its base is on the earth, its top is lost in the heaven of heavens. The angels hover around the dazzling summit, struggling in vain to scan its highest point, which has never yet been fanned by even an immortal wing. The Divine eye alone embraces its length and breadth, and depth and height.

What associations cluster around Mount Calvary! what mysteries hover there, and what revelations it makes to the awe-struck beholder! Mount Calvary! at the mention of that name the universe thrills with a new emotion, and heaven trembles with a new anthem, in which pity and exultation mingle in strange, yet sweet accord. Glory and brightness are on that hill-top, and shall be to the end of time; but there was a morning when gloom and terror crowned it, and heaven itself, all but God the Father, gazed on in wonder, if not in consternation.

The strange and painful scene in the garden had passed by, and the shameful examination in the lighted chamber of the high priest was over. Insult and contempt had marked every step of the villainous proceedings, till at length one wretch, more impious than the rest, advanced and struck Christ in the face. The cheek reddened to the blow, but not with anger or shame; yet methinks, as the sound of that buffet was borne on high, there was a rustling of myriad wings, as angels started from their listening attitude, waiting the thunderbolt that should follow.

This too passed by, and also the second mockery of a trial in Pilate's hall; and the uprisen sun was flashing down on the towers and domes of Jerusalem, and the vast population was again abroad, thronging every street. But a few took any interest in the fate of Jesus of Nazareth; yet those few were filled with the bitterest hate. The victim was now in their power, given up to their will; and they commenced the bloody scene they were to enact, by spitting in his face and striking his unresisting cheek with blow after blow. To give greater force to their insults, they put a crown on his head, made of thorns, and mocked him with sarcastic words, and strove with fiendish skill to irritate him into some sign of anger or complaint. After having exhausted their ingenuity, and failing in every endeavor, they "led him away to be crucified."

It was a bright and beautiful day when a train passed out of the gates of Jerusalem, and began to ascend the slope of Mount Calvary. The people paused a moment as the procession moved boisterously along the streets, then making some careless remark about the fate of fanatics, passed on. The low and base of both sexes turned and joined the company, and with jokes and laughter hurried on to the scene of excitement. Oh, how unsympathizing did nature seem: the vine and fig-tree shed their fragrance around—the breeze whispered nothing but love and tranquillity, while the blue and bending arch above seemed delighted with the beauty and verdure the spread-out earth presented. The birds were singing in the gardens, all reckless of the roar and jar of the great city

near, as Jesus passed by in the midst of the mob. His face was colorless as marble, save where the blood trickled down his cheeks from the thorns that pierced his temples; his knees trembled beneath him, though not with fear, and he staggered on under the heavy timber that weighed him down, till at last he fainted. Nature gave way, and he sunk to the earth, while the hue of death passed over his countenance. When the sudden rush around him, caused by his fall, had subsided, the cross, or rather *cross-piece*, which he had carried, was given to another, and the procession again took up the line of march. But suddenly, over the confused noise of the throng and rude shouts of the mob, there came a wild lament. Friends were following after, whose sick Christ had healed, whose wounded hearts he had bound up, and on whose pathway of darkness he had shed the light of heaven; and now they lifted up their voices in one long, mournful cry. He turned at the sound and listened a moment, then murmured in mournful accents: "*Weep not for me, but for yourselves and children.*" Jerusalem on fire suddenly rose on his vision, together with its famine-struck and bloated population, staggering and dying around the empty market-places—the heaps of the dead that loaded the air with pestilence, and all the horror and wo and carnage of that last dreadful siege; and forgetful of his own suffering, he exclaimed, "*Weep not for me, but for yourselves and children.*"

Soon the procession reached the hill-top, and Christ was laid upon the ground, and his arms stretched along the timber he had carried, with the palms upturned, and through them spikes driven, fastening them to the wood. Methinks I hear the strokes of the hammer as it sends the iron, with blow after blow, through the quivering tendons, and behold the painful workings of that agony-wrung brow, and the convulsive heaving and swelling of that blessed bosom, which seemed striving to rend above the imprisoned heart.

At length he is lifted from the ground—his weight dragging on the spikes through his hands; and the cross-piece inserted into the mortise of the upright timber and a heavy iron crushed through his feet, fastening them to the main post, and he is left to die. Why speak of his agony—of his words of comfort to the dying thief—of the multitude around him, or of the disgrace of that death. Not even to look on that pallid face and flowing blood could one get any conception of the suffering of the victim. The gloom and terror that began to gather round the *soul*, as every aid, human and divine withdrew itself, and it stood alone in the deserted, darkened universe, and shuddered, was all unseen by mortal eye. Yet even in this dreadful hour his benevolent heart did not forget its friends. Looking down from the cross, he saw the mother that bore him gazing in tears upon his face, and with a feeble and tremulous voice, he turned to John, who had so often lain in his bosom, and said, "Son, behold thy mother." Then turning to his mother, he said, "*Behold thy son.*" His business with earthly things was now over, and he summoned his energies to meet the last most terrible blow, before which nature itself was to give way. He had hitherto endured all without a complaint—the mocking, the spitting upon, the cross, the nails and the agony—but now came a wo that broke his heart. *His father's—his own father's frown began to darken upon him.* Oh! who can tell the anguish of that loving, trusting, abandoned heart at the sight.

It was too much, and there arose a cry so piercing and shrill and wild that the universe shivered before it; and as the accents, "*My God, my God, why hast THOU forsaken me?*" fell on the ears of astonished mortals, and filled heaven with alarm, the earth gave a groan, as if she too was about to expire; the sun died in the heavens; an earthquake thundered on to complete the dismay; and the dead could no longer sleep, but burst their ghastly cerements, and came forth to look upon the scene. That was the gloomiest wave that ever broke over the soul of the Saviour, and he fell before it. *Christ was dead*: and to all human appearance, the world was an orphan.

How heaven regarded this disaster, and the universe felt at the sight, I cannot tell. I know not but tears fell like rain-drops from angelic eyes, when they saw Christ spit upon and struck. I know not but there was silence on high for *more* than "half an hour," when the scene of the crucifixion was transpiring—a silence unbroken, save by the solitary sound of some harp-string on which unconsciously fell the agitated, trembling fingers of a seraph. I know not but all the radiant ranks on high, and even Gabriel himself, turned with the deepest solicitude to the Father's face, to see if he was calm and untroubled amid it all. I know not but his composed brow and serene majesty were all that restrained heaven from one universal shriek of horror, when they heard groans on Calvary, *dying* groans. I know not but they thought God had "given his glory to another;" but one thing I do know—that when they saw through the vast design, comprehended the stupendous scheme, the hills of God shook to a shout that had never before rung over their bright tops, and the crystal sea trembled to a song that had never before stirred its bright depths, and the "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST," was a "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

Yet none of the heavenly cadences reached the earth, and all was sad, dark and despairing around Mount Calvary. The excitement which the slow murder had created, vanished. With none to resist, and none to be slain, a change came over the feelings of the multitude, and they began one by one to return to the city. The sudden darkness also that wrapped the heavens, and the throb of the earthquake, which made those three crosses reel to and fro like cedars in a tempest, had covered their feelings, and all but the soldiery were glad to be away from a scene that had ended with such supernatural exhibitions. Gradually noise and confusion around the cross receded down the slopes—the shades of evening began to creep over the landscape, throwing, into still more ghastly relief those three white corpses stretched on high and streaked with blood—and all was over. No! *not* over, for the sepulchre was yet to open, and the slain Christ was yet to mount the heavens in his glorious ascension.

I will not speak of the moral grandeur of the atonement—of the redemption purchased by the agony and death on Calvary, for they are familiar to all. Still they constitute the greatness and value of the whole. It is the atonement that makes Mount Calvary chief among the "Sacred Mountains"—gives it such altitude that no mortal eye can scan its top, or bear the full effulgence of its glory. Paul called on his young disciples to summon their strongest energies and bend their highest efforts to comprehend the "length and breadth, and depth and height" of this stu-

pendous theme—"a length which reaches from everlasting to everlasting; a breadth that compasses every intelligence and every interest; a depth which reaches the lowest state of human degradation and misery; and a height that throws floods of glory on the throne and crown of Jehovah."

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

PRAISE your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do to the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely every-day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why how pleasant you make things look, wife;" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in the full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the lady who moves along in the concert room; in short they thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has got down; or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward those common articles of house-keeping, your wives; if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about who you are going to have when number one is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes :) if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold so-so-ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

PAGANISM AND THE INFANT WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

HISTORY, as may easily be imagined, has not preserved to us minute details of the kind of treatment which infants have generally received in the earlier paganism. Yet we are incidentally made acquainted with its spirit in this respect; and we find evidences of its cruelty abundantly illustrated and confirmed from the earliest times.

Moses as early as 1706 before Christ, gives us an account—and it is also repeated by Josephus—of the cruelty of the Egyptian rulers towards infants; showing how considerations of civil power could ignore all feelings of pity, all humane instincts, and every suggestion of natural love. When it was seen that the Hebrews were greatly increasing in Goshen, the King of Egypt became alarmed, “And he said unto his people, Behold the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we. Come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us.” One of the cruel means of self-preservation with which they sought to “deal wisely” was to order midwives to destroy all the male children as soon as born. “If it be a son, then ye shall kill him; but if it be a daughter then she shall live.”* Here is the spirit of Paganism; like a blight it presumes to nip and blast immortal germs in the bud! One section of the race ignores another; one period of life destroys another.

Thevenot, the great French traveler and voyager, informs us that a similar inhumanity was practiced by the Persian Kings from a similar motive. “The Kings of Persia,” he says, “are so afraid of being deprived of that power which they abuse, and are so apprehensive of being dethroned, that they destroy the children of their female relatives, when they are brought to bed of boys, by putting them into an earthen trough, where they suffer them to starve!”

We find also as early as B. C. 1490, a reference by Moses to the sacrifice of children to Moloch, the God of the Amorites and Phœnicians.† He warns the Hebrews against this awful pagan practice, to which they were continually exposed, and into which they had actually fallen through the “evil communications” of their neighbors.‡ We find that Jeremiah as late as B. C. 600, alludes to this cruel practice as still existing, and drawing even the Hebrews into its dreadful vortex.§ It is evident that in the services of Moloch the infants were actually killed and then burnt by fire, or given over alive to the flames.|| “The Rabbins assure us, that the idol Moloch was of brass, sitting on a throne of the same metal,

* Exodus i.

† Levit xviii: 21. See also xx: 2, 5.

‡ Ps. cvi: 37, 38.

§ Jer. vii: 31.

|| Ezek. xvi: 20, 21; xxiii: 37, 39: Ps. lvii: 5.

adorned with a royal crown, having the head of a calf, and his arms extended as if to embrace any one ; that when they offered children to him, they heated the statue from within, by a great fire ; and when it was burning hot, put the innocent victim within its arms, where it was soon consumed by the violence of the heat ; and that the cries of the children might not be heard, they made a great noise with drums and other instruments about the idol. Others say, that his arms were extended, and reaching toward the ground, so that when they put a child within his arms, it immediately fell into a great fire which was burning at the foot of the statue."* Such are the vain and cruel imaginings of those who, having fallen from God, are "without natural affection."

Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian lawgiver, who died B. C. 870, enjoined that parents should bring their children, soon after their birth, to a certain place designated for that purpose, "to be examined by a committee of men of that tribe to which he belonged. Their business was carefully to view the infant, and if they found it deformed, and of a bad constitution, they caused it to be cast into a deep cavern near the mountain Taygetus, as thinking it neither good for the child itself, nor for the public, that it should be brought up. Plutarch, who takes notice of this, passes no censure upon it ;"† he also says, in his life of Lycurgus, that he could see no injustice, or want of equity, in any of that law-giver's institutions !

This inhuman and cruel treatment of children was not confined to Lacedæmon, "but was common in other parts of Greece, as well as among other nations." They were exposed, that is cast away, and abandoned to death from the elements, wild-beasts, or starvation. "It was reckoned as a singular thing among the Thebans, that the law forbade any Theban to expose his infant under pain of death. Even the most eminent philosophers, in their treatises of laws, prescribed or approved this unnatural practice." Plato, who died B. C. 348, will have children that are not strong when born, "exposed without nourishment."

"Aristotle expressly says, that it should be a law not to bring up or nourish any child that is weak or maimed."‡ Such are the cold and cruel mercies of the polite and polished Greeks. Well are her creations of perfection represented in marble, for her spirit is as heartless and as cold !

We find nothing better among the Romans, yea, they go farther still in cruelty. "Dionysius Halicarnassus, who was a great admirer of the institutions of the ancient Romans, informs us, that Romulus obliged the citizens to bring up all their male children, and the eldest of the females. They were allowed, therefore, to destroy all their female children but the eldest. And even with regard to their male children, if they were deformed or monstrous, he permitted the parents to expose them, after having shown them to five of their nearest neighbors." "He *permitted* the parents to expose them !" This implies that the inhumanity necessary for such a deed was in them, and all they needed was the permission of the law. What a commentary on the power of paganism to degrade and destroy the noblest instincts and affections of humanity.

* Calmet, pp. 678, 679.

† Leland, Nic. Div. Rev., Vol. ii. pp., 45, 46.

‡ Leland Nic. Div. Rev., 4S. 49.

A father becomes a murderer; and a mother stands like a senseless monster to witness the deed!

Terence, a Latin comic writer, born B. C. 192, represents "that this inhuman custom of exposing and destroying children, especially females, was not uncommon, even among parents of the best characters" This writer, in one of his plays, draws the character of a man of universal benevolence, "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto:*" yet this same man "commands his wife to expose his new born daughter, and flies into a passion with her, for having committed that hard task to another, by which means the infant escaped death. *Si meum imperium exequivoluisse, interemptam oportuit.* And he—Chremes—characterizes such who had any remains of this natural instinct as persons—*qui neque jus, neque bonum atque æquum sciunt.** Such were the sentiments published with applause on the Roman Theatre. And it appears from a passage of Seneca, died A. D. 65, that so late as in his time, it was usual among the Romans, to destroy weak and deformed children."

The Phoenecian Princes and magistrates "in times of public calamity offered the dearest of their offspring to those whom they feared as avenging deities. The Ethiopians sacrificed boys to the sun, and girls to the moon."† Who can count the myriads of infants which Hindoo mothers have since time immemorial thrown into the Ganges, to be devoured by alligators!

It must not be supposed that this inhuman cruelty toward children was only characteristic of the earlier and ruder heathen. It prevailed to an astonishing extent among the politer pagans on and around the territory of the christian church, during the first centuries. The Fathers inveigh against the habit of exposing infants, as existing at the time, with great vehemence and holy indignation. "You accuse us, says Tertullian, of murdering infants; but let me turn to your people, and appeal to their consciences, and then how many may I find among those that stand about us, and thirst after christian blood; nay, among those just and severe judges that condemn us, who kill their children as soon as they are born, or else expose them to cold, and famine, and dogs? You expose your children to the mercy of strangers, and the next comers that will take pity on them, and adopt them more kindly for their own children. The same charge is brought against them by Minucius Felix, that they exposed their children, as soon as they were born, to wild beasts and birds of prey." Athenagoras gives testimony to the same barbarity as practiced in his time. Lactantius more largely reproves the spirit of Paganism on account of the same cruelty. "They pretended, he says, by a kind of false piety, to expose them only to keep them from starving, because they were poor and not able to maintain them. But they cannot be deemed innocent who cast their own bowels as a prey to dogs, and, as much as in them lies, kill them more cruelly than if they strangled them."‡ When did wickedness fail to find some pretence to extenuate or excuse its guilt?

Great complaints having been made of the prevalence of this cruelty to infants under former reigns of heathenism, Constantine, induced thereto,

* Divine Legation of Moses, vol. 1, Book 1, Sec. iv., p. 58. Marg. Note, Edit 4th.

† Bp. Burgess' Last Enemy, p. 74.

‡ Bingham Ant. of the Christ Church, vol. ii, p. 991.

it is supposed, by the good advice of Lactantius "enacted those two excellent and charitable laws, still extant in the Theodosian Code, whereby it is provided by his great munificence in several parts of the empire, that poor parents who had numerous families, which they could not maintain, should have relief out of the public revenues of the empire; that they might be under no temptation either to expose, or kill, or sell, or oppignorate and enslave their children."

Mr. Bingham says farther that, "Constantine and Honorius added two other laws to these, in favor of such as took care of exposed children, that parents should have no right to claim them again, nor accuse those of theft or plagiarism, who showed mercy on those whom they exposed to death, and by their neglect suffered to perish; provided only that the collectors of such children made evidence before the bishop, that they were really exposed and deserted."*

Modern heathenism has not advanced in humanity in this respect, but continues the fearful cruelty towards children. We are told that the Peruvians are accustomed, in connection with prayers for their princes, to slay and offer children in large companies. "If a child be born in Madagascar, on a day reputed unlucky, its evil day must be averted by the destruction of its life, under the hands of its parents. The only alternative is to leave it in a narrow path, over which a herd of cattle is furiously driven, while the parents stand looking on from a distance; and if it chance to escape unhurt, they run to embrace it, convinced that the malignant influence is removed. Sometimes the child is drowned in a vessel of water prepared for the purpose, or thrown into a pit, with its face downward, or suffocated by stuffing a cloth into its mouth; but the parents themselves are commonly the executioners, under the impression that there is no other way of saving the child from the misfortunes that await its future years."†

Infant slaughter in China is perfectly astounding. In the city of Peking, the residence of the Emperor, about four thousand infants are murdered every year.‡ If this is the state of things in the metropolis, what must it be in distant and darker regions of this immense pagan empire. "When Mr. Medhurst resided in Penang, a Chinese came to him for medicine, who said he had three sons and one daughter, adding, 'I had another daughter, but I did not bring her up.' 'Not bring her up! what then did you do with her?' 'I smothered her; and this year I heard by letter that another daughter was born; I sent word to have that smothered also, but the mother has preserved it alive.' Mr. Medhurst, shocked at this speech, and still more at the horrid indifference with which it was uttered, exclaimed, 'What! murder your own children? Do you not shudder at such an act?' 'Oh, no!" replied the man; "it is a very common thing in China; we put the female children out of the way to save the trouble of bringing them up; some people have smothered five or six daughters!"§ Thus heathenism, which always degrades the female character, begins its cruelty with the infant in the cradle. Gutzlaff

* Bingham's *Antiq. of the Christ'n Church*, vol. ii, 991.

† *India and its Inhabitants*, by Caleb Wright, A. M., pp. 160, 161.

‡ Harris' *great Commission*, p. 211.

§ *Anecdotes for the Family*, p. 137.

says that to ask a man of any distinction in China, whether he has any daughters, is regarded as a great rudeness !

The same dreadful practice of infanticide was also found by the missionaries to prevail to an astonishing extent in the South Sea Islands. When Messrs Tyerman and Bennet were at Opoa, originally the chief seat of idolatry in the South Sea Islands, they attended a prayer meeting of a select association of females, principally the wives and daughters of chiefs, including the Queen, at which an inquiry was made whether any of them, under the infuriating influence of idolatry, had destroyed their children. Six of those present acknowledged that they had respectively killed from one to six of their offspring ; a seventh said that she had never strangled a babe of her own, but many for other women. Being asked how she could find in her heart to do so, she answered that it was then her business, and she was hired to do it. Among the rest, one of the mothers said that she destroyed her infant because she was nursing one of the royal family ; another because she did not like the incumbrance ; and several because they wished to be at liberty to leave their husbands when they were tired of them ; for married couples who kept their offspring generally remained together for life.* These mothers, now christianized, penitently declared that they often seemed to see their murdered children before their eyes ; and they found great difficulty in believing that such great wickedness could be pardoned, and that the blood of Christ could cleanse from such sins ! How do such instances exalt the grace of the gospel, and show the horrors of paganism in a gloomier picture.

Mr. Williams tells us in his "Missionary Enterprises," that the extent to which this crime prevailed in the Tahitian and Society Islands almost exceeds belief. "Generally," he says, "of a praying circle of females, chiefly of the families of chiefs, I never conversed with one that had borne children prior to the introduction of christianity who had not destroyed some of them, and frequently as many as from five to ten!" On one occasion, when G. Bennet, Esq., was on a visit to this missionary, there were three women sitting in the room, making European garments under the direction of Mrs. Williams. Mr. Bennet expressed a wish to know accurately to what extent this cruel practice had prevailed. "I have no doubt," said Mr. Williams, "that each of these women has destroyed some of her children." Looking at them with an expression of surprise and incredulity, Mr. Bennet exclaimed, "Impossible !" "Well," said the missionary, we will ask them. Addressing the first, he said to her, "Friend, how many children have you destroyed ?" She was startled at the question, and at first charged him with unkindness in harrowing up her feelings by bringing the destruction of her babes to her remembrance ; but upon hearing the object of the inquiry, she replied with a faltering voice, "I have destroyed *nine* !" The second with eyes suffused with tears, said, "I have destroyed *seven* ;" and the third said that she had destroyed *five* ! Thus three individuals casually selected, had killed one and twenty children !†

Mr. Williams further says : "On one occasion I was called to visit

* Anecdotes for the Family, pp. 130, 131.

† Anecdotes for the Family, pp. 132, 133.

the wife of a chief in dying circumstances. She had professed christianity for many years, had learned to read when near sixty, and was a very active teacher in our adult school. "In the prospect of death, she sent a pressing request that I would visit her immediately; and on entering her apartment she exclaimed, "O servant of God! come and tell me what I must do." Perceiving that she was suffering great mental distress, I inquired the cause of it; when she replied, "I am about to die; I am about to die." "Well," I rejoined, "if it be so, what creates this agony of mind?" "Oh, my sins, my sins," she cried; "I am about to die." I then inquired what the particular sins were which so greatly distressed her, when she exclaimed, "Oh my children, my murdered children! I am about to die, and I shall meet them all at the judgment seat of Christ." Upon this I inquired how many children she had destroyed; and to my astonishment she replied, "I have destroyed *sixteen*! and now I am about to die!" As soon as my feelings would allow me, I began to reason with her, and urged the consideration that she had done this when a heathen, and during the time of ignorance which God winked at; but this afforded her no consolation, and again she gave vent to her feelings by exclaiming, "Oh, my children, my children!"* It was with much difficulty that the missionary could succeed in quieting her troubled spirit with the assurance that even this fearful sin could be forgiven.

This unnatural cruelty results legitimately and naturally from the spirit of heathenism. No other fruits can be expected. "When a missionary in South America was reproving a married woman of reputed good character for following the custom of destroying female infants, she answered with tears, "I wish earnestly, father—I wish that my mother had, by my death, prevented the distress I endure, and have yet to endure as long as I live. Consider, father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go to hunt, and trouble themselves no further. We are dragged along, with one infant at the breast and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden; we return with the burden of our children; and though tired with a long march, are not permitted to sleep, but must labor the whole night in grinding maize to make chicha for them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under foot. And what have we to comfort us for slavery that has no end? A young wife is brought in upon us, who is permitted to abuse us and our children because we are no longer regarded. Can human nature endure such tyranny? What kindness can we show to our female children equal to that of relieving them from such oppression, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God that my mother had put *me* under ground the moment I was born!"†

* Anecdotes for the Family, pp. 133, 134.

† Anecdotes for the Family, p. 136.

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time :
 Year after year it steals till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.—*Young*.

CENSURING A CLASS FOR THE FAULT OF AN INDIVIDUAL.

Now and then the newspapers ring, from one end of the nation to the other, with accounts of the moral delinquency of some clergyman. Considering the thousands of this profession in the United States, and the temptations the office holds out to designing hypocrites, it is a wonder, not that so few rogues creep into the pulpit, but that the number is not greater. Hardly ever, however, does one of these scoundrels betray his true character, without a cry being raised that the clergy are "wolves in sheep's clothing." Journals, which know better, and men, who ought to know better, take up, repeat, and echo this absurd and slanderous assertion. We say absurd, for if there is one thing more preposterous than another, it is to condemn a class for the fault of an individual. We say slanderous, because to give currency to what the utterer is aware is a falsehood, deserves to be called by no other name.

With the clergy, as individuals, we have nothing to do, nor shall we make ourselves the advocates of clergymen of any particular sect. But of the clergy, as a body—the collective clergy, that is of all religious denominations—we avow ourselves the friends. And we are their friends, because we know how inestimable morals and a love of order are to the well being of the State, and because it is impossible to ignore the influence of the clergy in maintaining private virtue, and in teaching a people to be law abiding. Every church is a centre of light. We care not what the peculiar doctrinal dogmas may be, which are there set forth, the neighborhood is the better for the presence of that church and for the exertions of its clergymen. Nobody ever knew a village to grow worse in consequence of a religious congregation in its midst. On the contrary, the most fair and candid minds confess, that without churches civilization must retrograde, immorality sap the very life of society, lawlessness and anarchy return.

A class of men, so beneficial to the commonwealth, deserves something better than to be followed, with a hue and cry, whenever a rascal is detected in its midst. There have been villains in the editorial profession, at the bar, among merchants, and in the ranks of medicine; but does it follow that all journalists, all lawyers, all traders, all doctors, are rogues? Let us be just to the clergy. When we hear of a hypocrite in the pulpit, let us recall the scores of good men, filling the pastoral office, whom all of us have known—men who were foremost to relieve the poor, to console the sick, to administer the last sad office to the dying, to "go about doing good." The world is full of quiet, unpretending clergymen of this description; they constitute, indeed, a vast majority of their class; and it is the grossest injustice, not to say great public injury, to condemn them for the sins of a few of their number.—*Ledger.*

TO MY MOTHER.—Oh! is there aught on this cold earth,
 So truly dear to me;
 As she, who guided me from birth,
 And stayed my infancy?

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THE GOLDEN DAY.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

“The Sabbath was made for man.”

OUR first parents willingly deprived themselves of Paradise and all its blessings. Esau foolishly surrendered his birthright. We blame them for their folly, and pity them for their misfortune. This, however, was a folly and weakness not peculiar to those early ages of the world. It is characteristic of man to undervalue the blessings of God, and to turn away from them to his own devices. *The Sabbath was made for man*; intended expressly for his good; but, instead of being thankfully received as a divine and priceless gift, it is looked upon by many as a burden and a restraint. There are still, as of old thought, if not language, of impatience: “When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn, and the Sabbaths, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit.” Thus to the avarice and worldliness of man, the Sabbath is a weariness; but to those who love its Author and understand its advantages, it is a day of joyful rest for the body, a day of rich food for the soul, and a day of alleviating balm to the heart.

Day of all the week the best
Emblem of eternal rest.

There is a great difference in Sabbath-keeping in different parts of the world. This difference may be traced to various causes. In the end, however, all these causes resolve themselves into corrupt human nature, which prides itself in despising divine gifts, and which loves to revel in its own self-sufficiency and corruption.

In Scotland there is a Sabbath. It is better observed there than in any other country in Europe. The reason for this is, no doubt, to be found in the deep religious principle which has possessed the Scotch mind since days “lang sine.”

In Germany there is great looseness of thought and feeling in refer-

ence to the Sabbath—in its principal cities especially. In all places on Sabbath afternoons, in summer time, the avenues to towns and villages, places of public resort, and gardens and parks in the suburbs of towns, are thronged with crowds seeking pastime, company and amusement. The day is regarded partly as a day for religious instruction, but partly also as a social festival, and in some places, of military display. It is not a slander which is often spoken, that the forenoon is spent in church, and the afternoon and evening in dancing, card-playing, wine-drinking, smoking and parties of pleasure. The reason of this looseness may be found perhaps partly in the noted catholicity of the German mind, and the free socialness of the German heart; but principally in wrong views of the nature and design of the Sabbath itself.

In Poland and Russia it is still worse. In Warsaw, the capital of Poland, says one, there is on Sunday music and parade in the streets by the Russian military—and in the saloons, luxury and sport.

In Austria, it is still worse. A visitor says of Vienna, the capital: "In the summer, especially on Sunday afternoon, you find here a motley throng of carriage-riders and walkers out of the whole Viennese population, so that you can scarcely move for swarming humanity. You see the most striking contrasts of men from foreign countries, everywhere in Vienna—Turks, in their national costume; Greeks, Spaniards, Jews, Hungarians, and Italians, who deal in cheese. Everywhere you hear music—hand-organs, military music and harps." The Sabbaths of Constantinople and Athens, are similar to those of the Austrian capital. Those of France, Spain, and Italy are no better. Infidelity, the enemy and Popery, the corruption of religion, have robbed these devoted nations of their Bibles and their Sabbaths, and, as a consequence, of their prosperity and glory.

In this country there is also a great difference in the observance of the Sabbath, owing, in a great measure, to the views which prevail in those countries from which the different parts of our land have been mostly settled. Thus in New England, we find the Scotch ideas and habits, in relation to the Sabbath, strictly puritanic. In the middle States, there is more of the laxness of Germany. In the South, French and Spanish emigration and influence have exerted an evil influence upon the minds of the people in respect to the Sabbath. In the West, the combined influence of infidelity and nothingarianism, has been deplorably felt. True, the Sabbath is still there, but in many places only as a matter of circumstance. In this country, fast peopling as it is from the ends of the earth—with people of all possible mental, civil, moral and religious variety, it is highly important that every means be employed to save this sacred day from an impending deluge, and to enthrone it in sacred reverence in the hearts of the people. It is an omen of joyful promise that there is at present considerable attention to this subject among christians throughout the whole land. Christians of every name have waked up in defence of this precious inheritance; and while God says: "The Sabbath was made for man," men exclaim in joyful response: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

It will be in place to call the attention of our young readers to the claims of this sacred day to their reverence and love. Sabbath-breaking

has, in numerous instances, been the first step in the path of ruin ; and a proper use of its holy hours, has been to thousands the beginning of honor, life and peace.

The "*Sabbath*." The word Sabbath, in the Hebrew language, means *rest*. The Sabbath is, therefore, a day of rest ; as such, it has been hallowed by the example of God himself ; and as such, it has been cheerfully observed by the pious in all ages. It was the retiring ebb of creation, when God had finished his works ; and it still stands as a solemn pause amidst the vexing tumult of busy life.

It is of divine institution. The Sabbath, says our Saviour, *was made* for man. It was made *for* man, but not *by* man. It was God who sanctified it and set it apart for the good of man and his own glory. It stands among those ten commandments, concerning which it is said : "God spake all these words." It was honored and perpetuated by the Jewish nation from generation to generation as a divine institution. Its sacredness and divine right were recognized and respected by our Saviour ; he honored its spirit by his example, and defended its simplicity and purity against the vain superogations by the Pharisees, who had made it of none effect by their traditions. To the Apostles, its regular returning light brought to mind anew their Master's triumph over the power of the grave. The primitive Christians kept it in memory of our Saviour's resurrection. It was a custom among them, especially on Easter Sunday, that, when one went out of his house in the morning, the first man he saw he would hail, "Surrexit?"—is he risen ? And he would joyfully reply, "Vere surrexit !—vere surrexit !" The joyful reply was, "Yes, he rose—yes, he rose." Through years of the church's history, it has been handed down to us—impressed with a divine seal, and all christendom still hail the—

Blest morning whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God :
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode !

Not only from the pulpit, and from the theological chair, but from national council halls its divine right has been defended and proclaimed. The laws of our own land recognize and enjoin its observance. France found, by woful experiment, that its divine origin was implanted in the soul of man as deep as the idea of God himself, and that to do without a Sabbath, was just as hard, yea as impossible, as to do without a God. It was but a short time after their madness in abolishing everything sacred in christianity, until they cried as with the voice of one man, "Give us a Sabbath—give us a God—give us the hope and the dread of a future world, or we can be a nation no longer !" The Sabbath is truly of *perpetual and universal obligation*. The Sabbath was made for man : for all men in all ages, and in all ends of the earth. If it was made *for* man, then its obligations will continue as long as man shall exist. It is not, therefore, like the ceremonial law of the Jews, to be abrogated or superseded by the new dispensation. The ceremonial law was made not *for* man, but for the Jews, and with Judaism, therefore, the ceremonial law must come to an end ; but not so the law of the Sabbath, which was made not for the Jews only, but *for* man.

That it is of perpetual obligation, is also clearly seen in the fact that

it rests upon a law of nature in man. It was made for man—man was made first, and then the Sabbath was made for him, as something required by his nature. It was made for him as something which his constitution required—even as his body requires food, drink, air, sleep. It has been found by experiment that the physical nature of both man and beast, require a Sabbath. If it is not founded in the physical wants of God's creatures, why does the commandment say, "nor thy cattle?" Surely it is not given to them from moral considerations. Why then? We answer, because physical nature requires a pause in time, that it may recruit and replenish its exhausted stores, in order that it may the better serve the purposes of man. It has been found by experiment that the natural lives of men and beasts, are shortened by uninterrupted labor. In a mental point of view, the Sabbath is equally important, and upon the human mind, too, is its divine seal imprinted, which proclaims its perpetual obligation. As long as mind exists, so long must the Sabbath, which is required by the laws of mind, be obligatory. It has been proved by experiment that a violation of this law, destroys, in time, the energies of the mind, and brings about insanity, or at least imbecility.

But, a conclusive argument in favor of its perpetual obligation, is found in the fact that it is part of the moral law. If the command: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me," is perpetual, so, also, is the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." They rest on one basis.

That it is of *universal*, as well as perpetual obligation, is evident in the same manner, from the fact that it was made *for man*—for man of all ages, races, and religions; for those in the Eastern and Western worlds; for the dwellers on the continents and on the isles. Universal in its extent is the divine injunction: "Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates!"

The object which God had in view in the institution of the Sabbath, is a merciful one. *The Sabbath was made for man.* Its object is to benefit, bless, and comfort man. Some persons seem to think that the Sabbath was made for God—that he secures to himself an advantage by commanding its observance, and that it is in some way an accommodation to God, if we keep it holy. They seem to think that the six days of the week were made for man, but the seventh for God. It is true, God glorifies himself by this as by all his laws; but, while he glorifies himself, he does it by a bestowment of the greatest good to man. Although it is to the avarice of men a restraint, and to many a burden reluctantly borne, yet it is for their good, though it be to them a restraint and a burden. In this, as in other cases, it is God's way to bless men without their own wills, against their consent, and in spite of their ingratitude!

It is a great blessing to man in this, that it affords a *cessation from labor*. On this day, God commands the gain-loving worldling to stop! It is against his will; sullenly he mutters in view of the gain, of which, as he thinks, he is deprived by keeping the Sabbath. If it were not for God and public opinion, he would try and toil as on other days; and thus he would soon wear out his too-fast wearing physical frame, and become a sacrifice to a god who requires a harder service than the

God of the Sabbath. God, in mercy, interposes his authority between his avarice and his destruction. The Sabbath stays the power of self-destruction. It does not only preserve the man himself from self-ruin, but it protects his son and his daughter, his man-servant and maid-servant, his cattle, and the stranger that is within his gates. The lordling, who, during the week, commands the sweat from the brow of his laborers, has no power on the Sabbath. Here his authority ends; this is the day which the Lord made for man. This is, for all, the day of joyful rest; the laborer dries the sweat from his brow, and relaxes his weary limbs.

The very quietude of the Sabbath has a happy influence on mankind. Not only does labor drop from the hands of men, but the din of business, and the echoes of vexing toil die away from their ears. No sound of a hammer, no rattling in the noisy streets—all is as still as the empty halls of a mansion whose tenants are gone away. How genial and soothing to the exhausted body—how stimulating to the wasted energies of weary human nature! More truly can we feel than express the truth that the Sabbath was made for man.

But, a greater blessing than this is the Sabbath, in that it affords *rest to the soul*. When it is observed as it ought to be, it does not only rest the body, but the soul. The spirit rests in God. It turns away from the perplexities of life and reclines on the bosom of divine love. The cares of life are lost in the thoughts of eternity. In holy meditation the spirit ascends to God, basks in his smiles, and is quieted by a sense of its nearness to him. Or, in the house of God, the pious spirit feeds on the precepts and reclines on the promises of God's word. The spirit of holy song, the voice of supplication, and the mysterious communion of saints, afford repose for the weary soul more soft than "downy pillows" are to the body. Add to all this that perfect heaven of bliss in which the spirit lives, when Christ reveals himself to the devout worshipper, as he does not reveal himself to the world.

Not only does the Sabbath afford opportunity to *enjoy* the rest of the soul, but it affords means to *secure* that rest to those who have it not. To the wicked, there is no peace. To this truth, their consciences, as well as the Bible, bear testimony. They are like the troubled sea which cannot rest. Even their bodies cannot rest as long as their souls are at enmity with God. The evil possession seems to rack, rend, and torment the body. The spirit must be tamed, bound, and quieted; and when it is clothed and in its right mind, then only can it enjoy a Sabbath. The influences which the Sabbath brings to bear on the soul, are designed to accomplish this, and in innumerable instances they have been effected.

On this day, the impenitent soul is peculiarly addressed on the subject of its eternal interests. The very exhibition of God's authority in commanding this day to be kept holy, already reminds the rebel that he is under the government of a Sovereign Being. On this day, God descends to earth, and while the earth keeps silence before him, the rebel feels his presence, and trembles in consequence of it. Though he may seek amid idleness and pleasure to dissipate thought, yet, at intervals, thoughts of eternity and God, heaven and hell, will steal in their solemnity upon him. The very silence of the Sabbath utters a voice louder than trumpets—"Prepare to meet thy God!"

But God, on this day, has surrounded his rebellious creatures on every hand with positive calls to his service. The tolling church bell rings into the sinner's ears earnestly its eternal changes.

———As if an angel spoke
 He feels the solemn sound.
 It is a signal that demands dispatch :
 How much is to be done ! His hopes and fears
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? A fathomless abyss.
 A dread eternity !

These tocsins, on the towers of Zion, are God's monitors from age to age, calling the giddy and guilty world to worship. They roll their spirit tones along every street, and far over land. In the counting room, in the private chamber, in the bar room and saloon, they play in solemn echoes. Over the idle groups that stand at the corners of the streets and market places, or stray slowly out the lanes and avenues on pleasure bent, they roll their cadences of mercy, saying : Come ! Come away !

But, these are still small things compared with the divine institutions of religion which God has connected with the observance of his holy Sabbath. On this day are thrown open the gates of his tabernacles, and men are invited to meet God in his chambers of audience, and to hold communion with him in his appointed ordinances. Whether pastime or habit, or whatever other motive may lead men to God's house, yet God often meets them, and they do not return as they went.

Then, too, who can estimate the moral power and excellence of the pulpit ! The foolishness of preaching ! All the foolishness of God is wiser than men ! If the voices of the watchmen who walk about Zion to tell the towers thereof, and who stand upon her walls to guard her dearest rights, were suddenly to be hushed ; if the thousands of pulpits in our land would no more unfold to the bewildered and inquiring the plan of salvation, or unsheath the sword of God as a terror to evil-doers—only then would we be able fully to estimate and appreciate its blessed influence. Cowper, the most wise and evangelical of all poets, has well said—

The pulpit, in the sober use
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,
 Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand,
 The most important and effectual guard,
 Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.

Influence exerted at so many points, and under circumstances so favorable must be felt. No one speaks under so many advantages as the christian minister. Seated amid the quietude of the temple, here at least for the time being the wicked cease from troubling. The holy serenity and dim religious light hallow the place and whisper : God is here—The Lord dwelleth in his temple, let all the earth keep silence before him. He also who speaks with the terrors of the Lord upon him, comes with the consciousness visible to all that he is not speaking his own words, his own threats. And then his subjects too are clothed with trembling interest to all who hear him. Sin, redemption, righteousness, judgment, heaven, hell—eternal mercy and love, the cross, life, death and immortality. These subjects clothe his messages with interest and power. No one pronounces judgment so awful—no one teaches pre-

cepts so wise—no one speaks promises so balmy—no one points to hopes so bright—or despair so dark and hopeless! Sweep away the pulpit, and this is only one part of the blessedness of this day, and you leave an aching, cold, and gloomy void, which nothing on earth can fill. Enjoying as we do the blessings of this day in all their told and untold importance how clearly do we perceive, and how thankful ought we to acknowledge, the truth that “the Sabbath was made for man.”

A few inferences in conclusion :

1. If the Sabbath was made for man, then we infer that it is absolutely necessary to his well being. God makes nothing in vain. He would not have made this day amid so much solemnity, enjoined its observance under such heavy penalties, and preserved it from extinction amid all the revolutions of the world, if it were not necessary to man's well being, and favorable to his present and future life. Those, then, who try to depreciate its sacredness and abrogate its claims, are alike enemies to God and man.

2. Those who are deprived of the Sabbath by the hand of oppression, or otherwise, are deprived of a right which God gave them. The Sabbath was made for man. For the slave as well as for him who calls himself his master. For laborers on public works, for boatmen, stage-drivers and sailors, as well as for those whom providence has placed in circumstances of greater pleasantness and independency. Who has a right to say to a fellow-man, on the day which the Lord made for man: Six days shalt thou labor, *and the seventh also?* Who, that is head in a family, has a right to keep those who labor in his service away from God's house, on God's day, to wait on company, or to prepare a luxurious and fashionable repast? It is God that says: “Nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant!” Yea, God careth even for beast, and, in mercy to those poor brutes that toil the weary road six days, and by the hand of avarice are driven on the seventh—in mercy to them, he says to their master, “nor thy cattle!” Who will take it upon himself to extort from man or beast a right which God has secured to them on tables of stone, and on the more lasting tables of man's nature.

3. If the Sabbath was made for man then it is always possible for him to keep it holy, and he can never get into circumstances where he will be compelled to break it. It is a common opinion that in some cases it is impossible to keep this commandment. What a reflection is this upon the wisdom of God! Should he make a law the observance of which is for the benefit of man, and yet suffer him to get into circumstances where he must necessarily violate it. It is true circumstances alter cases, but circumstances do not alter the law of God. To say then, as is sometimes said, “we would like to keep the Sabbath, but in our circumstances we cannot,” is idle and wicked. To say that it is necessary to violate the Sabbath in order to carry on manufactories which are necessary to man, is to say that God made the Sabbath for man, but failed in wisdom; and instead of promoting his welfare by it he threw a barrier into his way which must be broken through by man on his own responsibility. Who is prepared for such wickedness?

It is however gratifying to learn that this wicked idea is becoming more and more dissipated from the minds of men. Experiments in burning lime, making iron, etc., have most clearly confirmed the truth that

man can, under all circumstances, keep the Sabbath. There is no doubt that further experiments will still more deeply convince men that keeping the Sabbath is not only possible but profitable—that it was not only made for man, but that it was wisely made.

4. If the Sabbath was made for man, and is really a benefit and blessing to man, then there must be something wrong with those who do not *feel* it a benefit. Those who feel it as an unpleasant restraint must have a desire for pleasures which God does not allow or approve, and the enjoyment of which requires a violation of God's law. Those to whom it is a burden, show that they have no heart for holy and pure delight—especially that they have no heart for God's service. How many are there, even among professing christians, to whom the holy Sabbath is a dull and wearisome day. The days of the week go too fast in the whirl of business, but Sabbath hours have leaden wings, and seem like a summer's sun to the tired laborer, which will not go down. How loudly does this proclaim against their profession; and how clearly does it show that theirs is not the true christian spirit. Heart sympathy with God, with holiness, and with religion is wanting—and thus all is wanting.

5. If the Sabbath was made for man, it was made as a means to an end. That end is Heaven. This Sabbath is a type of an eternal Sabbath. There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God. The rest which it affords here is good; but that which is to come is better. How blessed is this day in itself, but how unspeakable more blessed is it in its typical connection with the Saints' everlasting rest. There remaineth a Sabbath where no setting sun shall fill the soul with melancholy regret, and where no to-morrow's quick returning light shall call us to the world again. A Sabbath where no rankling care or worldly bustle shall break in upon our holy and happy hours; where the proud lordlings voice shall no more move the poor man's weary limbs. A Sabbath, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!

In that blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

O Long expected day, begin.
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

A BEAUTIFUL GEM.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed;
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light have fled.
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie—
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

THE MARCH OF EMPIRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WRITTEN UNDER A TREE IN THE FAR WEST.

In the deep and awful forest
Of the wide primeval West—
On the rich and lonely prairies
That upon its bosom rest—
Along the mighty rivers,
And along the smaller streams,
I wandered, seeing visions,
Like one who strangely dreams.

Around me were the Red men,
But restless in their stay;
A deep mysterious instinct
Was urging them away;
And as the birds of passage
In the silent autumn time,
Their hearts were deeply longing
For a more congenial clime.

The herds upon the prairies,
The wild beasts in the wood,
When moving, moved but westward,
Looked westward when they stood.
A sense of awe possessed them,
A deep and dreamy dread,
As timidly they lingered,
Or fearfully they fled.

In the distance, far, far Eastward,
And at first but faintly heard,
There seemed mysterious roarings,
As of thousand forests stirred—
A noise like mighty armies
In warfare or in glee.
And then a deep dread sounding
Like the rolling of the sea.

Still nearer, and still louder,
I heard the mystic tread;
Still faster, and more fearful,
The solemn Red men fled.
Around me fell the forests
As mowers fell the grass,
The mountains bowed, the valleys rose
To let the army pass.

Encampments grow to cities
And tents spread far and wide;
And proud upon the rivers
Their ships of thunder ride;
Their shouts of joy and triumph,
O'er prairie and o'er plain,
Sound in the primal forests,
And echo back again.

It is the march of empire—
 The tramp and tread of States—
 The moving of the millions
 With fiat that creates.
 Where loneliness for ages reigned,
 Now myriad homes repose,
 The wilderness is glad for them
 And blossoms as the rose.

A QUAINT POEM.

A correspondent sends the following quaint poem to the "American Church Monthly," with the following introductory remarks:

"A good many very worthy people of both sexes are possessed with the notion that smoking is bound to be all smoke, and nothing but smoke. And we do acknowledge that smoking is apt to be a rather smoky indulgence. Nevertheless, we have long *felt* that the aforesaid notion was not altogether true; though we did not know exactly how to put that feeling into suitable words. Judge, then, of our gratification at finding that the thing had been done in some stanzas full of delectable quaintness, which the reader will find below. To our mind, they are just the thing: we accept them, and rejoice in them, as proving beyond question, that smoking *need* not all be smoke; though we would by no means be thought to recommend the naughty practice of fumigation, especially in clerical or literary workmanship. They have come to us from a hand that is cunning both at making and finding choice things. The following is part of a note that came with them: 'Our friend P——, has suggested that the inclosed bit of quaint old rhyme might be acceptable for your *Readers' Exchange*. It was a pet of my father, who gave it to me in manuscript, with many other curious things in his old green portfolio, shortly before his death. I may perhaps relish it extravagantly for its associations; but it is, to my thinking, a rare good bit of rhyme. I know not who the author is; though I have always supposed it to be by an English clergymen, of a generation more recent than the style would indicate. I have punctuated the inclosed copy with close care, and an eye to the spirit of the piece. If your own trained criticism sees no particular fault in that respect, pray let it be printed *punctuatim* as I send it.'"

We are happy to be able to correct and enlarge our friends knowledge in regard to this poem; and we would desire to do it humbly, since we are indebted for the information we possess to an old book "printed in Glasgow by John Bryce, and sold at his shop in the salt market 1766." This book was, as would appear, soon after bought by one who from its wear evidently cherished it. We find on a blank page written as follows: "James Wilson, his Book, Sept. the 26th, 1769." Later the book was presented to Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D., President of Franklin and Marshall College, who has kindly called our attention to it. This book containeth the numerous quaint, curious, and piously savored poems of "the

late Reverend Ralph Erskine, A. M., Minister of the Gospel at Dunfermline ;” and among them the poem on “Smoking Spiritualized.”

Our friend who received a copy of the poem in manuscript, has received an incorrect copy. The poem is not all from the same author. In the true copy it is given in two Parts, each containing five stanzas—the second Part only being from Mr. Erskine, while the first Part is still more ancient. In the copy given in the “Church Monthly,” the last stanza in the first Part is transposed and made the last verse in the second Part. We give the true copy, with the introductory remarks of the editor of Mr. Erskine’s poems, and the Parts as in the original.

Perhaps the reader will wonder and divine why, after we have said that the poem is in Two parts, it actually appeareth below in three Parts. Be it known then that the Editor of the Guardian to fill out the mystic and orthodox number of Three, hath himself delivered, and now addeth, the Third Part, which he humbly submitteth to the reader, without the vanity, however, of supposing that the poem is now finished. While we have thus done, and though we thus speak, we also “would by no means be thought to recommend the naughty practice of fumigation.” We opine that those who get the wisdom of the poem without the “smoky indulgence,” are after all the wisest men.

Here is the poem with its preliminaries, “*verbatim, punctuatim, et literatim.*”

The following POEM, the second part of which was wrote by MR. ERSKINE, is here inserted, as a proper subject of meditation to *smokers of tobacco*.

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

IN TWO PARTS.

The first Part being an old Meditation upon Smoking Tobacco; the second, a new addition to it, or Improvement of it.

PART I.

This *Indian* weed now wither'd quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay;
All flesh is hay,
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe so lily like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak.
Thou art ev'n such,
Gone with a touch.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
'Think on thy soul defil'd with sin;
For then the fire
It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away;
 Then to thyself thou mayest say,
 That to the dust
 Return thou must.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down
 So was the Plant of great renown;
 Which mercy sends
 For nobler ends.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
 From such a naughty foreign weed?
 Then what's the pow'r
 Of *Jesse's* flow'r?
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe inlays,
 And by the mouth of faith conveys
 What virtue flows
 From *Sharon's* rose.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain th' unlighted pipe you blow;
 Your pains in outward means are so,
 Till heav'nly fire
 Your heart inspire.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, tow'rs;
 So should a praying heart of yours
 With ardent cries
 Surmount the skies.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART III.

Unpleasant first the weed appears,
 But by degrees itself endears;
 So hateful sin
 Allures us in.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The taste, as every smoker knows,
 Still stronger with the habit grows;
 So wrong desires
 Are growing fires.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

But once for aye you can employ
 The self-same weed you now enjoy;
 So life you spend
 But once can end.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Ere you can smoke the fragrant weed
 Its preparation must precede;
 So all our good

Cost pains and blood.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Your smoking wants each day return,
So must your heart in longings burn,
For grace to die
And rise on high.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

THE FADING ONE.

DID you ever see some member of a family *fading away*—gradually, yet surely and beyond all human help, wasting under the power of disease? Around the house, perhaps—going out for the short walk or the gentle ride; able, it may be, to see friends, and in a measure enter into the pursuits and pleasures of life; but growing weaker day by day—suffering, enduring, but slowly *fading*. Did you ever see a friend thus, as piece by piece the clayey tabernacle was being taken down, and the spirit pluming itself for its free flight as soon as its prison should fall off?

Such an one I saw recently—one who has now gone to her eternal home. It was very touching to watch the solicitude of all the family for their drooping flower. The arrangements for the visit had been made with reference to *her* wishes; the temperature of the room must be regulated for *her* comfort; the easiest chair had been obtained for *her* use. The mother's eye watched her as she passed around the room with a mother's anxiety; the sisters anticipated every wish of her heart; the little brothers hushed their noisy glee and stepped more gently in her presence.

I watched her, as in her weakness she turned upon her loved ones for support, *apparently* unconscious of all their attentions—receiving them as freely as they were given—and thought what a beautiful provision of a merciful Providence is *the family*! It is indeed a relic of Eden left to us yet unbroken, primitive, heaven-born blessedness. If the world were one great Commune of Socialism, as some would seem to desire in these days of wickedness, we might do well enough in youth and health and vigor; but what would become of the *fading ones* in this selfish world?

We may well be grateful for *family* comforts. We may well prize them if we have them unmarred by sickness or death; for but few families escape a great while. And when they come, what consideration should induce us to spare any attention which can be given to smooth the pathway to the tomb? No lapse of time can ever take away the bitterness of the recollection of unkindness at such a time, after the grave has closed over the lost one.

Speak gently to your *fading ones*. Bear patiently with all the humors and caprices of a mind weakened by disease. Consider no self-denial too great to be borne. But especially point often to the necessity of being at any time prepared for death. If possible, disrobe death of its terrors by making it familiar, and holding *free* intercourse upon the great themes of the soul's immortality and its eternal home. Such efforts will bring consolation in the hour of sorrow, when all the weary watchings and night vigils and trials of patience shall be forgotten.

F A M I L Y U N I T Y .

BY J. V. E.

ONE of the most unhappy sources of evil that can poison the peace of a family, is a spirit of distraction. It is bad enough anywhere ; whether in neighborhoods, communities, church or State ; but surely, worst of all, in the Family. Confusion may run rife without ; as long as it does not invade the sacred precincts of the family, there is still a place of peace and rest. The family being our home, how jealous should we be that a central, harmonizing feeling prevails there. But how often are disunion and unhappiness found there, arising perhaps from the most unimportant circumstance. An opinion is expressed on the most trifling subject ; some one peevishly dissents, and then follows an argument, which, as neither will agree to differ, nor bear with the others infirmities, ends in angry feelings on both sides, simply because we wish to make our own ground good, and exercise no control over our "unruly member," the tongue. Perhaps from an envious spirit, one is unwilling to acknowledge a good quality or trait in another, which they do not possess themselves, and hence contemptuously endeavor to gratify their feelings, to provoke and vex, and thus arouse the spirit of discord. What a pity, that so many will not try to make themselves the subject of respect, but labor continually, and use every little occasion to depreciate reputation or worth in others. The Scriptures say, "withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it." Render "honor to whom honor" is due. "And as we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

What then must we do to cultivate a spirit of unity in the Family ? We must first respect each other. This is an important item. No one, we presume, will doubt the truth of this assertion. Our respect for each other, most generally, increases with the spirit of regard and love which we exhibit toward each other. How can we respect and love the person, with a binding and high affection, who has no regard for our own feelings or character ? Love and respect, cannot fail to beget love and respect. Hence there is a reciprocity of feeling that must be cherished, if anything of a harmonious spirit is desired to prevail. If sisters and brothers, in the family, show any willingness at all to live in peace, and enjoy life, and make home happy, they should not forget duly to respect each other ; and to discountenance any conduct that is calculated to fan a flame of envy or distraction, by over-looking each others infirmities, and by dealing kindly with each other, in those little differences and disputes that may arise in the family. Let a want of respect become visible at home, and even neighbors will think less of us. But if unity and love rule there, our respect to each other will be evidence to others that the right spirit prevails. What an honor it is to a family, to have respect, peace and unity prevailing among its members. Where there is

no bickering, no envy, no selfishness, and no rudeness, there must be, and there is, respect. And where there is respect, there is love; and where there is love there is unity, and where there is unity there is peace and happiness. There is a chain which binds us together, which if one link be broken, the result must prove disastrous to our peace; and there is no link in this chain of more importance, than respect. The brother or sister that will not show due respect to every member of the family, and especially to the parents, is on the path of dishonor and ruin, and is severing the most vital cord of family unity.

Next, we should prudently govern our conversation. The apostle James says, "The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison!" An unruly tongue, may not only be considered an evil, but one of the greatest and most pernicious of evils. It is compared to a little fire, placed among a great deal of combustible matter, which soon raises a flame and consumes all before it. There is such an abundance of sin in the tongue, that it is justly termed, a world of iniquity. How many defilements does it occasion! How many consuming flames does it kindle! The peace of society is often broken by it. Defiling passions are flamed by it; and the whole body is often drawn into sin and guilt by the tongue.

It is also hard to govern. One man cannot govern the tongue of another. Each of us must exercise authority upon our own tongues. And even aid must be invoked from God if we would have it ruled right. Brute creatures may be kept within certain bounds; they may be managed by certain rules; and even serpents may be so used as to do no hurt with all their poison; but the tongue is very apt to break through all bonds and rules, and to spit out its poison on some occasions, notwithstanding the utmost care. So that it does not only need to be watched, and guarded, and governed, but also as a sower of discord and evil, to be held in the most severe subjection. Unless our conversation is prudently governed, and the utmost care taken of language, on trivial occasions especially, fire-brands of distraction may be sown in the family, which will be more or less productive of tumult and confusion.

If every one then, will pay due regard to every member of the household, and keep his or her tongue under subjection, and conduct themselves with honor and order, by the help of divine grace all will be able to realize bliss on earth, which is allied to the unity and love of that assembly and church of the first born in heaven. If a greater feeling of unity prevailed in families, we have good reason to conclude there would be less disposition to wander away, and live prodigal and reckless lives.

Young friend, if you are not nurturing that home-feeling, which is calculated to bind you to those who are your nearest ones on earth, in an indissoluble unity, like Cain you will become a wanderer, either in affection or conduct, and will sooner or later have the mark of dishonor and shame on your forehead, to be seen of all men. Remember that what you are at home, you will be away. If disrespect predominates there, it will also abroad. If an evil tongue casts its venom out there, it will do the same at other places. If your conduct is disorderly there, it will also be so through life. Family peace and unity, is promoted only by an honorable, respectful, and righteous life.

PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE *Massachusetts Teacher* contains a very interesting article from the pen of Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, upon Mr. Prescott and his histories. In this article Mr. Ellis introduces a friendly and communicative letter from Mr. Prescott, explaining the origin and extent of the difficulties under which it is well known he has labored in the composition of his histories. It is, says the *Boston Journal*, a pleasantly related tale of a faithful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

"I suppose you are aware that, when in college, I received an injury in one eye which deprived me of the use of it for reading and writing. An injudicious use of the other eye, on which the burden of my studies was now wholly thrown, brought on a rheumatic inflammation which deprived me entirely of sight for some weeks. When this was restored the eye remained in too irritable a state to be employed in reading for several years. I consequently abandoned the study of the law upon which I had entered: and, as a man must find something to do, I determined to devote myself to letters, in which independent career I could regulate my own hours with reference to what sight might enable me to accomplish.

"I had early conceived a strong passion for historical writing, to which, perhaps, the reading of Gibbon's autobiography contributed not a little. I proposed to make myself a historian in the best sense of the term, and hoped to produce something which posterity would not willingly let die. In a memorandum book, as far back as the year 1819, I find the desire intimated; and I proposed to devote ten years of my life to the study of ancient and modern literature—chiefly the latter—and to give ten years more to some historical work. I have had the good fortune to accomplish this design pretty nearly within the limits assigned. In the Christmas of 1837 my first work, the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, was given to the public.

"During my preliminary studies in the field of general literature my eyes gradually acquired so much strength that I was enabled to use them many hours of the day. The result of my studies at this time I was in the habit of giving in the form of essays in public journals, chiefly in the *North American*, from which a number, quite large enough, have been transferred to a separate volume of *Miscellanies*. Having settled on a subject for a particular history, I lost no time in collecting the materials, for which I had peculiar advantages. But, just before these materials arrived, my eye had experienced so severe a strain that I enjoyed no use of it again for reading for several years. It has indeed never since fully recovered its strength, nor have I ever ventured to use it again by candle light. I well remember the blank despair which I felt when my literary treasures arrived from Spain, and I saw the mine of wealth lying around me which I was forbidden to explore. I determined to see what could be done with the eyes of another. I remembered that Johnson had said, in reference to Milton, that the great poet had abandoned his

projected history of England, finding it scarcely possible for a man without eyes to pursue a historical work requiring reference to various authorities. The remark piqued me to make an attempt.

"I obtained the services of a reader who knew no language but his own. I taught him to pronounce the Castilian in a manner suited, I suspect much more to my ear than to that of a Spaniard; and we began our wearisome journey through Mariana's noble history. I cannot even now call to mind, without a smile, the tedious hours in which, seated under some old trees in my country residence, we pursued our slow and melancholy way over pages which afforded no glimmering of light to him, and from which the light came dimly struggling to me through a half intelligible vocabulary. But, in a few weeks the light became stronger, and I was cheered by the consciousness of my own improvement; and when we had toiled our way through seven quartos I found I could understand the book when read about two-thirds as fast as ordinary English. My reader's office required the more patience; he had not even this result to cheer him in his labor.

"I now felt that the great difficulty could be overcome; and I obtained the services of a reader whose acquaintance with modern and ancient tongues supplied, as far as it could be supplied, the deficiency of eyesight on my part. But, though in this way I could examine various authorities, it was not easy to arrange in my mind the result of my reading, drawn from different and often contradictory accounts. To do this I dictated copious notes as I went along; and when I had read enough for a chapter—from thirty to forty and sometimes fifty pages in length—I had a mass of memoranda in my own language, which would easily bring before me at one view the fruits of my researches. These notes were carefully read to me; and while my recent studies were fresh in my recollection I ran over the whole of my intended chapter in my mind. This process I repeated at least half a dozen times, so that when I finally put my pen to paper it ran off pretty glibly, for it was an effort of memory rather than creation. This method had the advantage of saving me from the perplexity of frequently referring to the scattered passages in the originals, and it enabled me to make the corrections in my own mind which are usually made in the transcript, and which with my mode of writing—as I shall explain—would have much embarrassed me. Yet I must admit that this method of composition, when the chapter was very long, was somewhat too heavy a strain on the memory to be altogether recommended.

"Writing presented me a difficulty even greater than reading. Thierry, the famous blind historian of the Norman Conquest, advised me to cultivate dictation; but I have usually preferred a substitute that I found in a writing-case made for the blind, which I procured in London forty years since. It is a simple apparatus, often described by me, for the benefit of persons whose vision is imperfect. It consists of a frame of the size of a sheet of paper, traversed by brass wires, as many as lines are wanted on the page, and with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks, which he cannot see, on the white page below. This treadmill operation has its defects; and

I have repeatedly supposed I had accomplished a good page, and was proceeding in all the glow of composition to go ahead, when I found I had forgotten to insert a sheet of my writing paper below, that my labor had all been thrown away, and that the leaf looked as blank as myself. Notwithstanding these and other whimsical distresses of the kind, I have found my writing case my best friend in my lonely hours, and with it have written nearly all that I have sent into the world the last forty years.

"The manuscript thus written and deciphered—for it was in the nature of hieroglyphics—by my secretary was then read to me for correction, and copied off in a fair hand for the printer. All this, it may be thought, was rather a slow process, requiring the virtue of patience in all parties concerned. But in time my eyes improved again. Before I had finished 'Ferdinand and Isabella' I could use them some hours every day. And thus they have continued till within a few years, though subject to occasional interruptions, sometimes of weeks and sometimes of months, when I could not look at a book. And this circumstance, as well as habit—second nature—has led me to adhere still to my early method of composition. Of late years I have suffered not so much from inability of the eye as dimness of the vision, and warning comes that the time is not far distant when I must rely exclusively on the eyes of another for the prosecution of my studies. Perhaps it should be received as a warning that it is time to lose them altogether."

STATISTICS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

One of our contemporaries has prepared the following statistics of country life:

| FARMERS IN 1776. | FARMERS IN 1836. |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Men to the plough, | Men a mere show, |
| Wife to the cow, | Girls, piano, |
| Girl to the yarn, | Wife, silk and satin, |
| Boy to the barn, | Boys, Greek and Latin, |
| And all dues settled. | And all hands gazetted. |

FARMERS IN 1857.

Men all in debt,
Wives in a pet,
Boys, tobacco squirts,
Girls, dragging skirts,
And everybody cheated.

THE EVENING STAR.

The loveliest star of evening's train,
Sets earliest in the Western main.
The fairest son of morning's host,
Scarce risen in brighter beams is lost.

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door,
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drain a glass,
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I hate and what I love, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning and deceit, John Brown;
I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And I love an open face, without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud contented slave,
And lout who'd borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that rises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine,
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me, and above, John Brown;
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So, if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unvex'd, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear.
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

VALUE OF OBEDIENCE.

BY JOSEPHUS.

TRUE religion, or the religion of Jesus Christ, consists in loving the "Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbor as thyself." This has never been possible for man, save one, the God-man, who united in himself the human and the divine in one Person. It is, however, now possible for man to be exercised by that noble and divine principle, of loving "God with all his heart." By repentance for sin, and faith in Jesus Christ, as able and willing to deliver the sinner, by the Atonement he made for sin, the promise of the Holy Spirit is fulfilled in the Regeneration of the individual, so that his "life is hid with Christ in God." This being the case, the whole sum and substance of his life, is centered upon the one object of his creation—the glory of God. This becomes more and more perfect as he advances in the christian life, from a babe in Christ "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." As he grows his affections become stronger, so that he sees the vanity of setting them upon the things of the earth, and he gives evidence to others that for him "to live is Christ."

The manifestation of such religion abiding in the heart, is obedience. Whilst love to God and man, is the sum and substance of true religion, yet love destitute of obedience, is nothing more than a counterfeit of the genuine. Obedience is the seal impressed by the Author of true religion, upon the heart of every new creation of the Spirit. By it, the new man, created in righteousness and true holiness, may be known. There need be no deception, if the individual will observe the impressions of the author's seal, with spiritual eyes. It is the fruit of fruits, by which we are to know and distinguish between true and false disciples. It is of great value in the sight of God, because it is infused into the heart, as a living organic principle! in the act of regeneration, and is a part of the new creation.

The obedience of Adam, had he obeyed the divine injunction, in not eating "of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," would have been of great value in the eyes of God, and to the happiness of mankind. All have felt the effects of it, but none on this Earth more than the God-man, who suffered and bore the curse of that disobedience. None can call in question the value of Adam's obedience to the world, had he not listened to the voice of the Tempter. The effect of his disobedience is sickness and pain, and troubles of every kind and grade. Of what atrocities, crimes and misery has he been the source? Then of what inestimable value would his obedience have been, had he had respect to the divine authority? The value of it, or the injury caused by his disobedience, can only be known by the actual experience of the lost for all Eternity. Obedience, thou wouldst have been a precious boon to every individual, hadst thou been bound up in the affections of the first man—Adam!

To the peace, happiness and comfort of every household, obedience, of the children towards their parents, and on the part of the domestic, is invaluable. Without it, there will be a constant clashing between a divinely appointed authority, and the idea of a false liberty, so prevalent at the present day in children and domestics, or a refined licentiousness. Sorrow must fill the hearts of parents, where children are so ungrateful for all the care, anxiety and sleepless nights, that have been endured for their sake, as to reward all this kindness with disobedience. It wounds the honor of the parents, and destroys the peace which would otherwise exist. Thus it was with God the Father, and the children of men. It was the cause of the sentence, "thou shalt surely die." How often have children been cast off for their ingratitude? Obedience is not only the cause of happiness and peace dwelling around the fire-side of a happy family; but carries its reward with it into the world, and gains the esteem and confidence of every intelligent and honorable person. It ingratiates itself into the affections and good grace of others. Where it is absent, it is the very reverse—all confidence and respect is lost, and the person is looked upon as an ungrateful being. It is worthy to be cherished and nurtured in the heart of every child, who loves peace in preference to strife, happiness to misery, and confidence and respect to distrust and disrespect.

A faithful and obedient citizen to the laws and magistrates of the country, is the salt of the country's peace and prosperity. There is need of no troops, no brandishing of swords, no glittering of bayonets and no displays of bravery to make him subject to "the powers that be." He has the power within himself, enabling him to yield a cheerful and willing obedience to the powers ordained of God. The smiles and blessings of God's are his—happiness and peace.

All disorders and mobocracies arise from those who are unfaithful, disobedient and unworthy citizens. They are governed and controlled by their own wills and the evil passions of a depraved nature. All authority coming in contact with these things must be met and resisted by disobedience. The consequence is misery and wretchedness.

Notwithstanding the consequences of Adam's disobedience was misery and wretchedness for time and eternity, yet the obedience of the second Adam—Christ—has been of an inestimable value to the world. Who can compute its worth? Can any one this side of the grave? Nay. None, but the redeemed in the mansions of glory; and the lost in Hell. The one experiences its blessings, whilst the other bewails in the deepest anguish of soul, the want of those blessings. Disobedience brought sin into the world, or made every individual a sinner, and nothing short of obedience, passive in suffering the consequences of sin, and active in doing the *will* of God, can change the curse into a blessing; can make that which is worthless—valuable. It was of the greatest importance that Christ obeyed in all things, "written in the book of the law to do them." Had it not been for the value of his obedience, he never would have received the commendation, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Never would he have spoken unto us, "hear ye Him." By his obedience he merited heaven with all its spiritual blessings, for believers; and by it he has increased ten-fold the misery and wretchedness of the disobedient.

Obedience on the part of the believer to all things, commanded of God by his divinely commissioned ministry is of great value in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. Without it there can be no salvation, as love is the predominant characteristic of the redeemed in heaven. Obedience is made by the Saviour the touch-stone of the presence of that love, abiding in the heart, which gains admission to the heavenly throng. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you;" "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love;" "If ye love me keep my commandments;" "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me;" "If a man love me, he will keep my words;" "He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings." The word *keep* in the above quotations, is synonymous with the word *obey*. His disciples, now, as well as then, are to observe and practice those commandments. The value of the believer's obedience is of great price, in evincing his title to mansions in the skies. If love is the sum and substance of the religion of Jesus, obedience is the manifestation of that love in the heart of the true christian.

Do you ask what makes the believer's obedience so valuable? We answer, because it is the obedience of Christ, implanted in his heart, in the act of his regeneration. As God said to his Son, the living Head of all believers, he can say to the members of that Body, "I am well pleased."

How sadly deficient is the obedience of the great majority of believers now, that calls forth such a commendation. The commandments are set at nought. God's mercies are disregarded, so that their tendency is rather to harden the heart and make it more bold in sin, instead of softening and making it more thankful. The divine commission of God's ambassadors for Christ's sake, is ignored in reality. Their reproofs for sin are received as reproaches. Like the Jews in the time of Christ, they cannot have their sins set before them in a faithful exposition of God's word, without becoming angry. They wish to be carried to heaven sleeping in their sins. They believe, if they believe any thing, that if they sin, grace will abound. Not so the true child of God, who obeys God's commandments. His mercies have their proper effect. They hear through the divine commission, a voice, saying, "He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me." Reproof for their sin is received in the love of it, and the language of their heart is the language of true penitence, "I have sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." Instead of sinning that grace may abound, they show by their obedience the impossibility of those being dead to sin, living any longer therein.

Reader, art thou a true child of God? then thou knowest the value of obedience. It is more precious to you than many jewels. Think not that yon shall see the kingdom of heaven without it. It is the only safe guardian of the triple crown of righteousness, life and glory. Obedience makes an affectionate child; and a child beloved. It makes the best citizens of the Earthly and Heavenly kingdom. Cherish and practice it.

THERE is a kind of physiogomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.

LIGHT, OR DARKNESS?

BY PARVUS.

IN nature light and darkness are opposed to each other. The absence of light produces darkness; the presence of light dispels the darkness. When, during a rainy night, the moon, "pale empress of the night," and the myriad of bright stars, are hid from our view by a black curtain of intervening clouds, then pitchy darkness hangs over the face of our side of the earth, this is, because the sun has set, as we say, and gives light to the inhabitants of the other side of this globe, and because the dark clouds above us, intercept and shut out from our view the light of the sun, which would, otherwise, fall upon our side of the earth by reflection from the moon and stars. This accounts for the fact that during a cloudy night the darkness is so much thicker than it is when the sky is clear, even when fair Luna is absent, or has her dark side turned towards us.

But, not only in the natural world are light and darkness in conflict with each other. This truth reaches much farther. In the sphere of morality and religion, the same law holds good. So also in the sphere of the intellect—the mind. We speak of the *light of knowledge* and the *darkness of ignorance*—of the *light of truth* and the *night of error*. These are, of course, figurative expressions, but are most suitable for the purpose of illustration. Who sees not the fitness of the remark: "He is an enlightened man," applied to one who is highly cultivated, and who, in all his words and actions, shows, that he is able to see, as it were, right into matters and things? When we meet with a person who is up to the age in which he lives; who knows how to take care of himself in every way, and who stands prepared to make the best of everything that may turn up, we are at once ready to say: "this man has a clear head," and conclude that he must enjoy the benefit of a good education. On the other hand, when we see one stumbling along like a man in a dark night, blundering on all occasions and acting as if he had not the faculty of thought in his cranium, then we set it down for certain that he has no training—that he is in the dark. The night of ignorance and error is upon him and he sees but a faint glimmer of the light of knowledge and wisdom which illumines the pathway of his neighbor.

By nature we are all in this darkness. Light must be made to fall into our minds in order that we may learn to see. As in the physical world around us, two things are necessary to enable us to see, so it is in the intellectual. In the former we must have light, the element, and the eye, the organ of wisdom, the eye, is defective, or destroyed, or covered over by a thick film, derives no benefit from the light. It may surround him on every side and may fall upon his covered, or dead eye-ball, yet does he not see, because his eye can not drink in the light. So, when thick darkness surrounds us, the organ of vision may be good, yet we see not, because the element of vision is absent.

Thus also in the sphere of the intellect must two things be present, namely the mind,—the organ of intelligence, and put in its innumerable shapes and forms—the element of intelligence. But these two, the organ and the element—the mind and truth must be brought into contact. The mind must be placed into a receptive posture, so that it may receive the truth when it is presented. So must truth be applied to the mind in order to be received by it. This involves a process, which we call educating—training.

Now, by a little reflection we will see, how easily and in how many ways the light of truth may be shut out of the mind, so that it will remain in, almost, its natural darkness. In the world of sense there are many ways to exclude the light from the eye, and some of these are very easy. A man need not put his head into a bag, or creep into the earth to do it. He need but close his eyes and darkness will shroud his organ of vision. Thus a man can shut up his mind so as to exclude almost every ray of the light of knowledge. Then he will walk in darkness and will have a chance to stumble and fall to his heart's consent, during the journey of his life upon earth. Even if he were altogether indifferent in regard to this matter, allowing as many rays of light to burst into the dark chambers of his mind as could penetrate, unassisted, through the different openings leading to them, yet, being not actively engaged in opening the portals of his mind, and in directing the rays of light to these openings, he could, at best, have only a dim twilight and would have to walk very carefully and circumspectly in order not to stumble and fall, or become entangled in the many snares, laid for his feet by the wicked and designing. In order to enjoy the full blessings of the light of knowledge, we must begin early to apply the truth to the mind, having first placed the mind into a proper, receptive posture. We must be untiring and must try to catch every ray of light that may come within our reach. Thus may we become privileged to walk in the light and to enjoy all its manifold blessings.

All should be engaged in cultivating their minds. There are few whose minds are not capable of training and improvement. As the good Lord has furnished nearly all with heathful organs of vision and also supplies the necessary element, so has he also furnished nearly all with minds capable of great development. The element is not wanting, either. Truth surrounds us on all sides. Yea, truth is within us, in our body, in our mind and in our spirit. How much light can we not gather by studying ourselves—physically, intellectually and morally, or spiritually. And then, think of the objects around, beneath and above us! Who can comprehend the infinitude of their number and variety!

The advantages which a proper cultivation of *all* our faculties, physical as well as intellectual, affords, should be a strong motive to induce us to give all diligence to this great work. Besides the temporal advantages which we may derive therefrom, there are innumerable spiritual blessings connected with it. Only the wise and good can be truly happy. Fountains of bliss and happiness bubble up their sweet waters on both sides of their path and they drink deep of their contents, whilst the rude, the uncultivated and ignorant pass them by, unconscious of their existence.

Who would, then, remain in ignorance? Who would wish to walk

in the dark all the days of his life, beholding only the faint streaks of light as they shoot up the firmament, telling him that light does exist? Who would be contented with seeing the "rosy fingered aurora," from day to day without having the privilege of beholding the sun which paints it? And so, who would be satisfied with seeing the light of knowledge beam upon others, whilst he himself had to sit in the darkness of ignorance, or, at best, in the twilight occasioned by the few rays of light which might burst in upon his mind through the slightly opened portals? No one, we venture to say, who has any sense of his true interest and dignity, and who feels that he was not made to be for ever bound to the clods of earth on which he may have been born. Arouse, then, all ye that seek the light. Open wide the gates that lead to your minds and let the light of truth enter and abide with you.

Now, who is it that strives after knowledge? Who is it that seeks the light of wisdom? Is it he who spends his youthful days in idleness and dissipation? Is it he who lays out his money for unnecessary fineries, liquor, tobacco, or throws it away upon worthless characters who travels the country as circus-riders, clowns and fools? Is it he who spends his evenings in lounging about stores, bar-rooms, oyster saloons, or other such places? Is it he who sits at the game until the faint morning-light glimmers in the East, and then staggers home drunk? Or, is it she who spends her hours of day-light in reading love tales and other dirty trash, and her evening hours in visiting places of vulgar amusements, where body and soul are ruined together? Is it she who spends her precious time in making unnecessary and silly gew-gaws, which are neither for warm nor cold? No, no; none of these is engaged in the good work. They know not how to prize the good thing. They feel not—they see not the darkness in which they dwell? But you, gentle reader of the Guardian, what say you to this thing? Will not you seek all the light you can possibly obtain? If so, then be up and doing. Stir up your mind. Throw its portals wide open. Go in search of the light. Rest not till you find it and make it your own. But then, let it shine. Let others share the benefit and the blessings and you shall have your reward.

GOOD WIVES—[AN OLD FANCY.]

Good wives to snails should be akin,
Always their houses keep within;
But not to carry (fashion's hacks,)
All they are worth upon their backs.

Good wives, like echoes, still should do,
Speak but when they're spoken to;
But not like echoes (most absurd,)
To have forever the last word.

Good wives like city clocks should rhyme,
Be regular and keep in time;
But not like city clocks aloud,
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

TRAVELING AND ITS LESSONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Wenn jemand eine Reise thut
So kann er was erzählen.”

“HE that goes traveling has something to tell when he gets home,” is a somewhat free rendering of the German couplet from Claudius under our caption. Having lately enjoyed a trip through the middle of Pennsylvania, Western New York, the Western part of Canada, Eastern borders of Michigan, and a good part of Ohio, we feel like telling some things that were of benefit to us, and we hope may also be to some of our readers.

In traveling we have a good opportunity of studying human nature. The true character and disposition of men and women never comes so fully to view as when they travel. Every thing conspires to bring them to a revelation of themselves. The restraints of home sit less heavily upon them; the gentle glow of excitement which always takes possession of travelers in a greater or less degree, and the many new occasions and contacts which evermore meet them—all serve to draw them out. You see now and then a philosopher, such as we would like the reader to be when he travels, sitting silently, self-possessed, and observant in some part of the car. Here and there, too, you see a surly “man of business” who, like a patient ass, has suffered the world to lay a burden upon him too heavy to be pleasantly borne. Indeed, if you are a through passenger, you can with the greatest ease form a pretty correct judgment in regard to all who travel with you, and even of the way-passengers, who get in at one station and leave at the next.

Of all bad things in man or woman none comes out more clearly than selfishness. Amid the excitement of getting out and in, how it reveals itself! The truly selfish, at such a time, think only of themselves. They swing their carpet bags against you, put their canes or parasols into your eyes, rush in between man and wife, parents and children, in order to be the first in, or the first out. How they spread themselves over the seat to invite you away, and if you must sit by their side what a lowering look of unwelcome you receive! How pitifully a woman, with the care of a child, or an old man with his bent and feeble body, looks around for a seat. Those who could not possibly be so impolite and inhuman at home are fully up to all such bad and selfish manners abroad.

It is humiliating, but also often laughable, to see a passenger of this class “stick to his rights.” An amusing instance of this kind occurred in our travels. A gentleman and his wife, with a bright-eyed boy of about six years, entered the car. The parents filled one seat, and the boy, to be near his parents, was in the act of turning the back of the seat next to them, which seemed vacant. In this, however, he was promptly arrested by Mr. Stick-to-your-Rights, who had left only for a time to look out on the other side of the car. There were plenty of

seats empty ; for the car was not half filled ; but this was his seat, he had a "right" to it, his coat hung above it as a testimony to that fact, and the boy had to take a seat on the other side of the car. This he did with much good grace, looking now tenderly across at his parents, and now wonderfully at his vanquisher ! We watched the brave man closely, feeling sure that his victory over the boy would become an unpleasant feat to him. We could see him gradually growing uneasy, and ashamed. At length he actually picked up his coat, and took a seat at the far end of the car. We were glad to see this, for it convinced us that there was still a small undercurrent of the manly in him. While we do not advise a man to suffer himself to be imposed upon in traveling, we nevertheless feel sure that in a case like the one just given it is neither manly nor a sign of cultivation to "stick to one's rights."

What appears to the traveler the greatest impoliteness and inhumanity is the cold neglect and mean treatment he generally receives when he asks some one for some item of information. How few give you a civil, to say nothing of a satisfactory answer. One should think that the very lowest impulses of humanity would dictate the propriety of giving to a stranger that asks for information, a civil, careful, and satisfactory answer. Yet no one will travel long without being convinced that no such thing is to be expected. In Europe, especially in Germany, it is said, that if you ask a man whom you meet in the street for any locality in the city, he will not only stop and inform you with the greatest care and deliberation, but if necessary he will turn round and go with you to the spot ! But ask an American, in one of our cities—"Dont know, I'm sure"—or, "straight a head"—or, "you've passed it"—or some such careless reply, whilst he never stops a moment to give you a careful direction. There is, however, one way in which you may always get a civil answer, and if possible, the desired information. We would impart the secret to our readers for their benefit. It has never failed us, and we have practiced it for years. Look carefully through the crowd till you see a negro—ask him, and you will not only receive a civil, but a satisfactory answer. Try it—and you will thank us for the information. No difference about the philosophy on which it rests. It is a fact ; and that is sufficient for all practical purposes.

It requires a great amount of good nature to travel, especially in the North and West. You are exposed to endless impositions. Packs of hungry harpies are always on your heels, your only safety is in not committing yourself in any way. Accept of no service until you know what you are expected to pay. Such advice, we know full well, sounds harsh to civilized ears ; but be assured you must practice upon it—and you may as well learn it from the Guardian, as to learn it by experience. You will come by it cheapest in this way.

Another means of escaping imposition is to let them know as little about yourself and your business as possible. As soon as they find out that you are not likely ever to come that way again, and that this is in all probability the last and only chance they will have at you, they will make the best of the crop. We find that even hotels of the better class practice upon this principle ! Do not believe one-fiftieth part of what those say whose interest it is to influence you. You will ascertain the fact

after some experience, and not only say in your haste like the Psalmist, but with the utmost deliberation: "All men are liars!"

How pleasantly does Pennsylvania, including even the cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, contrast with more northern and western States, including Canada, in old-fashioned truthfulness and honesty. Ohio, however, is not so bad. There the Pennsylvania trustiness still prevails in a happy degree; and, as a general thing, you can trust yourself to men in the matter of business intercourse. Even in regard to railroad accommodations you feel the difference. A ticket agent at Niagara Falls belied us, and sold us a ticket which did not cover what he promised. Of all the roads over which we passed, there was none on which we felt ourselves surrounded with such an easy, honest familiarity, as on the Pennsylvania Central Road, between Pittsburg and Philadelphia. Here the gentlemanly conductors do not domineer around you like a newly appointed police, who feel their "little brief authority," and are intent upon making all others feel it too; but you are approached and addressed by men pleasantly and cheerfully devoted to your comfort. The road, too, is most excellent. Though you are rolled around fearful mountains, and even through them, yet you pass as smoothly as over any of the level prairies of the west. The constant change of bold and wild scenery on this route has a remarkable influence in relieving the weary monotony which generally characterizes rail-roading. Let any one travel as we did over the Great Western railroad from Niagara Falls through dull Canada to Detroit, and afterwards over this Pennsylvania road, and he will know the difference of which we speak.

What an uninteresting country that Canada is—at least along the route of the Great Western railroad from the Falls to Detroit. The land is level and rather wet. Horses are poor. Houses are small, and of the cheapest construction—either of log in cabin style, or frame covered with unpainted weatherboards. They stand perfectly bleak, and most un-rural, with not a tree, and scarcely a sod near the house. I do not think we saw one house in fifty for 250 miles that had a tree of any kind near it! In the towns the houses are nearly as poor and indifferent, and scattered over a large space. You scarcely see a brick house. There are a few in London, the largest town we passed, but they were not red, but yellow, almost the color of the natural clay. Until the country was opened by the railroad these people were shut out from the great world of life; but now they are beginning to come into living and acting communication with the great world. However slowly they may seem to come up in other matters they have learned the prices admirably! It sounded quite strange to our ears to hear from the fruit and cake boys 25 cents for a small pie, and $6\frac{1}{4}$ for an old-fashioned ginger cake, and then they were not near so fat and yellow as Mrs. Dewalt used to make them for a penny a-piece when we were a boy.

Though we have already roved considerably in our article, even as we did in our travels, we cannot refrain from coming to the conclusion by way of Niagara Falls. We had seen it before, but never as this time, at early morn. It was a lovely walk to Goat Island at 5 o'clock in the morning. It had rained the previous day; and now the foliage was clean of dust and doubly green, glistening in the early dew. There was not a

cloud to eastward on the face of the sky, and the sun began in glory like a strong man to run a race. The birds were out and particularly cheerful around the Falls, even up to the edge of the roaring water and the dashing spray. The woods were otherwise deeply silent, and the "Thunderer" for that reason the more distinctly loud. The rainbow—oh how fine!—and at that morning hour more impressively than ever to our eye and heart the symbol of promise and hope. Few scenes lie so pleasantly in our memory as that morning scene at the Great Falls. We hope the reader, who visits that spot of wonders, where the "Almighty glasses Himself," and shows somewhat of his power, will not fail to see it at early morn, when the sun's rays aslant, and many sounds which the silence only at that hour renders audible, will picture to his eye, and sing to his ear, and whisper to his soul, what "he will never all express, and never all conceal."

O U R S I S T E R .

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

The following lines, which we cut from a Louisville paper, are very beautiful. Few things have been written more touching and sweet :

SHE hath caught the fair splendor,
 She hath heard the low tender.
 Melodious warble at Heaven's high gate,
 And she says—"I am weary!
 The night time is dreary—
 Dear Savior, that lov'st me, I know thou dost wait
 By the River of Life, at the beautiful gate!"

Her babe on her bosom.
 (O! pale little blossom!)
 We folded her hands in a solemn repose,
 Then fell we a-weeping
 For her visionless sleeping.
 As the long heavy night-watchers drew to a close;
 And we left her with death in lovely repose.

M E N A N D W O M E N .

Men hate, because in act or strife
 They cross each other's path;
 Short is the space for jealousy,
 And fierce the hour of wrath:
 But woman's hate runs deeper far,
 Though shallower at the spring;
 Right seldom is it they forget
 The shaft that galled their wing.
 A fairer face, a higher place,
 More worship, more applause,
 Will make a woman loathe her friend
 Without a deadlier cause.

C H E E R F U L N E S S .

THAT moderate and habitual joy which is so peculiar to Christians, is not so much an independent grace, as it is the result of the exercise of all the graces. The satisfaction of holy submission and trust, the pleasures of eternal hope, the gratification of benevolence, the joys of gratitude, and the delights of fatherly and brotherly love, all seem to swell the perennial stream of cheerfulness. Even disappointment, perplexity, and grief, those fatal disturbers of unbelieving minds, bring peace to the trusting soul and prepare it for unusual joy.

But if there be one gracious feeling which contributes to cheerfulness more than any other, it is the exercise of that charity which "hopeth all things." This hope is a reasonable expectation that the Holy Ghost will either regenerate, or continue to sanctify our hearts and those of others, whose sins give us disquiet and pain. It is such a hope that keeps us from those painful forebodings with respect to the everlasting condition of the wicked, which we would otherwise too much indulge. The expectation that the faults of our brethren, which now mar the beauty of Zion and disturb our devotions, will at length vanish before the power of subduing grace, enables us to continue happy in fellowship with them. This it is that makes Christians so cheerful in their intercourse with the people of the world. For although they cannot entirely approve their conduct and example, they hope by preserving friendly relations with them, to recommend to them the beneficence of their religion. To keep at a sullen distance from the children of this world; to treat them as if we thought them utterly destitute of conscience and beyond the reach of hope; preserving a scornful silence towards them, as though we despised the sinner rather than pitied him, is not to reflect the amiability, condescension, and compassion of our adorable Master—is not to set off religion with those attractions which belong to it. It is the smile of cheerfulness which saves the heavenly from being hateful; and but for it the descent of holy angels must have been terrible to the guilty mortals of olden time.

A cheerful deportment casts a gladdening radiance over the piety of some men, and magnifies their obscure duties into brilliant exploits. It disarms the petty vexations, and sports with the awkward accidents of life. But for it even courtesy itself would be cold and repulsive, and the disclosures of piety in promiscuous assemblies would be marked as hypocrisy and cant. To discharge each duty of social life with the solemnity of one engaged in divine worship; to perform every delicate office of courtesy with a rueful countenance, or to ask for daily bread with as much fervor as one would pray for the conversion of a soul, is to degrade Christianity into Quixotism, and to render it ridiculous to every worldly mind. But shaded with the golden veil of Cheerfulness, the oracles of conscience may be obeyed without transgressing the laws of propriety, and the sacred fire be kept perpetually blazing upon the altar of the heart without revealing a needless parade of ceremonials.

Cheerfulness is not, as some seem to suppose, inconsistent with our being sorry for our sins, downcast in view of our defects, and desirous of

higher spiritual attainments. During the severer exercises of repentance there is indeed little cheerfulness in the soul. Still, godly sorrow, more than any other religious feeling, prepares the mind for sunny days of joy. He who is the frequent subject of such exercises should retire from the gaze of men as soon as he finds himself unable to suppress his grief, else he may be thought a hypocrite, or his religion one of penances and austerities. It is his duty to avoid all such appearances: "be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance." In his moments of sacred privacy, the Christian may and should be the victim of bitter self-accusation. Yet, if he employs these moments aright, he will, in general, be prepared to go forth from his closet with a calm spirit and return to the business of life with a serene and joyful countenance. His intercourse with the King of kings will impart to his conduct a gravity, cheerfulness, and gentleness which will more than realize in him the union of the three graces of mythic story.

Unchristian men are at a loss how to understand how a religion, which is associated in their minds with painful emotions, can make its votaries serene and happy. They fail to perceive that they and the Christian respectively view the Gospel from opposite points. As the *Venus de Medicis* expresses different passions according to the points from which it is contemplated, even thus Christianity shows diverse aspects to these two classes of beholders, and makes different impressions on their minds. The sinner, feeling guilt, and dreading the divine wrath, sees in the Gospel death, judgment, and perdition; the saint, on the contrary, accounting it his salvation, sees in it hope, triumph, and everlasting bliss. The sinner has cause for viewing the Gospel with the most painful feelings, but he is wrong in supposing it to be the cause of them. The Gospel, properly so called, namely, the glad tidings of salvation through a Redeemer, has nothing that, in itself, is calculated to make men miserable. It does, indeed, pre-suppose the existence of sin, death, the judgment, and endless misery, but it has not created them; they are as old as the fallen world, and the fear and self-accusation they excite have always and everywhere been the inalienable heritage of sinners. It is true some corrupters of Christianity have conspired to make it the cheerless system that multitudes have been used to regard it. By the help of their crucifixes they crucify the Son of God afresh; and they carry his lifeless body back again to the sepulchre by embalming the inanimate form of religion in gloomy cathedrals and cold convents. Their penances, austerities, and purgatories have filled the way of life with reeking and sinking graves, and hung the portals of heaven with death's heads and cross-bones. But these things are no part of the religion of Christ. The Gospel was designed to save the believer from unending woe, and from the guilt and foreboding which must ever follow sin. He who truly believes and heartily obeys such a Gospel, ought to be the most cheerful of human beings.

Yet the unregenerate will ever persist in believing that the Gospel can have no better effect on its followers than to fill their minds with gloomy and painful thoughts. They judge of its influence on the truly pious, by its effects on themselves. As they are annoyed by its threatenings, while they are not, like believers, cheered by its promises, they conclude that it awakens in all other minds nothing but fears and alarms. Some

have also been led to take this dark view of the glorious Gospel by the opinion of many pious persons, who suppose the highest style of Christian to be one whose deportment is severe and sober amidst every variety of circumstances—one who rarely or never smiles, and is incapable of laughing. How comely soever such behavior may appear on some occasions, if it be habitual, it is incompatible with a tender sensibility, a lively faith and a bright hope. That is doubtless the most mature piety which enables one to bear his personal vexations and ills with mild resignation, to practice self-denials with unaffected delight, and to suffer persecution, for Christ's sake, with meekness and joy.

Cheerfulness should not be mistaken for levity and simpering. The former is an excess, the latter an affectation of it. Both are different from the cheerfulness of the Christian. This is a habitual temper of the mind, indicated, not by a smile, a grin, or a laugh, but by the whole tenor of the conduct. The Cheerful Christian seems always at peace with himself, and with all the world. A gentle animation is constantly welling up in his soul, and diffusing its cheering influence over all his faculties. Such is not the levity of the votary of pleasure. Good health and high spirits will occasionally give him the appearance of cheerfulness; but even the appearance is transient, soon rising to levity, or sinking to despondency. For one hour of giddiness and merriment, he has whole days of languor, restlessness, and disgust. His cheerfulness is the excitement of a convivial night, not the temper of the mind which abides through all nights and all days.

The gayety which pervades the various ranks of fashionable society, arises more from their circumstances than from natural disposition. Surrounded by all the conveniences and luxuries which wealth can procure, and passing their lives in the company of those whose only employment it is to please, they meet with little to sour their humors or to darken their prospects. But, when these gay creatures come down from the flowery heights of ease, as they are sometimes compelled to do, and endure the trials of lowly life, they take leave of their former hilarity, and commune only with melancholy and discontent.

In order to keep the course of cheerfulness, two shoals are to be shunned: a troubled spirit on the one hand, and a merry one on the other. The former prevails when affliction has not the support of a vigorous faith; the latter is indulged by those who allow cheerfulness to degenerate into mirth. For each of these excesses the apostle has appointed a distinct and effectual remedy. For the one prayers, and for the other psalmody. "Is any afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing psalms."

INFLUENCES.

LET all thine influences, e'en the least,
 Improve thy fellows, and take heed at home.
 How eloquent are looks! From them we draw
 Always our first impressions—oft our last.
 The child had marked its mother's loving smile
 Long ere it learned its father's lesson grave.
 'Twas from its mother's fond, approving look
 The boy became a painter.

THE GUARDIAN:

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MY SPELLING BOOK.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

Here first I entered, though with toil and pain,
Into the vestibule of learning's fane;
Entered with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.

EVEN now some dreams of early life pass like gilded clouds over my spirit. Strange and full of mystery are dreams; and equally beyond all power of explanation are those pictures from our childhood which through life follow us as guardian angels, or go before us as "our life's star." As the heathen had a golden age behind them as well as before them, so have we. The bright heaven we look forward to is the blessed place where we become again "as little children." Our true Father and our true Mother will there receive us again; we shall love them again as erst we did on earth, and we shall go from their presence no more. But we must not now go on to dream anew, seeing that our present object only is to record some dreams that are past.

To "finish the Primer," and "get into the Spelling Book," is an event which, as it inspired joy at the time, is also never to be forgotten afterwards. We have just been sitting and thinking over it till the whole fact with its feelings comes up before us almost as fresh as the long gone actuality. Even while thinking have we hurriedly passed our comb-formed hand through our hair, as authors are said to do in their perplexity, and behold! a gray hair has fallen on our paper. This trifling circumstance has not a little stimulated our feeling and our fancy. Were we not committed to our present heading, we would feel inclined to go on and write the history of this gray hair. But that would be a long story; and especially the younger class of our readers would be tempted to say in their answer of the incredulous Indians to the story of Iago, in the song of Hiawatha—

"Oh what stories these you tell us,
Do not think that we believe them."

But let us keep to our subject; and that is the spelling book that now lies before our eyes. As it is customary in noticing books to give first of all the title page, we see no reason for departing from this natural and useful custom in this case. So please read here the title-page in full:

“THE AMERICAN SPELLING-BOOK; containing Rudiments of the English Language, for the use of Schools in the United States. By Noah Webster, Esq. Thirteenth Revised Edition. Philadelphia: Published by Johnson & Warner, No. 147 Market Street. Also sold by Peter Brynberg, Wilmington, Delaware. 1816.”

If that does not sound familiar to you, ask your parents, and if they know nothing of it, ask your grand-parents; see whether they know any thing of “Webster’s Spelling Book.” If they also plead ignorance, ask some of “the rest of mankind;” for some of the people of the United States, who can think as far back as 1816, must remember it; for we are assured that “the sales of the American Spelling-Book, since its first publication, amount to more than THREE MILLIONS of copies, and they are annually increasing.”

It was some few years later than 1816 when we “got into the Spelling-Book;” but as well as we do the things of yesterday do we remember when “the master” told us on Friday evening that we might “bring one next week.” The joy was, however, the greater in our heart, inasmuch as it was certain some one would “go to town on Saturday,” and thus, without delay the book would appear. “What! a new book again,” said my father; “how you boys do tear your books.” “O no, father, I am through with the Primer, and the master says I must have a Spelling-Book!” “So—well.”

The reader may smile at us if he pleases, but to us it was an earnest business, and full of joy and hope to look almost every minute for a whole hour to see father coming round the bend of the road from town. However slowly that comes, or seems to come, for which children wait, yet it comes at last—and so did father and the Spelling-Book. What a glorious fact—for there father actually drew it forth from his saddle-bags, the veritable volume! How natural it appeared. The yellow sheep-skin back perfectly new and clean, and the grass green cover had never been soiled by the hands of any boy; nor yet had the publisher inartistically covered the outside, as is done in these corrupt and mercenary times, with printed advertisements of “First, Second, Third, and Fourth Series,” or a host of other spelling-books “to be had of the same publisher.” The noble publisher would not spoil the cover of the Spelling-Book with advertisements of others. Why should he? From the point where heaven was highest, right above the place where the school was, to the farthest bounds of the circle, “where the sky went down to the earth,” there was no Spelling-Book in use but Noah Webster’s! Nor was any “series” needed, because this magnificent book “had it all in,” from the A B C’s on to “the grammar.” It was in itself complete, and the only one that was so.

True, “the master” knew of “Perry’s Scheme;” but “the multitude of characters in it rendered it far too complex and perplexing to be useful to children, confusing the eye without enlightening the understanding.” It was also known to the learned in our neighborhood that

a man by the name of "Sheridan," and another whose name was "Walker," had also written each a spelling-book. But we were informed that "there is not the least necessity for placing a figure over each vowel," as these men had done in their books. Moreover, we were solemnly taught that "in nine-tenths of the words in our language, a correct pronunciation is better taught by a natural division of the syllables, and a direction for placing the accent, than by a minute and endless repetition of characters." Of the justice of this remark, so far as we understood it, we boys had not a single doubt; and that which we did not understand, we very properly left to "the master." In our neighborhood, therefore, and as far as the eye could reach around us, the conclusion of the whole matter was that Webster's was emphatically *the Spelling-Book*; and the yellow-backed, green-covered, twenty-five cent copies are the true copies, and the only copies ever made.

Such was the book that was now drawn forth, as aforesaid, from the saddle-bags, and which we were permitted to handle with our own hands, and even to call our own. Such was the book upon the study of which we were now to enter—at once an evidence of the educational facilities at hand, and of our vigorous determination to go forward in the path of science.

The first thing that now remained to be done was to cover this book. It can be covered with paper; but it is better to cover it with flowered calico, a material which adds beauty to durability. This will now be done; for, with a foresight that augurs well for the future in a boy, arrangements had been made with sister for this part of the work long before the book had arrived from town. Indeed the job was already paid for by the transportation of a very formidable heap of bake-wood from the wood-pile to the bake-oven. The wood would have been carried at any rate, and gratis; but it seemed convenient in these circumstances to stipulate in view of an important event which was then uppermost in our mind, and make the performance of this business seem to depend upon the aforesaid condition. Besides covering the book, it was distinctly agreed, during a conference which took place between sister and myself, when the wood was about half carried, that she should also make us "a marker" of yellow gilded paper.

The next thing necessary was to have my name written in it. As this, in a new book, ought to be well done, it must be deferred till Monday, so that it may be done by "the master" himself. None of the "larger boys" can do justice in this case. The name beautifully written, there are still several important things wanting. The corners of the book must be cut off to keep them from curling up; and this, too, the master can best do with his sharp pen-knife. One thing more—a "thumb-paper." In regard to this there will be little difficulty, as one can easily be procured "at dinner time," by way of trade. A nice apple will at any time bring in a nice "thumb-paper."

Thus fully fitted out, and with a firm determination to keep the new book clean and untorn, we place it between the first finger and the thumb, take our seat upon the unbacked bench, and bounding forward with fresh enthusiasm into the second degree of the liberal arts, begin with "baker."

But alas for human hopes and resolutions ! To determine to keep the new book clean and actually to carry it out are two things. We believe it wholly impossible for a boy to get all the good out of a spelling book without wearing it out. It was so in our experience. Behold it as it now lies before us ! The thumb-paper place is literally worn through, and the lower part of the literature which fills its pages is gone beyond recovery. The corners of the book are much shorter and rounder than ever "the master" cut them ; for a boy, if he has any genius at all, will bite his book, in spite of all "the rules of the school," or the "rulers" of the master. There seems to be a necessary connection between devouring the contents of the book literally and devouring the book itself. Besides this wear and tear, the pages containing the pictures are sadly defaced. The milk-maid's eyes are put out ; the fox's head is painted with elderberries, and various other improvements in the pictures have been undertaken which the engraver had overlooked or did not think of when he made it. The calico covering is clean gone, and with it also one of the covers, whilst the other is green no more. Alas ! alas ! precious relic ! thou hast been in the service, and honorable marks of good done are upon thee. Instead of blaming thee for what thou art, I love thee for what thou hast been. Rest thee in honor among the precious relics which remind me of the pleasantest days of my life.

The reader will please accept this much, humbly presented as the outward and least important part of the history of our Spelling Book ; while we promise hereafter to attempt more inward and more earnest things in relation to its merits and meaning.

RULES FOR GROWING OLD.

AT the late commencement of Yale College, the Rev. Daniel Waldo, as the oldest graduate present, (of the class of 1788,) thus closed a speech to the assembled Alumni :

I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily ? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupations, smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent tempest of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative ; repeat what you have read ; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You, young men, who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best, and at the same time *be honest*. The best profession is the ministry of the gospel. If you have not mind enough to be a minister, be a lawyer—but be an honest lawyer. Pope's line should be altered to read :

"An honest lawyer is the noblest work of God."

THOMAS DICK AND EUGENE SUE.

THE same mail from Europe which brought intelligence of the death of Eugene Sue, also bore tidings of the demise of Dr. Thomas Dick, author of "The Christian Philosopher," and many other works written in vindication of the sacred and sublime truths of Revelation; works which, particularly in Scotland, have been circulated most extensively, consoling, teaching and elevating the minds of millions. He ran his earthly course in pain and poverty. He did not sit at rich men's tables. He was not clothed in purple and fine linen. He had scanty, simple fare, and knew no luxury, save the luxury of doing his duty. In the simplest and most beneficent manner he was a Teacher of the People; devoted to scientific studies, and had the art—so rare and so valuable—of writing on these difficult and abstruse subjects so plainly, that even the peasantry of his native land could understand him. Nor was his character unknown, unappreciated or unhonored in this country. His numerous works (moral, religious and scientific,) were largely re-printed and circulated all over the Union. His name was even a household word among hosts of serious-minded, thoughtful, religious people. American travelers who visited Scotland, often went out of their way to visit him at his humble cottage, in the village of Broughty Ferry, on the banks of the silvery Tay. There they found an aged man, infirm of body, but strong of mind, acute, and learned; poor in worldly riches, but whose life had indeed been devoted to laying up for himself treasures in heaven. The American heart warmly sympathized with this fine old man, and a few years ago, some benevolent and wealthy citizens of Philadelphia practically illustrated their sentiment toward him, by presenting him with a handsome pecuniary gift, as some provision for his closing days. Strange enough, this American liberality led to Dr. Dick's receiving some justice, tardy and small enough, from the hands of the British Government. He was the recipient of a small pension (£50 a year,) and, limited as this dole was, it sufficed for his humble wants. He died, a fortnight ago, at Broughty Ferry, at the ripe age of eighty-five.

About the same time there passed away into the far Hereafter, the French novelist, Eugene Sue, one of the most popular and mischievous writers ever produced by a country, which, though it gave the world such men as Fenelon, Pascal, Bossuet and Massillon, also cast up, on the scum of its society, such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Paul de Kock and Alexander Dumas. Infidels, scoffers at all religious belief, socialists, and steeped in the very foulest obscenity, were the writers who for several years, corrupted the mind of France. Chief among these ministers of evil was Eugene Sue. Nor was the mischief he did confined to his own country. He wrote so well, that his works got translated into almost every living language of Europe. They circulated widely in England, and here in America they commanded a sale so large that we should probably be considered romancing if we stated it. But, even at this risk, we will add that over a million of copies of "The Mysteries of Paris," "The Wandering Jew," and "The Seven Capital Sins," have been sold in the United States, at a price and in a form calculated to throw them into the hands of the masses. They figured largely

among the infamous "yellow-cover literature," for some years a disgrace to our country, and they demoralized the public mind to a greater extent than can readily be calculated.

Communism and Socialism, with the strongest infusion of impiety and indecency, were the staple of Eugene Sue's popular fictions. He painted Vice in the most attractive manner, so that, looking at her gorgeous habiliments, the psctateor scarcely heeded her brazen features. He was sensuous in his descriptions, and, even while sometimes pretending to condemn sin, drew its semblance so attractively, that the opposite of repulsion was the effect produced. He was constant and consistent in insinuating and declaring that reason (as he called it, in the slang of the old Encyclopedists,) was a surer and better guide than Revelation. All through his works there is a ruling doubt of God's goodness and merciful justice, of man's honor, of woman's chastity. Sue had no faith in Virtue. He professed to be a champion of popular rights, and, while he lived in luxury which an epicurean might have envied, invariably turned a deaf ear to all personal appeals from Poverty. He was returned as a member of the National Assembly, between the last French Revolution and the re-organization of the Empire, but made a very remarkable failure in public life. Finally, suspected of complicity in some of the plots against what is called "The State" in Paris, he became an exile. Once off his own soil, it seemed as if his skill as a writer had vanished. He commenced a Socialist novel, called "*Les Mysteries du Peuple*," the publication of which was prevented by the Government—a needless prohibition, for his former admirers, the workmen, contemptuously pronounced that he had written himself out. He died, in exile, at the age of fifty-two.

Such, and so contrasted, were Thomas Dick and Eugene Sue, the believer and the infidel. Unquestionably, large and intellectual gifts were bestowed upon each. How one used, and how the other misused them, we have briefly indicated. These men might almost stand as representatives, among modern writers, of Good and Evil. One felt that his mission was to teach, 'to—

Look through Nature up to Nature's God,

and the other acted as if he were convinced that his allotted work was to defile the purest and holiest decencies of life, and impress dark doubts of a world beyond the grave upon the minds of all who read his works. The Christian philosopher to whom, at the age of eighty, a pension of £50 a year was comparative wealth, lived in privation, self-denial and frequent poverty. The popular novelist was surrounded with all that wealth can supply, and with the flattery and adulation of millions. Yet who, life's fitful fever ended, would prefer a career like Sue's? With indignant truth has the poet said :

"——— I'd rather be
One of those hinds that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noonday's sun that's o'er his head.
Than thus, with high-built genius curst,
That hath no heart for its foundation—
Be all, at once, that's brightest, worst,
Sublimest, meanest in creation."

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion
Lay dying at Algiers ;
There was lack of woman's nursing,
There was dearth of woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him,
While his life blood ebb'd away,
And bent with pitying glances,
To hear what he might say :
The dying soldier faltered,
As he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, ' I never more shall see
My own, my native land ;
Take a message and a token
To some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—
At Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions,
When they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story,
In the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely—
And that when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale
Beneath the setting sun :
And 'midst the dead and dying,
Were some grown old in wars—
The death wounds on their gallant breasts,
The last of many scars ;
But some were young, and suddenly
Beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen—
From Bingen on the Rhine !

Tell my mother that her other sons
Shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird
That thought his home a cage ;
For my father was a soldier,
And even when a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell
Of struggles fierce and wild ;
And when he died and left us
To divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take what e'er they would—
But kept my father's sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it
Where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—
Calm Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me,
And sob, with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again,
With glad and gallant tread—
But to look upon them proudly,
With calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too,
And not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love,
I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly,
Without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place,
My father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen—
Dear Bingen on the Rhine.

There's another—not a sister—
In happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment
That sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—
Too fond for idle scorning;
Oh, friends, I fear the lightest heart
Makes, sometimes, heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life—
(For ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain,
My soul be out of prison,)
I dreamed I stood with her and saw
The yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—
Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the Blue Rhine sweep along—
I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing,
In chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river,
And up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded
Through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me,
As we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore,
And well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly,
And confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—
Loved Bingen on the Rhine!

His voice grew faint and hoarse—
His grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—
He sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrades bent to lift him,
But the spark of life had fled;
The soldier of the Legion

In a foreign land was dead !
And the soft moon rose up slowly,
And calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field
With bloody corpses strown ;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene,
Her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—
Fair Bingen on the Rhine !

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE MORNING.

WE give place to the beautiful thoughts of Daniel Webster on beholding the sunrise at the beautiful capitoline city of "The Old Dominion," seated on Shockoe and Church Hills, which look down on the romantic valley of the James River :

RICHMOND, Oct. 16, 1850, 5 o'clock, A. M.

MY DEAR SIR: Whether it be a favor or an annoyance, you owe this letter to my early rising. From the hour marked at the top of the page you will naturally conclude that my companions are not now engaging my attention, as we have not calculated on being early travelers to-day.

This city has a "pleasant seat." It is high ; the James River runs below it, and when I went out an hour ago nothing was heard but the roaring of the falls. The air is very tranquil and its temperature mild. It is morning, and a morning sweet, and refreshing, and delightful.

Everybody knows why the morning, in its metaphorical sense, is applied to many occasions. The health, and strength, and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the 'morning of our life ;' of a lovely young woman, we say, 'she is as bright as the morning.'

But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people not one out of a thousand sees the sunrise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning ; their idea of it is that part of the day which comes after a cup of coffee or a piece of toast.

With them morning is not a new issuing of a light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of a temporary death to behold the works of God, the heaven and the earth. It is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the glorious sun is seen, 'regent of day ;' this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

Beautiful descriptions of morning abound in all the languages ; but they are the strongest, perhaps, in the East, where the sun is frequently an object of worship. King David speaks of taking unto himself the wings of the morning. This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. It is said that the 'Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings'—a morning

that will scatter life, and health, and joy throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of the morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most delightful imagery, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled.

I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us for having seen the world when it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are 'new every morning, and fresh every moment.' We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its rising are as much of a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a great deal more so; because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come at his appointed time without the variation of the millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this was.

I know the morning; I am acquainted with it, and love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation breaking forth and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyment and new gratitude.

As ever, your friend,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LIGHT OR DARKNESS?

BY PARVUS.

LIGHT and darkness are the representatives of virtue and vice. Everything good belongs to the order of light and everything bad to that of darkness. This is the doctrine of the Bible, as taught by Christ and his disciples. Christ says: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He is also called "the day-spring from on high," and a "light to lighten the gentiles." He says to his disciples: "Ye are the light of the world"—and, "let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." True believers are called: "Children of light," because they have come out of the darkness of sin and error, into the marvellous light of the gospel. Christ, the "Sun of righteousness" is shining into their hearts and illumining their minds.

The word of God is also called a lamp and a light. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Those who study it, treasure it up in their minds, and apply it to their hearts, will and must be filled by its light, for light is free and shines into and through every little opening that is made. Those who come to Christ, who is the "light of the world," will soon be filled with light from him. It is, however, necessary to come in the proper spirit and frame of mind, so as to make the reception of light from him, possible. As the moon and stars in the physical universe derive all their light from the sun, so must christians derive their light from Christ and must then reflect it and cast it upon those who are yet in darkness. In this way, the true light which has come into the world, shall lighten all men.

John says: "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than the light, for their deeds were evil." By this we are to understand that men refused to come to Christ, "the light which is come into the world," because they loved to dwell in the darkness of sin. And how true it is, that the condemnation of the condemned results from this refusing to come unto the Light. Not because *the Light came into the world*, are men condemned; but because the light having come to save them from darkness, *they now refuse to come and be saved*. Thus it is that men condemn themselves by rejecting him, in and through whom alone is salvation.

By nature we are full of darkness! Satan, the prince of darkness, has dominion over us, and we are the subjects of his kingdom—the kingdom of darkness. Works of darkness are the fruits we bring forth. But Christ, the "Prince of Life," came to redeem us from the power of the prince of darkness;—to lead us forth out of the kingdom of darkness and make us subjects of his own glorious kingdom. If now, we refuse to come unto him; if we love darkness rather than the light, then we remain in darkness; then the darkness in us will increase; we will become worse and worse, and at last we will be cast into "outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth."

But if we come to the Light and follow it, we shall not walk in darkness but shall have the Light of Life, as Christ himself says. He will prepare us to inhabit those mansions of light in heaven of which he speaks, when he says: "In my Father's house are many mansions." Then shall we dwell in the New Jerusalem above, in the city of God; in the city that has no need of the sun neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Christ came to establish his kingdom throughout the whole world and to bring all nations out of darkness into his glorious light. He abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." At first the light which he brought into the world was only in his own person. He, the glorious "Sun of Righteousness, arose with healing in his wings," and those who believed in him partook of his light. Thus were his disciples constituted lights which reflected the light they received from him, the source. Wherever the Gospel of Jesus Christ has been preached and believed in, there has he established his kingdom and there are to be found lights which testify of him. But the opposition to this light is great. The prince of darkness struggles hard to retain possession of the world, and his willing subjects, in thousands of ways, seek to hinder the spread of light. Upwards of eighteen hundred years has this struggle been carried on, and yet the kingdom of darkness is much more extensive and has many more subjects than the kingdom of light. Whole countries, inhabited by hundreds of millions of immortal beings, are, as yet, almost exclusively under the sway of heathen ignorance, darkness and sin. The few lights which have been set up upon candlesticks amidst this gross darkness, cannot diffuse much light, for men love darkness rather than light. All the powers of darkness oppose the introduction of light, and so its diffusion is slow.

It is not only in heathen countries, but even in lands which have long been blessed with the gospel light, that the *majority* of men dwell in

darkness still. It is true, the light is present, but they love darkness; they come not to the light because they are afraid it would discover unto them the depravity of their own hearts. Like the man who is surrounded by the mid-dayglory of the sun, but, by closing his eyes, excludes its light from his organ of vision, so these persons, by shutting up their minds and hearts against the glorious truths of the gospel, exclude the light which proceeds from Christ, the Fountain and source of all spiritual light to us. They love to dwell in darkness, for they work the works of darkness, and the prince of darkness continually blinds their spiritual eye so that they see not their true condition!

If we open our eyes and observe the course of events as it passes along, we can not help but see the struggle between light and darkness going on all around us. We see the forces of both kingdoms arrayed against each other in deadly conflict. But oh! what an inequality in the number of the combatants. On the one side we see a small number struggling against fearful odds! They are armed from the spiritual armory of the "Prince of Peace." They stand with their loins girt about with truth. They have on the breastplate of righteousness. Their feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. They have the shield of faith, wherewith they shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. They take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. All these unite, and give efficacy to their use, by prayer and supplications in the spirit. Thus equipped, they go forth to fight the battles of their Lord and Master—to pull down the strongholds of sin and satan—to destroy the kingdom of darkness and to build up the kingdom of light. They, of course, have to bear many hard blows, and often, when victory seems to be about to perch on their banner, their foes come upon them in such fearful numbers as to overwhelm them and drive them from the field again. They are scattered abroad, perhaps hid in dens and caves, yet they are not inactive. They still make use of their strongest weapon, in secret they engage in prayer for the conversion of the world, and often their blood fertilizes the soil and causes the seed that was sown, to grow.

In order to see and hear how this conflict is carried on, we need only look and listen at the proper time and place. Behold the "soldiers of the cross," with their banner inscribed with the words, "*let there be light.*" Where do you see them? In the house of God, engaged in the work of praise and adoration, of prayer and supplication in behalf of a world living in sin and iniquity. You see them at home with the Word of God in their hands, drawing light, comfort, and consolation from its blessed pages. You see them upon their knees in their closets, around the family altar, and in the social circle, interceding in behalf of sinners and praying for the coming of the kingdom of light in its power and its glory. You see them engaged in all kinds of movements, having the welfare of their fellow-beings in view. You see them in the cottage of the poor and needy, ministering to their wants. You see them in the miserable hovels of poor drunkards, trying to reclaim them from their evil ways, to save them from a drunkard's grave, to restore them to society, and to make them virtuous and happy beings. These are a few of the places and occupations in which those, who belong to the kingdom of light, are found. They strive to imitate their blessed Master, who

went about doing good unto all that came unto him. As he dispelled the darkness by his glorious light, so do they seek to dispel the darkness that surrounds them and to dispense the light they received from Him who is the "light of the world."

On the other hand, behold the host that marches and fights under the ensign of the prince of darkness! With innumerable banners and innumerable inscriptions thereon, they march forth to do battle. They are found wherever you may go. You can know them by their looks, by their dress, by their actions; but especially by their language, for this has its many peculiarities. You need not wonder where it originated, for you will soon hear that it has satan's own sign and seal to it, and hence may be sure in regard to its origin. Expressions the most obscene, and profanity the most shocking, form, so to say, the root of their language, and their vocabulary seems to be a compound of all that is vulgar and filthy. By a little close observation nearly all of them may be known, for their chief motto appears to be, FREEDOM; in other words, LICENTIOUSNESS; i. e. *gratification of all their sensual desires*. For the unrestrained enjoyment of this great boon, they are loud and clamorous in its advocacy, and equally loud and clamorous in denunciations against all who dare to say one word in opposition to their views. This large class is divided into smaller classes, and these again into others still smaller; but all are, to a greater or less degree, actuated by the same spirit. The language of all, whether expressed or not, is: "There is no God." Many of them adopt this as their leading sentiment. They deny the existence of the soul after this life. They regard themselves in the light of the brute that perishes and whose existence ceases when the short span of this life is measured! Nor do they belie their words by their deeds; nay, they verify them; for truly, the most of them *live* like brutes, and not, like the nobler kinds of brutes live; but like swine wallow in the mire, so do *they* wallow in the filth of their sensuality. Some have for their watchwords: "*No Sabbath*,"—"No Religion,"—"No Restrictive Laws,"—"Free Love,"—"Polygamy,"—"Lager Beer," and many other such like. This motley crew, however widely differing in minor points, is nevertheless, of one mind and heart as regards the great question at issue. They all love darkness and hate light; and every one of them, in his own way, seeks to promote the cause of his master—*Prince Beelzebub*.

One thing in particular would we specify in this connection—namely, the making, selling and drinking of spirituous liquors. Who is not aware that this is one of the very strong-holds of the prince of darkness. Surely, no one who has his eyes open, can fail to see that by this means the kingdom of darkness is upheld and the kingdom of light opposed, and its coming repressed! Visit the bar-rooms of many of our public hotels; the oyster and lager beer-saloons of our cities. Scan closely the features of their frequenters; listen to their conversation; notice the drift of their arguments; observe what measures they advocate and hear their shocking profanity, and if you are not one of the same stamp, you will say: "This is one of satan's strong-holds and as long as *this* stands it is not possible to dispel the prevailing darkness" Go into a neighborhood where many local tippling houses are kept open, and what do you see? Dilapidated buildings, half-naked and half-starved children,

uncultivated fields, and at the tippling shops crowds of loafers, from the young, genteel-looking toddy-swiller, down to the bloated, dirty, ragged and filthy rum-sucker. Is this picture overdrawn? Alas! no, it is only too true!

Again, go and travel on our great highways of travel and commerce. Keep your eyes open and observe. Ten chances to one, that in the first stage coach, packet-boat or railroad car you enter, you are brought into contact with just such characters; and often too, you have them by pairs, by dozens and by scores. And now, in the name of every thing that is pure, good and holy, why is it that so much of this awful darkness does still prevail? That man, the noblest creature of God, degrades himself far below the beasts of the field? Surely it is the power of the prince of darkness which causes it, and oh! how many are his willing instruments in carrying out all his wicked designs! Need we say that all, who, in any way, have anything to do with strong drinks, are engaged in the service of the wicked one? Is not this the fact? Behold what misery, what wretchedness, what wo, for time and eternity, has strong drink occasioned! And now, who is to blame but he who makes it, he who buys and sells it, and he who uses it as a beverage? If ardent spirits are a curse to the human family, then all who in any way whatever encourage their make, lend a helping hand to promote their more general and unrestricted use, and consequently aid in spreading the darkness of ignorance and sin, of vice and immorality. We know this is a sweeping charge, but one, which, in our day, is literally true.

And now, gentle reader, what have you to say on this subject? What are your sentiments and your practices in reference to this matter? On which side of the great moral and religious contest are you engaged? Do you stand under the banner inscribed with the words, "*Let there be Light*," or, are you fighting under the banner of the "prince of this world?" Where would you wish to have been engaged, if now, your last hour had come? On the side of light, or on the side of darkness? Look at the matter calmly, ponder the subject well in your mind. Let the consequences of being engaged on the one side or the other, pass in review before your mind. In one case you will see bliss and happiness crown the feeble labors of your hands; in the other, misery, wretchedness and wo. Decide for yourself, decide soon, for time is precious and the consequences of a single act may be momentous. And if you decide, do it for all the days of your earthly existence. If you value your own peace and happiness; if you desire the welfare of your fellow men; yea, if you seek the salvation of your own soul, then resolve at once to enlist under the glorious banner of the "Prince of Peace," and continue, prayerfully, to fight for the good cause until your end come, and then you shall inherit a habitation of light and glory, in the heavenly city above. May the Lord grant it.

TEARS, idle tears I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields
And thinking of the days that are no more.—TENNYSON.

“SERVANT PLAGUE.”

BY JOSEPHUS.

SUCH is the heading of an article in “Hall’s Journal of Health.” We have seen this Journal frequently recommended by the “German Reformed Messenger;” and it has given us at different times specimens of its useful articles, with which we have been highly pleased, and have come to the conclusion, as soon as our meagre salary will permit, to put a dollar at interest in it, at one hundred per cent. The August Number contains an article with the above heading, and which I think would be a useful article for the Guardian, as it circulates, I have no doubt, in many families, who are thus plagued. Perhaps it might be brought to the notice of such servants; and by the prayers of christian families, who are thus plagued, and the blessing of the Holy Spirit, it may have a happy effect.

Our object then in presenting it to the readers of the Guardian, is that it may do good. It will be worthy a reprint in this valuable monthly; and all the pains of transcribing it, if it is only the means of making one faithful servant, will be well paid. We feel sure, too, that it will make faithful ones, who read it, more faithful.

We shall give the observations of the Editor on the evil with his own “experience;” and then make a few remarks on the means of its removal. Let it be read then by all, faithful and unfaithful, in the spirit of love, and with the determination to profit thereby. It will save many unpleasant feelings, and beget many happy moments on the way through life.

“The utterly trifling character of many of our cooks, nurses, and housemaids, is one of the chief ingredients of domestic inquietude. It makes more mad women, more grumpy men, and keeps up more incessant annoyance in a family, than all other causes combined. It worries the wife, saddens the husband, breaks in upon the enjoyment of the children, and keeps multitudes of houses in a state of irritation and unrest, which eats out half the enjoyment of domestic life. No wonder the disappointed husband flies to the club-house, the billiard table, the whist party, or the “saloon” of guilded guilt, where external gorgeousness pleases the eye, and delusive drinks steal away the senses—while the high priests of the faro-bank and the card-pack steal the purse; and lower down still, where painted beauty steals the virtue, leaving nothing to tell the tale but the bloated face, the bank-rupt counter, and the blasted reputation. No wonder that young girls stray away to the ball room, and young boys to the theatre or the negro opera. No wonder that the overtaxed wife fails, and fades, and pines away—or, mounting a mettled nag, rows her husband up salt river!

“Let then, all independent housekeepers demand a better return for the monthly seven dollars paid the nurse, or chambermaid, and the eight dollar cook, who can eat “pastry” but can’t make it, who

expects you to get all your bread at the baker's, and "stipulates" that your washing is to be hired out; who gives you to understand that she must have loaf sugar in her tea and coffee, as "brown" gives her the head-ache; who must have green tea for breakfast; that the front gate must not be kept locked, as it looks as if you didn't want any of her friends to come and see her; whose "perquisites" are all the "soap fat," for which she gets two cents a pound, made up of fresh lard costing sixteen cents, and butter at thirty-four cents, with an occasional slice from the sixteen cent ham, and the fourteen cent fresh pork—it being "understood" that besides the weekly afternoon out, which extends from three o'clock p. m. to midnight, she is to have a chance at church on Sunday, and the occasional christening and funerals, averaging, as every housekeeper may conjecture, once a week, on which occurrence you need not expect to see them until next day after breakfast, stupefied with want of sleep, worn out with the all-night carousal, and far more fit for a bed in the hospital than for the duties of a house servant. We have observed these impositions literally in families with many others as onerous; happily for our own selves, such experiences have not been ours, having had the "help" of an excellent colored family, by birth, "Jersey," by profession, Methodist.

"All our regulations are by "mutual consent,"—so there is no hardship anywhere. Washing, bread-baking, pastry, cooking, every thing is done in the house. The washing of nine persons is completed by Monday noon. All our bread is made of flour or meal, not of cream of tartar, soda or saleratus; such things do not enter our dwelling, except in the stomachs of the people whom the use of such things brings to our office, so if we do not live on saleratus, we live *by* it. Saleratus is a valued friend of ours, wherever met, except in our daily food. Our girls visit nobody, from one "year" end to another; they want nobody to visit them. Until nine at night, they read our exchanges, or sew for themselves. At nine they go to bed, we setting the example, summer and winter, except on necessary occasions, for we make it an inflexible rule in our own family, to be a slave to no habit or regulation, good or bad, leaving ourselves to be governed in all cases by the circumstances of the moment—this only is rational liberty. Thus we never require a promise from any member of our family, child or servant. We endeavor in plain, and courteous, and kindly language, to let them know our wishes, and if not met, we never fail to notice it with the same kind courtesy, and to require a satisfactory reason. It is perfectly marvellous how soon children and servants fall into line, and scarce once in a month, we do not remember that once in a year, has it been necessary to repeat a wish a second time to one of our girls. Can't exactly say the same of our 3, 5, 7 and 9 year olds. Line upon line, and now and then the "tincture of birch" seem to be "indicated," as doctors write. Our girls do not expect to be waked up of mornings. They wake themselves regularly at daylight, and a radius of five minutes includes the meal calls of a year. In short, the faintest scintillation of upbraiding is not needed, nor remembered in a twelvemonth. The "range" is dampered down the moment the food is placed on the table. The coal in the cellar is taken up from the cellar floor, and the dust swept after, so at the end of a whole fall, winter and spring burning, there is not a peck of

coal dust in the cellar. Not an ounce of ash or cinder is ever thrown there. Not a thing in the house is kept under lock and key. Sweet meats, pastry, tea, coffee, sugar, every thing is open. We say to them, what you want, take freely. Their faithfulness merits it. It is a pleasure thus to treat them. By a kind of instinct or natural tending, we cannot remember when we have given a positive order on any subject. They are so willing to do any thing requested, that we find ourselves putting it in the form of request—"Mightn't it be well to have a turkey for dinner, to-morrow?" "Would it be much trouble to have some buckwheat cakes in the morning?" "No, sir." "But have you any rising, and it is a rainy night?" "No, sir, none in the house, but I can easily go for it." Now, my poor afflicted New York housekeeping sister, don't you fairly love our girls, 'unsight, unseen?' As for ourselves, we respect them, and respect their lady-like mother, and their aged clerical father, for the wisdom and tact which they have exhibited in bringing up their houseful of children, all good, not a 'black sheep' among them.

"Said we to wife one day, 'I see no charges for yeast, for I can't tell when, what is the reason?'

"'Oh, Hannah says the proceeds of the 'soap fat' pays for that.' "Not long ago, we noticed that Saturday's turkey, as left at the close of dinner, appeared on the table next day (for we aim to have no cooking on Sundays, except coffee, tea, and a little warming up sometimes) undiminished; on inquiring the cause, the cook stated that it was smaller than common, and she and her sister thought they would eat something else, that there might be plenty for our dinner to-day. With such consideration and self-denial for the benefit of their employers, our esteem is compelled—while we are daily thankful, for the good fortune which has befallen us in respect to our 'help.'"

There seems to be a universal complaint in reference to servants. All as a general thing appear to be too big for their shoes; they must step into those of the employers, or their character will be wonderfully humbled in the estimation of those who think it more of a disgrace to do what's wrong, than to do what's just, right, and scriptural. The character described above, as general among servants, is engendered by false notions of liberty. It is no disgrace to be a servant, for such is every man and woman, but the disgrace lies in not performing our duties well as servants. All are dependent upon one another—the rich not excepted. No matter what may be our part we are called to fill in life, we are raised or lowered in the estimation of all honorable and respected persons, as our part is faithfully or unfaithfully discharged. So it is in the case of domestic servants. If they are faithful to their employers, "esteem is compelled" in their behalf. Their character as servants, and as men or women, is heralded abroad and commands not only the esteem of others, but also the highest wages; whilst an unfaithful one, is spoken well of by nobody of confidence, kept at a distance, or received with reluctance for the time being as a shift.

There is a principle needed, to guide our domestic servants, of the present day, in getting to themselves honor and respect for the faithful fulfilment of their vocation. This principle is unfolded in the character of Dr. Hall's "Hannah." Had he not informed us, that she was "by profession, Methodist," or a member of any other denomination, we

would have been led to the conclusion, that she was a member of some one, not merely by profession, but also in truth. It is the principle which underlies the religion of Christ, and enables those deeply impressed with it, to obey their employers "not with eye service, as men pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God;" doing heartily, whatsoever they do, "as to the Lord, and not unto men." There are many servants who profess religion, but it is of a sickly, sentimental nature, which gives them no idea of responsibility; which makes them haughty, unfaithful to their employers, and disobedient to God. They are servants merely to have homes and for their wages, and not to be useful, economical, and cleanly. Most that are governed by the principle of such a religion, are extravagant in the extreme; the interest of their employers is not taken into consideration.

The heart governed by that religion, which is pure and undefiled before God, has an idea of responsibility, of just and right, and acts upon the principle of making another man's things its own in responsibility. Hence the faithfulness of the Doctor's "Hannah." The servant with such a sense of duty, will be economical, knowing that he or she is their master's keeper. They will also be cleanly, for it is the nature of religion to be so, whilst the nature of sin, is to be foul and filthy. They will also be honest, and hence they can be trusted any where and with any thing. They will be faithful in the discharge of every duty, and to the best interests of those who have employed them. They labor "not with eye service, as men pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God." They will have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place, that there may be no unnecessary trouble or time lost in getting what's wanted. They will be obedient to every rule and regulation of the house. They will thus by example and precept leave a salutary impression upon the children growing up; and also cause the children to love and obey them. This principle is then the antidote to the universal cry, "It's hard to get a good girl." This, and this alone, must renovate the hearts of servants, be their guiding star, and give them an idea of responsibility, and make them faithful and obedient to their trusts. As long as they will not do their duty towards God, they will not towards man.

Reader, art thou a domestic servant from choice? Seek then to be deeply possessed of the religion of Jesus Christ. Let your heart be engaged in every duty, from a sense of responsibility, that impresses you. Seek to please God and you will have no difficulty in pleasing man. Yours will be the profit, the honor of a good name, as well as the recommendation of a good and faithful servant. Let such a name be envied by you, and seek to obtain it—"Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord's Christ" in your vocation.

Employers, "looking over the whole subjects of servants, we should consider their ignorance, and pity and bear with them; treat them courteously; keep them at a respectful distance; require system and punctuality in all things. Let them feel that your will is law, that no injunction is to be given beyond the second time, and that their whole duty to you will be exacted by you, as much as the last cent of their wages is exacted by them. Patiently instruct them, and always speak kindly, or if in reproof, even that may be mildly done." By such a course, they will be brought to "know their place," and do honestly and justly by you.

THE MERCIFUL MINISTRY OF WOMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN most of christian congregations in the present day, you find associations of pious females, united in some good work for themselves and for others. This is a fact which calls up to the devout and thoughtful many pleasant and sacred memories in the past of christianity ; and has also much in it to cheer the present, and render hopeful the future. It has been well and truly said that women are half the world, and greatly more than half the church. We would add, and by far the largest part of heaven, beyond a doubt.

In nothing is the religion which has its origin from heaven more distinguished from all religions that spring from earth, than in the view it takes of woman, and the sphere it assigns to her. There is scarcely more difference between a human being and a brute, than between a christian and a pagan woman. What a poor, degraded and jaded slave she is there. What an elevated and elevating angel of love and mercy here !

It is not, on the one hand, a slander of woman to say that in her degradation are the seeds and sources of general social degradation ; nor, on the other hand, is it flattery to say, that in her elevation is the sure pledge of the intellectual, moral and religious elevation of the entire social circle. Paradise and Bethlehem verify this remark. Through woman came sin—through woman came the Saviour. Of Paradise and Bethlehem—of Eve and the blessed Virgin Mary, we may truly say as Paul did of Hagar and Sarah, they are an allegory, or type ; the one a bond woman unto sin and sorrow, the other free unto promise and hope. The tenderest and most impressible, heaven and hell alike seem to seek access into the race, and into the world, through her. Satan and Christ, sin and piety, find in her their first, most fitting and most prominent instruments. Paganism, as the kingdom of Satan, holds power in the world through the degradation of woman. Christianity, as the kingdom of Christ, triumphs in and through her elevation.

Her power is earliest active, and is applied where the advantage is greatest. Men may guard the orchards and gather in the ripened fruit ; but hers are the nurseries, and to her is committed the shaping of the infant plants. She is the priestess of the inner circle, ministering in that secluded holy of holies, where the most important meetings between God and man take place—where all holiness begins and centers.

Nor is her influence confined to this inner circle to end there. No—no more than streams end in their fountains, or the history of plants in the nursery. As in the dreams of ancient fable, the tiny drops which the nymphs in the quiet nooks of the mountains gathered into streams and rivers for the ocean, those the naiads of the sea re-formed and sent back as dew upon the mountains ; so the silent influences which go forth from the inner circle of christian homes, return again in blessings upon

their source. And oh! who shall tell their blessed history meanwhile through all the ranks and ranges of social life. What, compared with their quiet, blessed influence, is that of the stillest streams that water fairest meadows—

“ Or of the rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon the loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.”

While christianity thus shows to women the true power of their home influence, and their glorious mission in the inner sphere of society, it is also the only system that brings them out properly into their public position, and employs their powerful and blessed ministry in the open world of sinning, suffering, and sorrowing human life.

Christianity does not regard women as jewels that are to shine only in caskets, or lights that are to be put under a bushel. False systems may cant about woman's right to go forth as men, christianity, as beautifully as truly, grants them the privilege to go forth as women—a right which no paganism ever conferred—a privilege which no modern reformatory socialistic systems have grace to bestow. They claim for them the right, and, by a most unwomanly culture, prepare them to go forth with the sternness of men to be hated; but christianity alone gives them the right and the grace to go forth with the mien and bent of a modest angel in whose presence rough hearts shall be silent, and broken spirits bloom with new hope.

If it were necessary to show how christianity calls out the ministry of woman, we might speak of Miriam, and Deborah, and the prophetesses—of Anna, the Marys, Martha, Salome, and the “many women” which ministered with and to our Saviour while he lived, and stood in silent love and sorrow around the cross when he died—of Dorcas, Priscilla, Phœbe, Stachys, Triphina and Triphosa, and the beloved Persis, which were the Apostle-helpers in Christ Jesus.

Nothing better shows the need which christianity has of female help than the practice in the apostolic and primitive church of employing such help even in a formal way. There existed in the early church the office or order of Deaconesses. The ministry of the word was one office—that of Elder another, whose duties were purely spiritual in the way of ruling; then was the office of Deacon, whose ministry was to the body, to the temporal wants of the poor, and through attentions to their bodily wants, also to lead their spirits to Christ, even as in Christ's ministry the wretched were drawn to him by his relieving their bodily wants. The Deaconesses, or female deacons, had this ministry in charge among their own sex.

This office is distinctly mentioned in the New Testament Phœbe was a *Diakonon* of the church at Cenchrea. Rom. xvi: 1. The word is translated “a servant,” by which the office is a little hidden; but it is well known and acknowledged by all commentators, that the word designates the office of Deaconess, the existence of which office no one disputes. The office of Deaconess existed from the apostles down to the 10th century in the Latin church, and to the 12th in the Greek. The Latin church first began to suppress it in the 5th and 6th century—

441 to 553. It was not one of the least of the corruptions of that church to set aside the Deaconesses, to give way to droves of idle monks, who cost more and did less.

As Deaconesses the church always selected females of superior piety, intelligence, and address. Sometimes young females noted for piety; but this not often. Generally women from forty to sixty years of age were chosen, who were either unmarried ladies or widows. Devout widows were preferred, who had trained up children; because it was supposed that they had not only the necessary patience and experience for the office, but had learned to be tender and compassionate in their affections, and so able to sympathise with destitute females, and neglected or forsaken children.

The Deaconesses were regularly ordained to the office by the laying on of hands in the same way as other sacred officers of the church were inducted. The beautiful prayer used at such solemnities is still extant. It runs thus: "Eternal God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Creator of man and woman; Thou who didst fill with Thy Spirit Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, and Huldah; Thou who didst, in the tabernacle and in the temple, place female keepers of Thy holy gates; look down now also upon this Thy handmaid, and bestow on her the Holy Ghost, that she may worthily perform the work committed to her, to Thy honor, and to the glory of Christ. Amen."*

The duties of the Deaconesses, as already hinted, was the same as that of the Deacons, only their ministrations were confined to the women and children of the poor and wretched. They acted as catechists, preparing ignorant females for baptism, privately instructing them and their children in religion. Their path of mercy lay among sick and afflicted poor women; and also among the dark places of sin and shame to which only they could have access without scandal. To carry words of hope and hands of help to the frail and fallen. Like a ray from the sun of heaven that can shine into the vilest carcass without being itself polluted, these pure Deaconesses could move among the lowest and vilest of their sex, to lift them up without a whisper of scandal against their fair fame. Many a Magdalene did they bring to the cross of Him whose blood can cleanse from sin those who, in the eyes of the world, and even in the sense of their own shame and fears, "dare not seek repentance."

What a power has the church lost in losing the office of Deaconesses! What a pity that the Reformation did not restore it. An effort has been made of late years, in Europe, to restore it, chiefly through the influence and zeal of the pious Rev. Mr. Fliedner, a divine of the Evangelical church. Though the movement has not been very extensive, yet it has been crowned with marked success; and its good fruits have strongly recommended it to many earnest and pious minds.

Whether ever we shall have the office restored in form, the future must decide. But may we not have it meanwhile in fact and in spirit? Every approach to it ought to fill our hearts with joy and hope; and wherever we see pious women banded together in a good work for the church, and for the souls of the destitute, we ought to feel that the

* Neander's History of the Church. Vol. iii. pp. 222.

words of Paul are addressed to us: "I entreat thee help those women which labor with us, whose names are in the book of life."

We may have this venerable office in spirit; yea, in a certain way, and to a certain extent, we have it now. We can have it with still greater power for good, by encouraging and aiding those who have the heart, and the piety, and the self-denial to perform its duties.

There are in all our congregations noble women, who have the intelligence, the matronly dignity, the christian prudence, the holy wisdom, the deep-toned piety, and the steady every-day zeal to be Dorcas and Phœbes. We may add, that there are such also who with the qualifications, have also the necessary leisure to fulfil these duties. Let them go forth in the name of Jesus, in missions of daily mercy to the poor, the neglected sick, the degraded by sin; and let the church, let christians give them encouragement, and place in their hands the means of extending relief—means to clothe poor children, to afford some trifling comfort to struggling mothers, to bear the Tract and the Bible, as instruments of good, and at the same time as sacred memorials of their merciful visits.

What a field for this kind of work lies around us! What scores of subjects which can only be reached, and be taught to hope, by such a merciful ministry.

Take one example as a representation of many. There is a family. You enter it at any hour of the day, and what do you see? On all sides are the cheerless aspects of a home in poverty. That worn and weary looking woman is the mother of half-dozen of children, the care of which breaks down her strength, and would break down her heart, if it were not a mother's heart! The husband is a worthless drunkard—or if not that, he has no christian feelings—a mere droning boarder in the house. His leisure hours, his evenings, and his Sabbaths, are spent with others of his like. She is alone—alone in her cares, responsibilities, and her sorrows! She cannot go to church—she is bound down as a slave to her prison, the only light of which is her children. She has no time, perhaps not the ability, perhaps even no more the disposition to instruct her children. She cannot clothe them for Sabbath-school. As they grow up they pass beyond her power, and are disciplined on the street; and while some bear heavily upon her weary arms others are beginning to tread, in a way still more painful, upon her heart!

This is only one picture of many. Do such need no sympathy, no counsel, no aid in their wearisome and heart-broken way? Who can meet their wants? No pastor, no elder, no deacon; none but one of their own sex—one who can approach them with such words as they can feel and return,—one to whom they can open their hearts in full confidence, and to whom they can and will tell all the details of their troubles, anxieties, and wants.

We cannot dwell on the endless variety of cases which call for the ministry of woman, and which cannot be reached by any other instrumentality. O there are scores of poor ignorant, and even degraded females around us, who could be nursed into life, love, and hope, if approached and befriended by the visits of Christ in the persons of pious ones of their own sex.

Oh, the church needs more—let us thank God for those we have—but

the church needs Mary's, Marthas, Dorcas, Phœbes, Priscillas, Triphenas, Triphosas, and Perses—Florence Nightingales, and Harriet Newells. The merciful spirit of Jesus Christ, the man of mercy, must return to earth in the persons of his people.

Read the Gospels, and how dost thou read? See how Jesus ever approached the souls of the wretched through their bodies. He connected spiritual with natural healing. He even drew the hungry to himself by giving them bread. He hesitated not to make himself the guest and companion of the lowest class of sinners that he might raise them up. Through mercy to the body, he carried life to the soul. Go ye and do likewise.

When the church receives this baptism of mercy what havoc it will make of certain existing forms and fashions of society! They that will then be highest, will be the ones who best serve the lowliest. The title to the highest rank in society will then be that grace which makes the heart most sweetly at home among the frail, the fallen, the groaning, sighing captives, and slaves of sin. Not those will be first class who can move most gracefully in the parlor or ball-room; but those who are most like angels in the huts of the struggling poor! Not those who can give the most brilliant entertainments to those who are rich as themselves, and who need it not; but those whose charities among the needy, will bear to their hearts a sense of the reality of that religion which brings cheer to the sorrowing, and causes the heart of the widow and orphan to sing. They shall be highest who obey best our Saviour's glorious word: "call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed: for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

It seems as if it had been the design of our Saviour in rescuing Mary Magdalene from the lowest and most degraded level—for she was by the consent of the whole church, a "frail woman"—and making her the associate of the purest women the world ever saw, even of Mary the virgin mother of Christ—to teach the world how grace and mercy unite the highest and lowest, the purest and most defiled; and, at the same time, to teach us that the vilest are redeemable, and are the proper and hopeful subjects of a ministry of mercy.

In view of her ruin and recovery none need despair in hoping for their own salvation; and no one, longing and laboring for the rescue of the vilest, need despair. In her ruin she was possessed of "seven devils." Seven was the number denoting perfection among the Jews. The expression imports that she was perfectly in Satan's power. In her heart was Satan's seat, and in her life the full exhibition of his foul purposes and power. She, even she, was redeemed! Not only redeemed, but exalted and honored in the circle of the purest and the best.

Here is encouragement for the fallen. Here are the promises actualized, and can be laid hold of in flesh and blood. Here we see the victory of grace. "Of all those to whom much has been forgiven she is the first: of all the tears since ruefully shed at the foot of the cross of suffering, hers were the first: of all the hopes which the Resurrection has since diffused through nations and generations of men, hers were the first." With her "sorrowing image" before them how many have look-

ed up through tears, hoping and believing in Jesus who receiveth sinners, and will save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him.

How strong and moving is the call of christianity for the merciful labors of women—in view of what it has done for them, and in view of the encouragements furnished by its own examples of piety and devotion. What motives to her to live for a high and holy purpose in any sphere in which she is called to move. Is she rich, let her be an example of humility and charity. Is she above others in cultivation, let her not look still higher in scorn, but like the sun which is also high, shine down upon the lowly with generous, warming, beautifying beams. Has she leisure, let her devote it to acts of mercy. In short, like her prototypes, let her aim to be first at every cross of suffering with tears of sympathy! and first at every tomb of buried hopes with spices to embalm what even her love cannot rescue from the embraces of death.

Oh what talent, what influence, what time, what means, are wasted by the worldly and vain of women!—offered at the shrine of pride and fashion: offering, that ought to be made for the sinning and suffering for whom Jesus died! What time is given to the ball-room and toilet that should be spent in the lanes, huts, and garrets. What sympathies and tears are wasted over the morbid pages of the last novel, that ought to be mingled with the tears of Jesus, once shed on Olivet over sinners! Wo to those who roll in extravagance, loll in idleness, and dance with the vain, while the neglected poor die around. The day cometh when the Lord shall give a scab for a crown, baldness for set hair, sackcloth for rustling robes, and burning for beauty!

In whom, in the day of judgment, does Jesus behold himself? In the hungry—the thirsty—the stranger—the naked—the sick—in those in prison! In these he sees himself, also now! and what is done to the least of these is done to him! How beautifully and truly is this set forth by the Poet.

A poor way-faring man of grief,
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay;
I had no power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered,—not a word he spake,—
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; He blessed, and brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,—
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock,—his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;

Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes !
He spake, and my poor name he named :
“ Of me thou has not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me.”

WASTE AND WANT.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WASTE and wants are twin brothers ; the one is a spendthrift and the other a beggar. They always go together, or rather the one follows the other, treading on his heels. Where the one spoils the other weeps.

How often, yea we may say, how generally are waste and want found in different periods of the same life. The proud waster, who in the days of prosperity abuses his mercies, often finds himself overtaken, before he is aware, by pinching want. As pride, even so also profligacy, goeth before destruction, and extravagance before a fall.

That this is so, experience abundantly proves. That it must be so, God's law and justice require. Abused blessings are always in due time taken away, and sorrow follows. The instance of the prodigal, who first wasted his substance in riotous living, and then suffered want, has its basis in deep and unalterable laws and will come to a fulfilment in all time. There is not a neighborhood into which the Guardian goes that does not furnish an illustration of this truth. A moment's reflection will call to the mind of the reader half a dozen of instances where individuals and families, who once rustled in gaudy dress, rolled in luxury, went forth in all the pomp and pride of inflated vanity, and sneered at those who were humbler and therefore worthier than themselves, are now in actual want. It may be, in some cases, still covered by appearance kept up at greater pains than the want itself imposes, but want still. Through the rents of the sham and the show you have occasional glimpses of the dreariness within ; and this the more dreary because, by former extravagance, pride, and contempt of others, the victims of a just retribution have cut themselves away from the sympathies of those to whom they might otherwise now look for aid and comfort.

What but extravagance is it that has brought upon us the present financial crisis, which has thrown the whole land into confusion ? Nothing else. There is no war, there is no famine, there is no pestilence in the land. None of these fearful judgments from heaven are afflicting and punishing us. Seldom has our country been more quiet, seldom

more fruitful, seldom more healthy. Men have been able to labor, and their toils have been rewarded with a rich increase. Yet trouble is upon us; alarm and cries ring through the land; men are running to and fro for fear. Winter is at our doors, with all its prospective wants; while business is paralyzed, thousands are out of employ, and the whole order of things lies in confusion.

What has done it, but extravagance? That this is the case appears at once when we ask the question, Who are suffering from the crash? Not the regular business men—not the economical, thrifty farmer; not the mechanic who has pursued a quiet and regular course; not the man who modestly labors and moderately lives. These it is true may feel the panic, and indirectly suffer from it; but it is to them only a noise without and afar off, which will only affect them as a salutary warning, inducing them still more to simplify their wants; but it cannot move them from their foundations. Those that suffer are the heroes of speculation; those who have expanded their business on fictitious capital; mammoth manufacturers, whose ambition for wealth extends to millions, and who propose to make these princely fortunes in the course of a few years. With these the crash begins. But saddest among the sufferers are those who labor in these mushroom establishments—who, instead of pursuing a quiet and independent business of their own, have suffered themselves to be drawn in by these vast whirl-pools of business monopoly, where they slavishly hang as mere dependencies. These, when the pile explodes, go down with it, as parts of it. Thousands are thus at once thrown out of employment, without any other business to fall back upon, for the very reason that these business monopolies have rooted up and absorbed all the smaller details of individual enterprise.

We may smile at the primitive and simple times when shoemakers, weavers, tinkers, and so of the rest, were scattered over the land, and even went about as itinerants, instead of being mere parasites upon giant establishments that often rule with an iron rod while they prosper, and dash all that depends on them to pieces as a potter's vessel when they themselves go down with a crash—we may ridicule those times as the reign of old-fogyism and praise the era of companies and manufacturing kings as the age of progress; yet we fear not to say that of the two extremes the first is the safest and the best. Centralization of business is a centralization of power; and this is fearful and always dangerous in unworthy hands. And how few are fit for the trust! Even though they may receive it modestly, and use it honestly for a time, how soon, and how surely, does prosperity bring pride and tyranny. "Jeshuran waxed fat and kicked!" Nor has he been the last who has done so. It is mutual dependence which makes society, not the monopolous absorption of the many by one. God might have made a forest of one tree; but then the crash of one would have been the ruin of all. Wisely has he made it to consist of many independent growths, so that when one falls others are unaffected. In like manner does the safe, regular flow of business depend upon the absence of centralization and monopoly. As socially every family best dwells in its own house, so in business, let every one build up himself and serve others on an independent foundation—and not hang himself to the fearful wheel of another man's precarious fortune.

What slaves we are practically with all our boastings of freedom. How we surrender ourselves as willing tools to every extravagant and wild proposition. Instead of taking care of ourselves even in our business affairs, we virtually appoint guardians over us and ours. As an illustration of this, look at the rage for an interest in Insurance and Trust companies, Savings and Deposit Institutions. When we have earned funds we act as if we could not invest our own Savings and manage our profits. We place them in the hands of companies, whom we allow to speculate on our savings; and to whom we make the humiliating confession in the act, that we need guardians to take care of our gains; and to whom we are willing to allow a large part of the profits for the use of their superior financiering skill! In every community such establishments exist, draw into themselves the surplus of laborers, financially rule the community, speculate on the funds thus borne into them by producers, and at length explode, having wasted in the wildest extravagance the portion of the widow and orphan, as well as the fruits of the laborer's economy, pains, and sweat.

Insurance and Trust Companies are founded in the same wretched principle. We would rather run the risk of being burnt out once in a life-time, or of living long enough to provide for our family at death, or, what is still better, trust in Providence in any case, than pay half a fortune in dribs into an insurance company, which is almost sure to explode before a life-time runs out. We know it is said that calculations are so carefully made from known statistics, founded on long experience, that it is impossible for an insurance company to break up. Especially "a Life insurance company cannot break." So we have been repeatedly informed, with the air of positive science! In answer to this bold assertion, so often repeated, we say in the language of Poe's "Raven:"

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Leave no black plume as a token
Of the lie which thou hast spoken!"

Within three years no less than three or four Life insurance companies have been broken, never to recover again. Since the last number of *The Guardian* has gone forth another mammoth bubble of this kind has burst in New York, carrying away millions of money, painfully paid in by those who wished "to make themselves safe, and provide something for their families at their death!" Vanity of vanities! Yet of such hollow reeds will men make themselves slaves; and to such centralizing monopolies will they pay their savings instead of themselves putting to usury their own talent. Instead of this miserable bondage to monied powers, we most earnestly advise all young men who have any business outside of a lunatic asylum, and respect themselves, to live piously and honestly—to live industriously and economically, to carry on their own business, however humble it may be, and to be guardian over their own savings. In one word, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

If the present crash in the land will be the means of turning the minds of the people to some of these principles of business economy the losses sustained may not be too much tuition-money paid for the excellent wisdom. Let it teach us how much better it is to pursue a

steady business of our own, and live economically in our families, than to blow bubbles for such as make themselves kings of business over us, first destroying our own business, and then making us the dependent slaves of theirs. When the Nebuchadnezzars who put up their image and make men worship it while they "feast and drink wine before the thousand," have all been reduced by a righteous retribution like their prototype, to "eat grass like oxen," the men who practice honesty, industry and economy shall dwell in the land, and verily they shall be fed.

BE GENTLE AND KIND.

BE gentle—be kind—be courteous and obliging—be forgiving. Put off that austere countenance—that hard, uninviting, unrelenting look. Banish that rough manner, and those sharp and hard words that you are wont to use so often, and which makes your neighbors, and your friends, if you have any, afraid to greet you. Hard words, says a writer, are like hail-stones in summer, "beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops." We say again, then, be gentle, kind, pleasant—be smiling. Hear what the Poet says; how true it is, and how prettily he says it.

"The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
The eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, oh! if those who cluster' round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words, and loving smiles,
How beautiful is Earth!"

TRUE.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughter is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere, and mountains will become mere hills.

SIN AND SORROW.

BY THE EDITOR.

“SUICIDES AND THE CAUSES OF THEM—The *Westminster Review* has an article on this subject, from which it appears that in France, during the year 1851, there were 3,599 cases of self-destruction, of which 963, or more than one fourth, were ascribed to insanity of some kind; but of the remaining 2,636, grief for the loss of children caused only 46; grief at their ingratitude, 16; disappointment in love, only 91; jealousy, 23; the gaming table, only 6; shame and remorse, only 7; and sudden anger, but 1; while conjugal quarrels caused 385; the desire to avoid physical pain 313; pecuniary embarrassment 203, and want 179. Disgust with life, or fixed melancholy, caused 166: but there is a question whether this cause may not be classed as a species of insanity.”

What an army to rush out to self-destruction. Three thousand, five hundred and ninety-nine in one year, in a single city! Enough to fill one of our medium sized towns, and even to constitute one of our American cities.

One fourth are ascribed to insanity of some kind. But what lies back of this insanity, as the cause of it. True, there are cases in which this great affliction seems to come upon men without its being possible for us to trace it to direct, personal, actual sin; yet it is well known that in most of cases it is the result of traceable sin. This is especially the case in Paris, the Sardis of sin. Sin is self-consuming; and in its last activities always turns in upon its subject in the way of self-destruction. If its own progress is too slow and miserable, it is aided by the desperate will and suicidal hand!

Look at the figures. “Conjugal quarrels” caused 385 of these suicides—a large proportion indeed. Enough to form a large congregation, had they been christians. But what lies back of these “conjugal quarrels?” Inconsiderate and impious marriages. Marriage is an ordinance of God for man’s good, and not for his destruction. God never joined these unhappy pairs together to prepare them for such an end. They united without any acknowledgement of dependence on Him, or desiring His direction. The novelists are the gods which presided over these marriages, no doubt. Wo on those who enter this holy estate under such instructors, or with the inflated and unreal feelings which their vaporings inspire.

The 385 cases of suicide caused by conjugal quarrels do not show the extent of the evil in Paris resulting from the morbid social state induced by their corrupt fictions. We read annually besides of thousands of divorces! The social order seems to be unhinged by the storm of passion, and goes floating in wrecks.

The same causes have been transported to our own land, and with them the evils which they produce have come upon us. The fashions which we get from France begin to cover the same hollowness and corruption, and thousands rush madly to ruin every year. After all, the old Bible is the best guide. Obedience to its just and sober views of social life confers more solid social happiness than all the hot-bed im-

provements so insidiously commended by our light literature—oh how *light!*—and so greedily devoured by the gay and giddy.

OCTOBER.

SOLEMN, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of the winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze:
O, visions bright! O, blessed hours!
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground;
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When spring's delightsome moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West;
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lark's glassy breast;
Through summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shades;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

How like those transports of the breast,
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all, as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which Hope about her forehead twines,
Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe;
'Then pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for time, and death, and care!
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the spring,
The dreams that each successive year,
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side.

TRAINING.

TRAINING is not merely teaching a child what it ought to do ; it is this and a great deal more. There may be a right teaching, which does no good ; because along with it, there is a wrong training which does much harm. “ Give me some of *that*,” said a peevish-looking boy about seven or eight years of age, to his mother, who was seated on the deck of a steamer in which I happened to be lately. “ Hold your tongue, Peter,” replied his mother, “ you won’t get it.” “ I want *that*,” again demanded Peter, with increased earnestness. “ I tell you,” said the mother looking at him, “ you shall not get it. Is that not enough for you ? Go and play, and be a good boy.” “ But I want *that*,” reiterated Peter, beginning to sulk and look displeased. “ What a laddie !” exclaimed the mother. “ Have I not told you twenty times never to ask for a thing when I say you are not to get it ?” “ I want *that*,” cried Peter, more violently than ever, bursting into tears. “ Here !” said the mother, “ take it and be quiet. I am sure I never, in all my life, saw such a bad boy.” Alas ! poor boy, he had more reason, if he only knew it, to complain of his mother. The same boy, Peter, grows up, probably, to be a selfish and self-willed young man. His mother sees it, and suffers from it ; but she wonders how such a temper or disposition should show themselves in her Peter ! and consoles herself with the thought, that, whatever is the cause of so mysterious a dispensation, from no fault in her could it have come, nor “ from want of telling.”

DESTROYING GOOD.

ONE sinner destroyeth much good, is a maxim painfully illustrated every day and in all places. When the influence of such an one is enlarged by his wealth or position, the sphere of evil is enlarged. A wicked king may foment wars which may scatter death and desolation over whole countries ; a corrupt nobleman may taint the morals of a whole neighborhood ; an unprincipled legislator may cause the enactment of laws which may set aside the laws of God, and produce incalculable social evils. In private life, a wicked father may not only destroy the happiness, but the reputation, of his whole family ; a profligate son may convert the once happy home into a place of tears ; and an unscrupulous church member may embroil a whole congregation, and place formidable barriers in the way of the Gospel’s success. In whatever relations men are associated together, one who is evilly disposed may exert a mischievous influence in corrupting the rest. Among all classes of men we find leading spirits who guide others in the ways of vice. He that becomes profane, intemperate, and licentious, can trace his downfall to the instructions or example of his companions. One skeptic, provided he has popular talents, and has a fluent tongue or pen, often drags hundreds into the shades of infidelity, and into the deeper shades of perdition.

BOOK NOTICES.

GUIDE TO THE ORACLES; or, the Bible Student's Vade Mecum. By Alfred Nevin, D.D. Author of "Spiritual Progression," "Churches of the Valley," etc. Lancaster, Pa.: Murray, Young & Co. 1857. pp. 341.

This book is all that the title purports it to be; and yet we doubt whether the reader will judge correctly in regard to it from the title. After examining its contents we should say, instead of a "guide to the oracles," it rather furnishes the materials by which the reader is to *guide himself through the oracles*. The Book is certainly well adapted to attract the reader to the Bible; but its chief excellence is in furnishing the means of studying it. It contains a rare collection of Tables, Historical, Statistical, Chronological, &c., which are exceedingly valuable and convenient for reference to a Bible Student. We commend the Book to ministers, parents, and Sabbath School Teachers as an invaluable help. Dr. Nevin has truly said in his Preface to this Book, "every thing has been brought to bear upon its object within the Author's reach." It is accompanied by two valuable Maps, one illustrating the period of the books of Joshua and Judges, the other those of the New Testament. Messrs. Murray, Young & Co., the Publishers show their enterprising spirit, and have done themselves credit by the neat manner in which they have got up the publication.

PRAYERS FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS, AND HYMNS AND PRAYERS FOR WEEK-DAY SCHOOLS. By A Friend of Christian Education. Reading: Samuel Heckler, 1857, pp. 160.

A good idea. No doubt many teachers omit prayers in their schools, because they feel themselves unable to lead unto edification without some such aid as is here furnished. The Author gives evidence of understanding the true spirit and form of prayer; and has written with care and unction. The Hymns are well selected. We should be glad to hear that this little book had been extensively introduced. The Author has well said in his preface "every attempt, however humble, to promote the good cause of religious training, should be regarded with favor by all who feel a proper interest for the welfare of Church and State in time to come,"

THE FATHERS OF THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. By Rev. H. Harbaugh. Vol. I. Lancaster: Sprenger & Westhaeffer. 1857. pp. 394.

This volume contains the Lives of the Reformers: Zwingli, Ecolampadius, Bullinger, Haller, Bucer, Melancthon, Farel, Calvin, Beza, De Lasky, Frederick III, Ursinus and Olevianus. In addition to these the Lives of the following Ministers who labored in the America Church among the Germans, from 1727 on. Weiss, Boehm, Goetschey, Reiger, Miller, Bechtel, Antes, Lischy, Brandmiller, Rauch and Wirtz. The second volume continuing the Lives of the American Fathers is in the printer's hands, and will be published shortly. We merely announce this work, leaving the discussion of its merits or demerits to others. Price \$1.

CATALOGUE AND CIRCULAR OF THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY INSTITUTE, for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, at Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, Pa. I. D. Rupp and H. Coyle, Proprietors.

We are personally acquainted with the principal teachers in this Institute, and therefore feel free to recommend it to all parents who have sons and daughters to educate.

THE GUARDIAN:

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THE APOSTOLIC GREETINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are certain parts in the Scriptures which you pass over when you read and meditate; you think they are useless. You wonder why they are in the Bible. Leviticus and Chronicles are such parts in the Old, and the genealogical tables and the apostolic greetings in the New Testament. Perhaps you make a mistake in doing this. Let us have a word together on the subject—especially in regard to the greetings, which you as a plain man, not given to compliments, regard as manifesting an almost unnecessary amount of the formalities of friendship and politeness.

In the natural world, those parts which a careless or superficial observer regards as useless, are in truth most important of all in the order of earth, and an earnest eye discovers that on the uncomely parts a wise God has actually given more abundant honor. The mountains not only send forth rills and streams to water and fructify the valleys and plains, but stand as monuments of divine power and glory. Barren wastes awaken in the human spirit the sense of awful desolation, which in contrast with fruitful valleys and smiling plains, enlarges and elevates our sense of God's goodness and love. Rolling oceans, while they divide nations, as families, that they may dwell in peace apart, at the same time unite them in the friendly and profitable interchanges of commerce.

Like the natural world in this respect is the broad and varied face of God's word. Those parts which seem dry and dreary to a careless reader are indispensable to the glorious whole—not only interspersed with golden stores of truth, even as the richest gems are found in watery or desert wastes, but as a mighty whole in the system of revealed truth, even as mountains, oceans, and deserts, are mighty in the general features and uses of earth.

Without the ceremonial details of Leviticus the whole New Testament could not be understood. Without the minute details of the Chronicles, consisting oftentimes of whole chapters that are mere lists of names, the

whole chain of the history of divine revelation would be broken, and it would be impossible either to trace or verify the unfolding of God's glorious plan of redemption. These unite generations, and dynasties, and as the bark preserves the life of the tree, preserve the life and the divine purposes which have formed them and which run through them towards their glorious fulfilment in the "fulness of times," in which all Old Testament history has its meaning and termination.

Without the genealogical tables given by Matthew, from Abram to Christ, and by Luke, from Christ, to Adam, all the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament would be disconnected and powerless as a rope of sand; the history of the promise could not be traced, and the whole chain of evidences which—not sundered, but as one and united—proves Jesus to be the Messiah, would be hopelessly broken.

Such as have regarded the parts of Scripture alluded to, as useless, have felt the same in reference to those chapters, or portions of chapters, in the Epistles, which are made up of greetings, or what would now be regarded as mere personal social compliments. But as greetings, and in what they imply and reveal beyond this, how important and instructive are they!

Take as an instance the sixteenth chapter of Romans, made up, as it is, almost entirely of greetings. How precious to a heart given to devout reflection. It reminds one of a soil, however apparently barren, full of shining oars, and these to the most careless eye but ill concealed.

How much do these greetings reveal of the inner social life and love of the first saints! Here they speak at home! What a familiar and natural view is here afforded us of the most childlike christian affection! How transparent here their very hearts! We are permitted to look in upon them in their most unrestrained moments of intercourse, and to behold the every-day workings of their pure and simple lives and loves.

What a group of spirits, the loftiest and the simplest, the most familiar and the purest, of which the world was not worthy, is here brought together. Phebe "our sister," a servant of the church, a succorer of Paul and of many. Priscilla and Aquilla, helpers in Christ Jesus, the happy and earnest christian pair, who with the calling of tent-makers—Acts 18: 2—united personal efforts for the salvation of souls, and who for the spiritual good of their workmen, had a "church in their own house."—1 Cor. 16: 19—who for Paul's life, on one occasion, were willing to lay down their own necks, to whom, on this account not only Paul, but all the churches of the gentiles give lasting gratitude. Here is Epenetus, "my well-beloved," the first soul converted to Christ in Achaia. Here is Mary, "who bestowed much labor on us." Here is Andronicus and Junia, who were on one occasion in the same prison with Paul, who also "were of note among the apostles, and who, he says, were converted to Christ before him. Here is Amplias, his beloved in the Lord. Here is Urbane, "our helper in Christ;" and Stachys "my beloved." Here is Appelles "approved in Christ," because he had given good proof of his firmness and faithfulness. Here is the pious household of Aristobolus. Here is Herodian, a converted Jew. Here are the family of Narcissus, "which are in the Lord." Here are Triphena and Triphosa, two holy women, "who labor in the Lord." Here is the "beloved Persis," who even exceeded these, for

she "labored much in the Lord." Here is Rufus, "chosen in the Lord," and his mother, who was also as a mother to Paul. Here are the excellent brethren Asynchritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, and Hermes, and other brethren which were with them. Here are Philologus, Julia, Nereus and his sister, and Olympas, and all the saints which were with them. All these crowded around the holy apostle in thought; and his love, his well-wishes, and his blessings poured themselves out into their hearts.

Then, at Corinth, while he wrote, what a circle crowd around him to send fondest christian love and greeting to these excellent saints at Rome. Timotheus, "my work-fellow," and Lucius, and Jason, and Sossipater, and Tertius, "salute you in the Lord." Gaius, "mine host, and of the whole church—a rich saint who not only entertained Paul, but whose hospitable doors were open to all traveling saints free of charge—"saluteth you." Erastus, the treasurer of the city, and a child of grace, "saluteth you;" and so also Quartus, "a brother." In short, all, all, send greeting; for "the churches of Christ salute you."

What love and what sympathy are hers! Many of them had perhaps never seen each other's faces in the flesh; but their names had been heard as laborers and sufferers for Christ; and now they send each other words of love and God-speed, assuring one another of fellowship in love and hope.

Is this nothing? Verily it is much. O, it is something to be remembered by congenial ones even at a distance from us—to know that we are not alone in our struggles, and labors, and sorrows—to hear from each other in the holy war the animating battle cry, and the shout of victory from afar. In this is cheer, and strength, and hope, and the power to overcome.

I love to know that not alone
I meet the battle's angry tide;
That sainted myriads from their throne
Descend to combat at my side:
Mine is no solitary choice,
See here the seal of saints impressed;
The prayer of millions swells my voice,
The mind of ages fills my breast.

Not only do these greetings reveal to us the deep, child-like affection which these saints cherished and expressed toward each other; but they show also the sympathy between the holy apostle and those to whom he ministered. How their memory lingered in his heart even in absence; and with what simple-hearted fondness, and abiding gratitude were his name and his labors for them cherished in his separation from them. He never could have employed such endearing language toward them, had he not been incited to it by their kindness. Their love to him drew it forth. No one, not even a minister, can fondly love the unkind and ungrateful, no more than a vine can grow around an anaconda, which breaks its tendrils and repels its embraces, by its restless, unloving, serpent nature. Paul could not love Alexander the coppersmith, who did him much evil; nor could even the loving John feel any endearment toward the mischief-making Diotrophes who prated against him, and was an enemy to the brethren. For such they prayed, but to them they never sent greetings.

How cheering for the apostle to labor with and for these noble spirits who loved him for his work's sake more than they loved their own lives; who not only stood around him, as a spiritual body guard, at home with works of faith and words of kindness; but bore his name in their grateful, praying and sympathising hearts when absent. Who thought of him while he was in labors abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons oft, in stripes forty save one, beaten with rods, stoned, shipwrecked, a night and a day in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of his own countrymen, in perils of the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; and besides these things from without, that which came on him daily, the care of all the churches.

Amid these, to know that there is one circle, where the pulsations of noble hearts are beating with his, is cheer such as nothing else can give. To know this—and Paul knew it—made him feel like a victor instead of a captive. The soldiers, in the battle in Egypt, were directed by their general to the mighty pyramids, in whose shadows they fought, with the exclamation: "The glory of ages looks down upon you!" How much more animating to Paul in his trials, the soft memories wafted to him in the silence of every pause: "The saints—the favorites of Jesus Christ—the heirs of eternal glory, are loving you! Their hearts feel the strokes that fall upon you—they, the gems in your own crown of martyr glory, shine with new radiance around you, for every toil and tear, for every trial and triumph in that tribulation which is to you, and to others, the path to high, eternal rewards!"

The holy apostle afterwards spoke from his own experience, when he exhorted the Hebrews to treat their pastors with such kindness and consideration that they might carry forward their ministry among them with joy and not with grief. We sometimes wonder how Paul could bear up under all the weight of his cares. We need not wonder when we remember that in addition to God's sustaining grace from heaven, he was surrounded and sustained by such a circle of noble christian spirits. The strength of a public man, under God, is in the sympathy and support of the people. A pastor's spirits are borne up by the kindness and sympathy of his people. Their attention, appreciation, and especially their practice of what he preaches, aids him in his preaching; even as a general's strength is in the obedience and courage of his soldiers.

In all the details of his duties he is aided by the christian spirit and sympathy of his people. According as they sustain his ministry with spirit and in love, does he go forth with joy or with grief. Paul was a man of like passions with all men; and it is morally impossible that he should have been able to give council, comfort, and sympathy to the froward, unkind, and ungrateful, with the same joy, as to those noble, kind, and faithful ones whose names he mentions with such affectionate tenderness. Whatever he had to perform towards the ungrateful and unworthy, were duties performed, not with joy, but with grief.

Beyond all that has been said, of the meaning of these greetings, there is one thing more to be noticed—no less, perhaps more, important

We see here the wonderful amount of lay-help enjoyed by Paul; and we see how common, extensive, and important it was in the early church.

These noble spirits whom Paul greets did more than love him, and treat him with grateful kindness. They did more than sympathise with him and receive his ministry with profit to themselves. They helped him in his ministry. They did part, and no unimportant part, of the work.

Consider how he characterised them in his greetings. Reflect what is implied, and revealed in the words applied to them: "Servant of the church"—"succorer of many, and of me also"—"my helpers in Christ Jesus"—"who have for my life laid down their own necks"—"unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the gentiles"—"the church in their house"—"who bestowed much labor on us"—"my fellow prisoners"—"who are of note among the apostles"—"our helper in Christ"—"approved in Christ"—"who labored in the Lord"—"who labored much in the Lord"—"my work-fellow"—"mine host, and of the whole church."

What does all this language reveal in regard to those to whom it is applied? Does it merely imply that they came to hear Paul, contributed to his support, treated him with civility, appreciated his sermons, prayed for the success of his ministry, and submitted to the ordinances as he dispensed them. Does it mean only this, or more? More, verily more. They labored as really, as earnestly, and as much as they did in their temporal labors. They bore the church and souls on their hearts and hands, with more zeal than they did their temporal business. There is enough in what is said of Priscilla and Aquilla to assure us that tent-making was to them a matter subordinate to building up the church and winning souls to the truth.

These, moreover, let it be remembered, were all lay-men and lay-women, every one except Timothy. What a power must the churches at Rome and Corinth have possessed in such lay-help. Need we wonder at Paul's joy and courage, as pastor among such spirits, that he exclaims, with a full heart, "I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ: that in every thing ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you; so that ye come behind in no gift."

This lay-agency is the strength of the church—its absence is its weakness. It is on lay-help that the church must depend in many particulars that pertain to its true peace, prosperity, and efficiency. By it must the church and its ministry be kept from begging their way; by it must pastors be kept free from temporal anxieties and cares, which burden the heart, subject him to disrespect and discredit with waiting creditors, and induce him in dark moments to regard negligence towards his actual wants as dissatisfaction with his ministry, and as a most uncourteous hint that his services would be willingly dispensed with—which is itself enough to take away all his comfort in his people and his work.

It is on lay-help that the church must depend for much of the outdoor ministry—bringing the world under the influence of the word—bringing the careless back-slider back to his duty—preparing the pastor's way to such as are in a condition to be reached—making known to him cases of affliction—carrying forward benevolent operations a

home and abroad—bringing in catechumens, Sabbath-school children—watching over them that they stray not—in short, in all ways to have an eye on the wants of the church, furthering all its enterprises, watching over its purity and peace, “standing fast in one spirit, and with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel.”

The apostles favorite representation of the church is that of a body with its many members, and each member having its own office. What a beautiful picture of the nature and importance of lay-help. One member of the body cannot, if it would, perform the office and duty of another; the eye cannot hear for the ear, nor the ear see for the eye. So the pastor cannot perform the duties of the laity, the elder of the deacon, or the deacon of the elder, or either of these the duty of the people.

Yea, lay-help can no more be set aside than the ministry. What is the body without members; what is a general without soldiers: That also is a pastor without a working laity.

It is one of the most marked characteristics of the Reformation, that it elevated the laity to their true position of prominence, importance, and influence. While it claimed for them higher privileges, it also devolved upon them higher duties. The old church said, All for the people, but nothing by the people. The Reformation said, All for the people, and much by the people. Instead of a monk-laity it called for a working laity.

The Reformation restored the doctrine of the “universal priesthood,” so clearly taught in the New Testament. It is also beautifully embodied in the Heidelberg Catechism: Question 55—“What do you mean by the communion of saints? Answer—First, that all and every one who believes, being members of Christ, are in common partakers of him, and of all his riches and gifts. Secondly, that every one must know it to be his duty, readily and cheerfully to employ his gifts, for the advantage and salvation of other members.”

This was, beyond dispute, the practice in the apostolic church, as we have seen from our examination of the apostolic greetings. The true power of the church will return with activity and efficiency, when earnestly pious men and women shall thus affectionately greet one another over their mutual work. Then will Zion arise as in the days of old; renew its youth, put on its beautiful garments, and go forward to the conquest of the world.

LIVE FOR DEATH.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent walls of death.
Thou go not, like the quarry slave—at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THERE comes, from yonder height,
A soft, repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright,
And fall like flakes of light
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas.
Just stirs the glowing trees—
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits with a sigh
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves the merry cries
Far behind.

And wanders on to make
That soft, uneasy sound,
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break,
From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay,
Nor fair untrodden dell,
He sweeps the upland swell,
And away.

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state?
Oh soft, repining wind!
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find.

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West—
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou should'st grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

MY SPELLING BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Wo unto him that plucks the wizard beard of hoary error!
Spirits of the brave! how I shall be anathematized!”—WIRT.

WE promised in our last number to attempt “more inward and more earnest things in relation to the merits and meaning of our spelling book.” Accordingly we have now again our old “American Noah Webster,” before us. Around him we have also lying a number of modern—shall we say intruders? They make far more pretensions, having globes and telescopes on the cover, with all kind of fancies and flourishes around the borders. We will candidly tell the earnest reader what we think of as we look at these around old Webster—we think of a batch of young fops talking impertinently to an honest, intelligent old farmer. They think he is ignorant, but he knows that they are half-witted, with more pride than power.

We look at these books on the outside—for is not the external generally a pretty faithful index to the internal? Old Webster has no external ornament. There is the plain grass-green cover. It is at once seen that it belongs to an age when outward show was not so much sought after as it is now. How different these modern books. The cover is full of pictures, all of which have an air of triumph and pretension. Above is the State-house stuck full of flying flags. Before it stands a most Henry Clay looking man, in orator attitude, with hands extended, as if to invite all the ends of the earth to himself. It may perhaps be the superintendent of Common Schools.

Below is a beautiful two-story building, which is evidently a school house grown into an Academy, just as little boys now-a-days have grown into young gentlemen. About it also waves the flag of our country. This flag we love to see—in its place. But what teaches us most, and pleases us least, is the inscription placed, in the way of sign and motto, upon its walls. “*The people’s college our country’s hope.*”

Plausible as it may seem, this motto teaches a most dangerous educational heresy. It rests on a principle and idea of education which is false and fearful in the extreme. It would teach that the hope of our land is in intellectual education, and thus holds up the basis which underlies, and the spirit which animates, our present State Schools, at least as these are embodied in the laws of our Pennsylvania School System.

To this motto and the system of education which cherishes it, we design to devote the present article. We are well aware that it is regarded by many as behind the age, if not even traitorous to all that is high and hopeful, to offer any strictures on this subject, or in any way to call in question what is regarded as the true glory of our age. We think, however, this question like all others is open to earnest discussion. Let the principle be examined, especially as it lies confessedly at the

foundation of more solemn and important interests, as pertaining to both church and state. Let it not be taken for granted that every one who calls in question the principle of state schools, which regard only the intellectual and not the religious wants of our children, is of course wrong, and averse to light and progress. "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?"

As we have on another occasion, and in another place,* discussed this point, we here give what we have there said, as being exactly what we now desire to say, asking the reader's earnest attention to it.

"The Common School System makes no provision whatever for the religious wants of children. Religious culture there is studiously excluded and prohibited. The child may have any views, or no views, in religion. It is to be taught nothing in that direction. No book giving religious instruction "shall be used as a school book, nor admitted into school." The Bible is barely tolerated—it may be read, but, "without comment by the teacher." No religious qualifications are sought in the teacher. In short, mind, and mind only, is to come in play, and to be dealt with in the culture of common schools. The system aims only at educating part of man. It aims only at preparing him for the State and for business, not for the Church. It takes in only time and earth, not eternity and heaven.

"In this system education is taken out of the hands of the family, and of the Church. Those who have charge of the educational interests, are not the pastor, church officers, and pious school-masters, but "Directors"—a kind of committee for the time, who attend to the duty in the same spirit as they would to laying out a road. The school-house no more stands on the green beside the church—where all religious associations congregate—where the spirit of religion lies, like sweet sun-light on every object around, and where the graves are!—but they are stuck, like milestones, wherever a cold mechanical system assigns them their place. It may happen just as well as not, that the associations of childhood may be bound to the top of a bleak hill; in the region of some miserable marsh with its ponds and mud; or near some gloomy old still-house with its styes and its stench! Parents, whose highest concern it is to have their children's minds expanded in a religious element, are compelled to send them to a place where no pious whisper is allowed, where religious instruction is contraband and unlawful, and where the teacher may be an infidel. Where the director may be any one at all—one whose highest ideas of education are reading, writing and cyphering—one who perhaps cannot read at all. What parent can comfortably submit his children to such a system of miserable orphanage!

"The system of Directorship, as established by law in these schools, however well it may look in theory and in law, does not answer the purpose in practice. All the directors generally do, is to procure a teacher and firewood, and one is generally procured in the same spirit as the other, with least trouble, and at the lowest price. After the school begins, directorship in effect ceases—the teacher and the school are then left to direct themselves. The consequence is disorder, which gets ever worse. Already there are many parents who decline sending their chil-

* See our article on Parochial Schools in the *Mercersburg Quarterly Review*, Vol. V., No. I., from which what follows is an extract.

dren to the common schools, on account of the profanity, vulgarity, and rudeness which are found to reign there.*

"It is but a comparatively short time (1835) since the common school system has been established in various parts of our State; yet there is already that in its history which condemns it. Almost every year the school law has been altered and amended. Defects were discovered in its workings, and the Legislature was called upon to remedy them. The history of the School Law in Pennsylvania, reminds one of an attempt to patch the rents of a rotten garment—the contraction required to mend one makes two worse ones. This altered, amended, renewed School Law is sent out with its tables, its charts and supplements, as a guide to Directors to whom it is as unintelligible as the statement of an algebraic equation to a child that just begins to spell. It was the confession of a lawyer, of twenty-five years' practice, to me, that he had positively given up the idea of ever understanding the Common School Law. The very fact of its constant changings and amendments, shows that it is a system without system—that it is a dabbling in experiments without sure principles to regulate or define. To such a ship of sails without rudder, floating at random, we are to entrust the educational interests of our country. Every successive and ever-changing Legislature is to be permitted to subject the system to its own caprices, and, if they choose, to launch out into new experiments. Think of it! to a system of education which ignores religion in its teachings, a system in the hands of a new Legislature every year—with yearly a new superintendent, new laws, new directors, and generally a new teacher—to such a system we are to entrust the nurture of our children. Who can comfortably build his house on such a foundation of rolling pebbles and floating sand!

"We can also show, from the confessions of its warmest friends, that the system is radically defective. The fact they see, but seem not to see the reason of the defect. In 1812 Philadelphia was authorized to establish public schools for the poor. It was soon seen that there was something defective in the business. A committee was appointed in 1816 to inquire into the weak points of the system. They report that many do not attend at all during the year, though \$22,000 were spent to educate them. But this is not the worst; such was the character of these schools that, "Such as were absent suffered less by their inattention than many of those whose morals have been thus undesignedly injured at the county expense." Not the worst yet: "In every view, therefore, of the existing plan of public education, with which your committee are furnished, they are reluctantly and sorrowfully compelled to declare, that from its first establishment to the present time, it has, in their opinion, been not only injurious to the character of the rising generation, but a benevolent fraud upon the public bounty." The patrons of this system forgot that educated mind without religion is educated vice; and that mind can only be stimulated to seek its improvement by something higher, deeper, and more earnest than itself. Now they are reminded of it by the failure of the experiment.

* Children learn from example *before* they can understand the grounds and reasons of moral obligation; hence the injury they receive from the bad examples which are constantly before them in common schools.

“This testimony to the inadequacy of the system which we are reviewing is so much the stronger from the fact that the Christian system is praised in contrast with it by the same committee. I start in quoting farther from the same report at the very next sentence where I left off: ‘It is a consolation, however, to reflect, that during the last eight years, in the course of which almost \$200,000 have been spent upon a scheme of public instruction so uselessly, there have been in successful operation numerous schools for the free education of indigent children, superintended from the most praiseworthy motives by respectable citizens; and that in these institutions many pupils of charity have had their minds imbued with sound morals, and been otherwise fitted for the proper discharge of their various duties in future life. But for this reflection, the prospect would indeed be gloomy; for in these benevolent labors, it is hoped, a redeeming principle has been established, the happy effect whereof may yet be manifested.’

“These extracts need no comments. We see in them the difference between education without religion, and education with religion.

“The present Common School System in Pennsylvania has only existed some eighteen years. Already it is deeply felt to be wanting. It does not answer the purpose. We will not speak of the general mutterings of dissatisfaction which are heard, especially among the Christian community; but we will quote from the confessions of its very foster parents, to show that it bears the elements of degeneracy in its own bosom—that it cannot sustain sufficient interest in itself to carry out its own regulations, and to reach forward towards the securement of its own end.

“I will quote from the Report of January, 1850, by Thomas H. Burrowes, the most zealous friend of the Common School System in Pennsylvania: ‘Whoever shall closely examine the annual reports of the Superintendent of Common Schools, will find, that very soon after the establishment of the system, say about the year 1839, a certain degree of progress had been effected towards its perfection; but that, since that period, little if any improvement has taken place in its most essential particulars. School-houses have, it is true, been erected by thousands, and teachers in the same proportion have been employed; hundreds of thousands of pupils have been brought into the schools, and the gross expenditure of the system has risen to ten millions of dollars; but when he comes to the true test of its efficacy and utility—the *pay of teachers*, and the *duration of teaching* in each year—he finds a sad falling off. In the years 1838, 1839, 1840, teachers seem to have been better paid, and consequently their services better appreciated, than at any time since; and in 1837 and 1838, the duration of teaching was one-fifth greater than in 1847,—’48, and greater than in any year between those two eras, or since. These indications are unerring. They point to one or other of two inevitable results—either that a system which thus fails in accomplishing its great object, viz: that of giving sufficient instruction, by means of capable, and, therefore, well paid teachers, must go down; or that it must be so strengthened as to effect its noble purposes.’

“Again, he says: ‘But among the evils of the system . . . is the want of an efficient head—a sufficient driving power in the System.’ That it lacks this, he says, is evident from the falling off just mentioned.

'This manifest want of vigor, the committee believe, exists in the head, not in the body of the system.'

"Here we have the true, and what is worse, the incurable weakness of the system exhibited. It degenerates—is less efficient by far in 1847 than it was in 1837. It started, like all false systems, with a spasm, and gradually died down to a tame level. The plant shoots up with extraordinary facility, just because it has no real depth of earth, and then pines away for the same reason. It lacks motive power, it lacks vigor, it lacks a head. Thus it lacks all; for what is that worth which has no head, no vigor, and no driving power. All these, which a state system that regards nothing in man but mind, must ever lack, are supplied in a system which connects the School with the Church. Where the Church underlies the School, imparting her nurture to the whole being, regarding him in his eternal as well as temporal interests, there will be head and motive power in abundance. The vigor of her infinite earnestness will be infused into all her educational operations. Then the School Law will be the law of life and grace in Jesus Christ, and not merely the pamphlet laws of an ever-changing legislative body, to be administered by an ever-changing committee of directors. The teacher will be no hireling for a few months, but a functionary of the Church, whose piety insures his faithfulness—a teacher who is not merely asked by a committee, 'Do you know science?' but one whom the Saviour himself asked over and over, 'Lovest thou me?' before he gave him that awfully solemn and responsible commission: 'Feed my lambs!'

"Whoever will read the annual reports of the Superintendent of Common Schools with care, will feel convinced that the evils which are the burden of ceaseless complaint are essentially in the system, and cannot be cured. We hear without end of the 'sluggishness of Directors and parents;' and of 'the carelessness and unfitness of teachers.' In the report of 1849 we read: 'The practical effects of the plan are truly deplorable. Scarcely a mail arrives that is not loaded with complaints of the inability of the teacher, of his immoral habits, and of the bad condition of the schools. Petitions to the Superintendent, for redress of grievances over which he has no control, are frequently presented; and expressions of dissatisfaction are not rare against the continuance of the system.' Report of 1849.

"This indifference and opposition are not to be ascribed to a want of interest in education, but to a want of interest in schools without a soul or a God. There is an instinctive sense of the false principle upon which the system rests; and its practical exhibitions daily increase that suspicion. Hear the Report of 1850: 'Complaints are heard from various quarters that the system has failed to accomplish the purposes for which it was designed, and that the funds of the State are wasted. These expressions of dissatisfaction must not be ascribed entirely to ignorance and prejudice; they come, in too many instances, from honest, intelligent citizens, true friends of Education.' Even the zealous advocates of the system betray that they know where the difficulty lies. They feel that the 'motive power,' which they say the system lacks, could be furnished by religion. 'Ministers of the Gospel,' says the report of 1848, 'could exert an influence which might reach every fireside, *opening the eyes of the blind, and unstopping the ears of the deaf*, on the subject of rational

and moral education.' So they might, and so they would, were not they, *in the capacity of ministers*, virtually shut out from the schools. If parents are sluggish in sending their children, how can they be moved to duty except by the higher 'driving power' of religion; but this is contraband in the system. Shall ministers be expected to manifest zeal for the education of immortal beings for this world merely? The Common School System can never, in its present form, gain the confidence of the Church and ministry; even if the system did not itself virtually exclude their influence, the false principles which it involves are too radical, and in their practical workings too disastrous, to receive either favor or toleration. The time is not yet, and it never will be, when those, who alone have received the commission, 'Go ye, and teach all nations,' will surrender their responsibilities into hands which they know are not adequate to the task. They must first forget their own accountability, and lose all respect for the will of Him, whose they are, and whom they serve.

"It is all idle. The interests of education cannot be long sustained and vigorously carried forward, unless religion underlies the movement as its motive power. It is well known that colleges do not flourish except under the auspices of the Church. It is Christianity, and that alone, which wakes man to industry and earnestness in every sphere, and consequently also in reference to the cultivation of mind. It is the feeling of immortality that is the impulsive power toward all ambition in expanding the intellectual faculties. It is sin that darkens the mind, and its removal must accompany all attempts to brighten and expand the intellect. All history declares that religion is the mother of science—that faith is the mother of knowledge.

"In the establishment of our Common School System there was professedly at least an aim at imitating the Public School System of Prussia. In 1836 Professor C. E. Stowe, who was about to make a tour through Europe, was requested by a resolution of the Legislature of Ohio, to collect facts in reference to Public Schools. In 1837 he made a long report, in which he dwells principally on the Prussian system, and recommends it in the highest terms; this report was published by order of the Legislature of Ohio. In 1838, the same report was ordered to be published by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. In the same year a large pamphlet of seventy-eight pages was published in Philadelphia, 'On the System of Education adopted in the celebrated Common Schools of Prussia.' All this was intended to effect a conformation of our system to that of Prussia. But how great is the deception! Almost the only thing in which our schools and those of Prussia are alike, is that they are both public, state schools. Farther than this there is no resemblance at all. How do they differ? In their system religious instruction is included by law; in ours it is excluded by law. In their schools religious instruction is the first thing; here it is not at all. There the religious element pervades every thing connected with the school; here it is contraband in every thing. That is religion as the mother of education; this education without religion. That is nurture in the Lord; this is nurture without the Lord.

"'The first vocation of every school,' says the Prussian school law of 1819, (the system went into operation in that year) 'is, to train up the

young in such a manner as to implant in their minds a knowledge of the relation of man to God, and at the same time to excite in them both the will and the strength to govern their lives after the spirit and precepts of Christianity. Schools must early train children to piety, and therefore must strive to *second and complete the early instruction of parents*. In every school, therefore, the occupation of the day shall begin and end with a short prayer and some pious reflections, which the master must contrive to render so varied and impressive, that a moral exercise shall never degenerate into an affair of habit. All the solemnities of the school shall be interspersed with songs of a religious character.' In another section of the law it is enjoined that the Bible and the Catechism shall be used. The New Testament shall be read by the smaller children in the common language; and by the youths in the gymnasia, in Greek. It is also provided that, 'In all the parishes of the kingdom, without exception, the clergyman of every christian communion shall seize every occasion, whether at church, or during their visits to school, or in their sermons at the opening of classes, of reminding the school of their high and holy mission, and the people of their duty towards the school.'*

"Now contrast with this, our own Public School System. 'No catechism, creed, confession, or manual of faith shall be used as a school book nor admitted into the school.' 'The Old and New Testament may be used in reading, but without comment by the teacher,' 1838. The difference between the Prussian system and our own is that of direct opposites; and yet we are told that 'the province of education in the two countries are nearly the same, except that the Prussian system aims at higher objects than the common education of this country.' Only this difference! as if this was a matter of no importance! The 'higher objects' may be set aside. So think these sages of the State, in the face of all history—in the face of the wisdom of the wisest men that ever lived—and in the face of the holy instincts of pious parents. 'The fear of the Lord, is the beginning of wisdom.'

"One who, in a publication in 1838, exhibits the Prussian system by way of lesson and example to the friends of the Common School System in this country, makes a remarkable confession. After expatiating on

* It is argued, by those who are in favor of excluding the Bible from the schools, that children become profanely familiar with it, that they are apt to lose all reverence for it, and that it creates in after life a feeling of distaste and even disgust for it. Never was any idea more false. The direct reverse is true. Are not those things that were most common and familiar to us in our childhood the dearest and most cherished by us now? When we, after years return to the dear scenes which our infancy knew, how strong and affecting are those feelings awakened in our bosoms by the smallest and most trifling things. Every tree, every stump, and every stone, preaches to us silently till we stand and weep. A similar feeling is bound up with our associations in reference to those passages so often read from the Bible, in our school-boy days. Many of us know it by experience; and the Scriptures, when we read them now, have a new glow of warmth and power of attraction, because they connect our present life, deep in our memories, with childhood's happy, happy days. Reading the Bible in school make it tasteless and profanely familiar!—as well might we argue the same of the love of a mother. No, there is a light in which all things are sacred; it is in the light of those impressions which memory receives in childhood. In the language of one who knew better to preach than practice,

"Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!—
Like a vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

the excellencies of the Prussian system, he says: 'But if those schools only taught letters and science, if they formed no moral principles and habits; if they took no cognizance of the laws of duty—none of the defenceless state of a mind uninformed of the evil that is in the world—if they never turned the attention of the young to the Providence of God, and his divine attributes; if they never connected the present life to the eternal; if they afforded no expositions of morality; if they presented it only in negations; if they referred it exclusively to the Sunday, the minister, the Church, and the casual Sunday-school, and the self-culture of ripe age—to what mere worldliness and technicality, to what selfishness and implied materialism, to what small effects and low purposes, would they be employed, and how much would they leave undone, which their broad policy, and tried efforts actually accomplish?' Every word of it is true. And every word a just judgment and condemnation of our ten-times helpless, wretched, and ruinous Common School System.

"To show how perfectly inadequate our system must be, we need only remark, that even this Prussian system, so thoroughly religious, is pronounced a failure, by Samuel Laing, Esq., an English traveler of much weight, on account of its subserviency to the State. Says this learned traveler in 1842: 'If the ultimate object of all education and knowledge be to raise man to the feeling of his own moral worth, to a sense of his responsibility to his Creator and to his conscience for every act, to the dignity of a reflecting, self-guiding, virtuous, religious member of society, then the Prussian educational system is a failure. It is only a training from childhood in the conventional discipline and submission of mind which the State exacts from its subjects. It is not a training or education which has raised, but which has lowered, the human character. This system of interference and intrusion into the inmost domestic relations of the people, this educational drill of every family by State means and machinery, supersedes parental tuition. It is a fact not to be denied that the Prussian population is at this day, when the fruits of this educational system may be appreciated in the generation of the adults, in a remarkably demoralized condition in those branches of moral conduct which cannot be taught in schools, and are not taught by the parents, because parental tuition is broken in upon by governmental interference in Prussia, its efficacy and weight annulled, and the natural dependence of the child upon the words and wisdom of the parent—the delicate threads by which the infant's mind, as its body, draws nutriment from its parent—is ruptured.' Page 172, Laing's Notes.

"If a system so decidedly religious fails, just because it is a creature of the State, what can we hope for in ours! We believe, however, that Mr. Laing attributes the failure, so far as it is one, to the wrong source. The Church and religion have sufficient prominence in the system to insure complete religious culture; in so far as the system falls short of answering its end, the failure is to be sought in the fact that ever since the system was organized until lately, the Church has been so petrified by the reign of rationalism, as to disable it entirely from infusing a truly regenerating influence into the School System. The school had an inactive Christianity to underlie it—its religious teachings were merely theoretical. But we repeat—if the Christian system of schools in Prus-

sia is scarcely to be saved from condemnation, where must our poor bald, negative system appear!

“When the education of children is left in the hands of the State alone, as is done in the Common School System, it is mere means to an end—and what is worse, mere earthly means to a mere earthly end. But Christian nurture is not merely means to an end—it is means and end in one; and, what is better, heavenly means to an heavenly end.

“When religion is excluded from education, what end has education in view? The world in its various interests—an end lower, instead of higher, than the means themselves! When religion is connected with nurture as it is in Parochial Schools, it is viewed as means to an end higher than itself, but the means at the same time as part of the end. This Christian nurture will appear as part of the process of a life constantly progressing from lower to higher—the lower ever terminating in the higher, and becoming complete in it.

“That education which is carried on separate from religion offers a constant invitation to the child to look downward to a lower earthly end. For the child will reason, and if not reason, it will feel, thus: If the end of education is not earthly interests, if its end be higher religious interests, why are not those higher interests held forth prominently as the goal of the educational process! Why are the means made to look shy at the end? And why this jealous care to keep the means separate from the end? If education is to make us better, as well as wiser, why is that better proscribed and kept out of view as though it were ruin to come in contact with it? If education is to lead to the Church, why is the Church ignored and thrust out of sight, and why are we the pensioners of the State? If we are to be servants of religion, as the highest aim of life, why is not religion our master and teacher? If we are now, and are still to be, the children of the Church, why does the Church permit us to be treated as bastards, and turn us over without a sigh, as orphans, to this tax-supported almshouse of the State! If the Church is our mother, why does not she nurture us; and if it is not the design that we shall forget our mother, and be weaned from her, why are we so carefully kept, by legal prohibitions, from hearing her name, from feeling her tenderness, and from sharing in the genial warmth of her love?

“Such are the practical contradictions of the system. We do not mean that the child will draw such conclusions, and see these contradictions, intelligently; but the position in which it stands, and the element in which it moves, will lead to this result practically and in fact, with the force of ceaseless, silent, but inevitable necessity. Birds of passage know not why they move as they do; but they are nevertheless under the power of forces which affect their instincts, and which they have no power to resist or control. So in the case before us. Indeed, just as instinct in animals is often a surer guide than reason in man, so the ingenuous and confiding spirit of childhood, will be more easily moulded and led by the silent influences in the midst of which it moves, than by light and logic.

“It is the seemingly distant and careless attitude in which the Common School System stands to the Church in the education of children, which is so powerful in weaning their hearts from her. It is not positive

opposition, but negative indifference, which is the root of the evil. It is in this, as in other cases, distance, coldness and carelessness, more than all else, that alienates the heart from what it ought to love, and would love, but for that. A child weaned in early infancy, removed from its mother, brought up among strangers, not permitted to hear her name pronounced, except with the uplifted finger of caution, and hearing that it is almost a crime to praise her virtues—such a child can never afterwards have all, if any, of the feelings which belong to the relation of a child to its mother. It is just so when we permit our children to be trained out of the Church, where her name is not heard except in a way which implies that she needs to be watched, and that her influence is especially to be deprecated in the nurture of man's intellectual nature. Thus the Church is, in fact, a man of hideous face, looking out upon children from the dark, filling their young spirits with secret dread, and causing them to go as far as possible the other way for fear of hidden evil; and, just as those superstitious fears which are awakened in the confiding heart of childhood by thoughtless parents or injudicious nurses, can be removed by neither reason nor philosophy; so the feeling of fear and jealousy toward religion which this false system of education inspires, will present its repulsive images before the spirit, in spite of its better judgment, to the latest hour of life! He that—or any system that—instills in the heart of a child any fear but the fear of God, or raises any doubt or dread but for that which is evil, has made wrong what he never can make right! The sting of a fly, in the infant oak, may, a thousand years afterwards, be the blemish in a plank in the bottom of a ship, which sinks men and treasures! Wo unto him who breaks but a link in the chain of things!

“It furnishes no sufficient apology for the system to say that the evil is only negative—that although the instructions of Common School impart nothing positively religious, neither do they impart any thing irreligious—that they leave the spirit as to religion and morals a *tabula rasa*. This is equally its misery. Indeed it is this plausible angel-of-light pretense that constitutes the very heart of the danger of this false system. We are not merely to teach them no evil, but we are to bring them up in the Lord's nurture. Negatives are as destructive as positives in this respect. Doing no evil constitutes no saint. Not gathering is scattering abroad. Give a plant no nourishment, no sun, no heat, no moisture, and it will die just as effectually as if you put a worm at its root. Give a child no food, no drink, no air, and its death is as certain as if you give it poison: besides, it dies more cruelly; so, give the spirit no nurture and it dies. The spirit of the child is no dead *tabula rasa*, which you may leave unimpressed at your pleasure, but it is a *tabula vitæ*, which cries in the agony of hunger, Give me food or I die! Let it be considered by the way, that it is this *tabula rasa* philosophy that lies at the root of every false system of education. Rising like a upas in the field of mind, it has cast its killing shadow over ages, and has ever been the tutelary god of an infidel culture. Its tendency has been to hush the infinite in the human spirit. It has done much to ignore that side of man's nature which fastens him on God and the unseen. It has, to a great extent, fastened him to earth, and compelled him to crawl empirically like a blind spider, feeling his way either by cautious

or impetuous experiments. It has taught him to fill his mind with items of knowledge as he finds it, as a boy fills his basket with berries, instead of growing in knowledge, by developing his nature under the power of the divine out of the infinite in and around him. It has undervalued man's dependence upon the broader life of the general. It has turned the Church into a conventicle or society, and *human* beings into individuals. It has made education a mere gathering *for* the mind, instead of a gathering *in* and *by* the mind—or an evolution of the mind by nurture. It has cried *tabula rasa* until the human treats itself as such; and the Church, forgetting the deep reason of the Saviour's infancy and growth in body and in mind, forgets also the importance of infancy in general as related to the Church and its nurturing cultus.

“In estimating the full extent of those evil results which flow from a system of education, from which all positive religious influences are excluded, we must consider that those formative influences which are visible and tangible, are but a small part of those which actually mould the child's intellectual and moral life. There is an education of *circumstances*—or shall I say an education of *atmosphere*. An education, not so much of the marked influences exhibited in formal instruction, as of the element in which the young life moves and has its being during the time that its education progresses. Our physical growth and health depend generally not so much upon preventive or curative medicines given at intervals, as upon the constant lavings of those silent influences of air, temperature, and other elements which are friendly to vitality and health. So, the mental and moral health of children depend chiefly upon the silent and intangible force of circumstances, example, society, and what may be called, in general, the atmosphere in which they live, breathe and grow. As, in our physical system, every sense,—hearing, seeing, tasting, touching, smelling—is, more or less, though silently, the avenue of health or disease, so are these same senses in their relation to the mind and heart. In this view we discover the true depth of meaning in such passages as, ‘He that walketh with wise men, shall be wise,’ and: ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners.’ We, by a deep necessity, become like that which surrounds us. We—as the Poet has it—

‘We become pure by being purely looked upon.’

“As flowers are colored in the light of the sun—though silently!—so are the minds and hearts of our children by the educational air in which their faculties are evolved.

“These silent educational influences of which we speak, and which affect every period of our human life, are most momentous in early life. Because, then the plasticity of the spirit more easily yields to formative forces from without; and the direction, which is then given to the evolution of the soul, has a longer history before it, either for evil or for good.

A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the infant plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever!

“We see in the case of a plant, that those formative influences which have most to do in shaping it for life, are least open to our inspection: They lie and work behind the tangible, and they do their work be-

fore the plant is sufficiently advanced to receive any help from without in the way of training. Its germ grows yellow and languid before we can suspect the cause, in the worm or the ungenial chemical, which has invaded its life at the root. In like manner, the failings and fadings in children which often dawn, like a mournful prophecy, upon the attention of anxious parents, have their roots farther back than their eyes can trace, and are lost to view in those delicate attenuations which form the fibres of the infant life. In seeking, therefore for the causes of ill or good in our children, we look not to the things which are seen, but to those which are not seen; for in this sense, too, the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. In this view, the poet's paradox reveals one of the deepest of truths:

‘The child is father to the man.’

and in this sense the Saviour's axiom may also be applied: ‘There is nothing hid that shall not be revealed;’ we add the converse, by way of legitimate inference; There is nothing revealed that is not first hid.

“Is it not clear, then, that immense interests are involved in the early training of our children; not merely in the instruction imparted to them in a formal way, but in the educating influences of position and circumstances. Is it not clear also that true Christian *nurture* must underlie all education or training, doing its work before these can properly begin, and animating, pervading, and sanctifying them as their secret life and soul? * Is it not plain also that the Common School System never affords such educational accommodations as the solemn duties of Christian parents make it necessary to demand for their children? They, if they at all understand their responsibilities to their children, can only be satisfied with church, or parochial schools.

“It may be said, Is it not our duty to provide educational facilities for those that are out of the Church? And how can means be provided for the education of all, if it is not done by the State? State schools cannot be made religious schools, because Church and State are not united; and, on account of the various views of sects, it would be impossible to introduce religious instruction.

“We acknowledge the difficulties in all this; but the difficulties in the way of making things right should never reconcile us to that which is wrong. In regard to sects, the difficulty shows only that sects are wrong, and not that a school system without religion is right.

“In regard to the duty of educating all, we answer, that it is yet to be shown that the Common School System will accomplish this. The reports complain abundantly that many parents do not send their children. This will ever be so; it rests upon the deep principle that religion alone can foster the education of mind; and that educational interests are *only* sustained where religion underlies them. Where this is not the case, the ‘driving power’ is wanting; and any educational system that has not religion for its soul, cannot enlist sufficient interest

* What system of Moral Education is like to avail in opposition to the contagion of example and the influence of notions insensibly, yet constantly instilled? It is to little purpose to take a boy every morning into a closet, and there teach him moral and religious truth for an hour, if, so soon as the hour is expired, he is left for the remainder of the day in circumstances in which these truths are not recommended by any living examples.—*Dymond's Essays, Page 254.*

in itself to sustain itself in existence. As in the child a sense of dependence, of trust, confidence and faith, precedes all developments of intellect ; so, in all systems of education, faith must precede knowledge and sustain it. A system, therefore, which neglects to foster faith, cuts itself loose from the source which alone can sustain it.

“But again. Could even all be educated intellectually as the system proposes, is education without religion a blessing? Is knowledge, the wisdom of this world, as such, praised in the Scripture? Verily no. Unless the life of grace underlies and sanctifies all intellectual activities, their cultivation is but a strengthening of the natural powers of evil. As already said, educated nature is educated vice. Had Paine, Volney, Voltaire, and others, been ignorant men, the world had been more blest. It is the same on a smaller scale. The smallest mischief, that fulfils his sphere of evil in the most obscure country circle, is the worse for his smartness, and is a curse to his neighborhood in proportion to his wit. Unsanctified knowledge, like unsanctified wealth, is so much influence on the side of evil. Knowledge is power—power for evil, or power for good, according to the wish and will of him who holds it. Knowledge in faith is a power *for* God ; knowledge without faith is a power *against* God. When we say, therefore, that it is our duty to educate all, that declaration must be modified and limited thus: *It is our duty to educate all religiously.* It is not our duty to meet the world on its own ground. We are not to ‘teach all nations’ as *they* please, but as our commission directs: ‘Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever the Saviour has commanded them.’ We dare not misread our commission, meet the world on its own terms, and teach them only what will fit them for worldly interests, and worldly ends, engaging that which Christ has taught them shall be studiously kept out of sight. Such a mode of educating the world has never received the promise, which is appended to the true commission, ‘And lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.’ Hence we take our stand on the true parochial or church system, and urge all, just as we do sinners to repent and believe, to meet us on the true ground, and to receive at the hands of the Church a true education—an education complete, of heart as well as of mind—for eternity as well as for time—for the Church as well as for the State—for the perfection of themselves as men, and not only as citizens. If they reject this offer, we have performed our duty, and theirs is the peril.

“It must be remembered that another duty *precedes* the duty of educating all. It is the duty of educating properly and religiously our own children, and the children that are in the covenant and Church of God. These are placed nearest to us in the order of God, and must be first attended to. As we have opportunity we must do good to all men, but *especially* to the household of faith. When favors were claimed for the daughter of a Canaanitish woman, the Saviour said, ‘Let the children first be fed.’ We find, hence, that in the Acts of the Apostles, salvation was always offered first of all to the Jews, as the covenant people. So here: our duty to educate all, is subordinate to our duty to educate our own, as families, and as a Church. To manifest zeal for general education, to the detriment of particular education, is to outstep the divine order. He must not go abroad in search of duty who has not finished at home. The Church has no such responsibility to

educate all, as requires her either to neglect her own, or to permit them to be educated under a wrong system.

“Should even the alternative be to educate the young in general, without religion, in the Common School System, or not educate them at all—which we by no means grant—then it would be the duty of the Church, in the spirit of sacrifice, to submit to the tax required, and at the same time, by voluntary liberality, sustain her own religious schools besides. This many are in fact now doing, whose conscience, and interest in the religious education of their children, forbids their exposing them to the negative, if not irreligious atmosphere of common schools. The rich can do this, and do do it; many poor would do it if they could. The same principle is here involved, which comes forward so abundantly in history, where christians by voluntary gifts have sustained their own religious privileges in the bosom of a national Church, while they continued, as good citizens, to pay their tithes to the established religion besides. As long as we regard education separate from religion as a matter of interest to the State, and only negatively evil, we can sustain the Common School System as a system of national education, without a violation of conscience or sacrifice of principle, while we nevertheless decline using it for our own children. If this negative education has any tendency to make better citizens—if its results are good only so far as the body, the State, and this life are concerned, it may even be a christian virtue to submit to the tax demanded. We will cheerfully yield to the children of this world the right of having what is *good*; but for our children—for the children of the Church, whom we wish to bear in the bosom of our faith, and in the holy nurture of the Church, with us into a higher life—we ask that which is *better*: and, so far as we can, we aim even at that which is *best*. *That* we do, but we leave not *this* undone. This is our position, and is it not the true one?

Hear then the conclusion of the whole matter, and the sum of what we need and ask. Give us christian schools—schools which have a God, a Saviour, a Holy Spirit, a Bible, and hymn-book, a catechism and prayer, a pastor and pious school teacher—a school between the family and the Church, a school which will carry forward the education of children in the same spirit in which it was commenced by pious parents—a school that will be a nursery to the Church—a school so entirely under the control of the Church, that it may carry out the spirit of its great commission in reference to its own children: ‘Feed my lambs.’”

Thus have we led the reader through a long discussion, and yet we have not fairly reached the inside of our Spelling Book. It was necessary for us to dispose of that mischievous motto, which impliedly would have us believe that education alone—the school-house without the church—is the hope of the land. We have felt it our duty earnestly to contend against this dangerous tendency in our present educational systems in this connection, because it stands against the older and better ideas which rule and reign in our noble “Noah Webster.” For he openly and directly proposes by his Spelling Book to instill into the minds of youth “with the first rudiments of the language, some just ideas of religion.” It is in this way he proposes to “facilitate their education.” Everlasting praise be to this principle.

We have more to say about our Spelling Book. Let not the reader be impatient. The best remains to be said; and, in the language of one of our old Professors in the Seminary, who was profoundly opposed to the pupil's running ahead of his teacher, "We come to that by and by, young gentlemen!"

THE SONG OF THE AUTUMN RAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHIME in, my song, with the Autumn rain,
As it drearily drives o'er the yellow plain;
As it sounds in the wood, as it drips from the trees,
As it swells in the rivers, and roars to the seas.

Chime in, my song, with the Autumn rain,
As it drops from the eaves, as it beats on the pane;
As it plays on the roof, while its echoes start,
To the tune of the past, in the song of the heart.

Chime in, my song, with the Autumn rain,
There is no despair in its dreary strain:
Its lone low notes of wo belong
To the homeward way, and the pilgrim's song.

Chime in, my song, with the Autumn rain,
Its notes will change into joy again:
Alike above are the heavens which bring
The Autumn rain and the showers of Spring.

"A T T H E C O F F I N ."

HERE she lieth, white and chill,
Put your hand upon her brow,
For her heart is very still,
And she does not know you now.

Ah, the grave's a quiet bed!
She shall sleep a pleasant sleep,
And the tears that you may shed
Will not wake her—therefore weep!

Weep—for you have wrought her woe!
Mourn—she mourned and died for you!
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false and what is true.

“A FINE YOUNG MAN.”

BY THE EDITOR.

Who has not occasionally, in conversation heard this expression and witnessed the evident delight which the mention of the fact to which it witnesses, gave to the company. Especially in these times of degeneracy, what a pleasure it is to look upon excellent young men. It is more than his own respectability and safety that we see in such a young man. We rejoice at the silent influence which he exerts upon others in his period of life around him. Many may not see it; young men themselves may not be conscious of it, or acknowledge it; but he is a standing reproof to them in their evil, and an abiding star of hope and encouragement to them whenever in moments of reflection they purpose in themselves to endeavor after leading a better life. Eternity alone will fully reveal the silent influence excited in a neighborhood, village, or city circle, by one “fine young man.”

Shall we describe what we mean, or rather what is generally meant, by the phrase in our Title? What is “a fine young man?” He is well defined in the common sentiment, and is not easily mistaken. We may as well attempt a sketch.

There is one thing to be mentioned in regard to such a young man, which is at once seen, and which explains a great deal that appears about him and his actions. It is this: He respects himself. This may be seen even in what is external with him.

It has its effect even upon his dress. He is not extravagant; and yet he aims at being properly clothed. The internal determines the external. He is not slovenly in his dress. That belongs to a class of young men who care very little how they appear, or what others think of them. He does care. Nor would he think of going forth on the Sabbath, appearing in company, or strolling about in the dress which he wore and soiled during the labors of the week.

It determines the place where he is to be found. He does not sit idly around the village, or in public country places, either on the Sabbath, or during week-day evenings, or on any hour of leisure. That is a kind of pleasure too low for him. It indicates a habit of mind of which he is ashamed; and he would not have the cultivated public discover it in him. He has reached a state of social refinement which is not at home in such places. His social feelings are better at home in some intelligent family circle, in the company of young men and ladies who love the higher and purer social life of the parlor, rather than in the herdings of the bar-room, the depot, the tobacco, or candy, or oyster emporium, or the corner of the street.

It has its effect thus also upon the company he keeps. He always

looks up. He has his delight with those better than himself, whose fellowship elevates. He always sets his affections on that which is above him, and which thus silently lifts him up, and moulds him into its own dignity and purity.

It determines his pursuits. He seeks to cultivate and elevate all his powers. He seeks to improve his mind and heart, as the true way of cultivating his manners. He reads, and thus grows daily in intelligence. He embraces every opportunity to become wiser; and hence you find him actually to be a sensible and intelligent young man, having a good judgment, and manifesting a nice sense of propriety in all that he does.

He started out with the principle, and feels its truth more and more, that all excellence must receive its chief stimulus and its fairest, surest, and most enduring crown from piety. He strives to be pious. Indeed all the self-respect to which he has already attained is a fruit of piety. Imbued by a higher life, all his aims, his taste, and his pursuits have been above the low carnal level.

He labors to do good. In this he sees the mission of his life. He is a member of the church, and labors to build it up as the only true salt of the earth and light of the world. He is familiar with the pastor, and often seeks his counsel. He is also a prompt, industrious, efficient teacher in the Sabbath school. He is well informed in regard to all the benevolent enterprises of the church, and is ever ready to labor for the increase of their efficiency.

The young man of whom we speak is exceedingly careful of his character and influence, knowing that his strength for great good lies in these. Hence he is careful never to give his presence and example where they would contribute even silently to sustain or encourage evil. You find him always on the side of right; and in all his intercourse with the world, he takes care never to "stand in the way of sinners," or to "follow a multitude to do evil." Though there are frequent attempts made to inveigle him into company, and secure his presence at places, and in schemes of doubtful propriety, he sees the bait, and never consents that evil shall have the guise of respectability by his presence, or be encouraged by the light of his countenance.

This young man is on the high way to honor and happiness. Though of obscure origin, without the help of influential friends to urge him forward, he has already the confidence of the ruling men in the community. He is freely admitted into the best society, and is laying the foundation for a solid, permanent, and successful business. He will one day be married into one of the best families of the place—there is no doubt of it, for he is worthy. She, moreover, has made a sensible choice, and will soon find that "her husband is known in the gates where he sitteth among the elders of the land."

What say you, young man, to our picture. Is it not a true one? How do you like it? We hope we have drawn your own portrait; and that our sketch of "a fine young man" is a true history of your own life. If so, thank God, and look still higher. If it is not you we have been describing, suppose you put down your name as a candidate for such a position in society. The way is open. God and the good are on your side; make the effort. You—you—you—must make the choice,

GIFT BOOK SALES.

A correspondent lately sent us a few lines, says the *Vermont Chronicle*, against the gift-book business, as it is called. Perhaps we ought to add a word: The sellers of books on this plan, we notice, take care to deny that their sales are of the nature of a lottery. The denial itself betrays a consciousness that lotteries are morally wrong, or that public sentiment unequivocally condemns them. Were lotteries something to be tolerated, the denial would not have been made.

A lottery according to Webster, is "a scheme for the distribution of prizes by chance, or the distribution itself. Lotteries," he adds, "are often authorized by law, but many good men deem them immoral in principle, and almost all men concur in the opinion that their effects are pernicious."

The essential thing in a lottery then, is *the distribution of prizes by chance*. The gift-book business is described as follows:

"The books are all numbered, and the number to correspond with each book is entered on a ledger, kept for the purpose, with the gift written against the number. Then, when a book is sold, we turn to the ledger and deliver the gift to which the number is entitled."

The "gifts" differ in value, according to the scheme of the dealers here quoted, from twenty-five cents to one hundred dollars. The purchaser does not know what his *gift* will be; it may be a twenty-five cent volume, or it may be a \$5 gold pen, or a \$100 gold watch. The distribution, though arranged beforehand in one respect, is entirely by chance so far as the purchasers are concerned; it is "distribution of prizes by chance."

The fact that all purchasers get something does not effect the principle in the least; nor does the consideration that the books sold are worth in market (supposing such to be the fact) what is charged for them. The *distribution of prizes by chance* is the point, and the only point, to be considered in determining whether it is of the nature of a lottery or not.

We shall not now discuss the lottery principle. It is well known to be extensively demoralizing and ruinous, by discouraging regular industry and sober plans of life, and fostering the spirit of gambling—a spirit seductive and terribly desolating in all its forms and accompaniments. On this account lotteries have been suppressed in England and some others of advanced countries of Europe, and in most of the United States.

We have said nothing about the probability of fair-dealing in this book business. We know little of the fact. It is obvious, however, that the purchaser, especially when sending his orders by mail, is in the power of the seller in several particulars. Considering the character of the business, the presumption is not in favor of a man's principles who engages in it. We notice, too, that the charges of dishonesty are plainly implied against each other, in the advertisements of these dealers.

The *Independent*, we are very sorry to notice, advertises for no less than *four* establishments of this kind in New York. The *Evangelist* and *Observer* practice the same thing. Our correspondent tells us that

christian people are often induced to make ventures in these schemes ; and it is doubtless in the power of the sellers to extend their business among the members of our churches, by sending their advertisements through such channels, if the religious papers will lend their influence in this way. For ourselves, we should most decidedly decline the responsibility.

THE SONG OF THE AUTUMN WIND.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Tis evening : the hum of the village is still,
The bairns are abed, and we have our will ;
So wife draw your chair to the first fall fire—
I'll stir it a little and make it burn higher—
Then give me your ear, and give me your mind,
While I sing you the song of the Autumn wind.

I heard it to-day in the deep brown wood,
As I thoughtfully walked or pensively stood ;
It played with the twigs of the trees above,
It mourned in the pines like a sigh of love,
It lifted the leaves that had fallen before,
And bore them away with a rush and a roar.

I saw by the tree-tops that bowed in its way,
How it played o'er the forest and hurried away ;
The broad mountain's side stretching down to the plain,
Was rolling in waves like a field of ripe grain ;
And the dark blue clouds moved swiftly and high,
O'er the distant tops, through a troubled sky.

In the orchard near, half bare of its leaves,
Do you hear the song as it moans and grieves ?
In the rustling vines o'er the garden way,
It mimics the rain on a showery day ;
And the dirging willow o'er the fountain sighs,
Like sorrowing friends when a loved one dies.

O wife ! do you hear how the windows drum
In the rooms above ?—what a wintry hum.
At the eaves of the roof, and the sills of the doors,
The fall wind veers, and pries, and roars ;
And the chimney utters a weary moan,
Like a spirit's grief that is lost and lone.

A mystic feeling rolls over my mind,
That echoes the song of the Autumn wind ;
The world without, as it fades away,
Doth shadow, O wife, our life's brief day ;
And the peace within, with its light and love,
Foretells of a stormless Home above.

Sing on thy sad song—O lone Autumn Wind,
Sing dirges of sorrow to a world that hath sinned !
In wretches unsaved, and wanderers unblest,
Increase the deep sense of their wo and unrest.
And to home-bound pilgrims be thy lonely lay,
A voice both to warm and to cheer by the way.

C H U R C H O R G A N S .

PREPARED FROM "ALT'S CULTUS"—BY THE EDITOR.

EVEN the external appearance of the noble Organ as it graces the gallery, shows it to be the Queen of musical instruments—by way of peculiar emphases called the ORGANON—that is "The Instrument"—the one which has a right to be the organ speaking for all the rest. High up, opposite the altar, in both Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, it rests and reigns in majestic honor. With silvery richness, in ornamental regularity, standing side by side in harmony, are the principal pipes. To the right and left, in the largest class of organs are the gigantic bass-pipes, thirty-two feet in length. By either side, rising above one another are the smaller pipes, as children with their parents. Let but the throats of the thirty-two feet bass-pipes be opened, and you hear the majestic roll as mighty subdued thunder, as if to menace and over-awe the profane, whilst soft flute tones mingling in, breathe sweet peace into the troubled heart. Under the shrill blast of the trumpet bass, the spirit trembles as if the day of judgment were announced; while distinct utterances of the *gamba di viol*, or bass-viol pipes, seem to speak to us in almost intelligible human words, and the whole combination is strangely harmonious like the jubilee of a company of happy children.

The notes of the human voice alone the Organ fails to reach, after all the efforts that have been made toward its attainment. It has been made to imitate with incredible accuracy, and in a way to deceive the best ear, almost all other instruments, even to the kettle-drum, the music of bells, and the twittering of birds. These last additions have, in later times perhaps properly been regarded as useless; yet we can easily forgive our pious forefathers, when after they had spent large sums with great readiness, for the construction of giant works of this kind, they also desired to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the cathedral looking organ surmounted with golden angels, blowing their trumpets and striking at intervals their silvery bells. Nor are these appendages to be so utterly condemned, seeing they not only gave pleasure to innocent and joyful childhood, but reigned pleasantly in the memories and associations of maturer after life. We would rather have in our child's memory the picture of an angel on an organ, than that of a demijohn or a whisky barrel; though perhaps he who is best pleased with the last, would be chief in condemning the first.

It naturally required a long time before the churches received such an ornament, and christian devotion such an organ for its expression. Like all great things, so also this giant work of art, grew forth from a small unpromising germ.

Who would have dreamed, as he contemplated the poor little pastoral pipe, with which the shepherds in ancient times were wont to pass their time in rude songs whilst watching their flocks in the vales, that from it

should be developed in future the colossal Organ of St. Peters at Rome with it one hundred Registers, and thousands of pipes! The pious Praetorius is certainly right when in his "Organography," he says:

"It is not possible sufficiently to thank the Almighty and only wise God, that He has given to man such gifts and grace from above, as to enable them to construct such a perfect, yea most perfect musical instrument as the Organ, and so to form and arrange it that with hands and feet, by key and pedal, God in the heavens may thereby be praised, divine worship greatly elevated and ornamented, and the people drawn and awakened to christian devotion."

It must have early been observed that the reed pipes made by the Shepherds, did not give forth one and the same sound; but that those which were longest and thickest gave a deep sound, while those which were short and thin struck a higher note. Reed pipes of different lengths and thickness were now joined together with wax, which made an instrument capable of giving forth as many different sounds as there were pipes; and this was the simple structure of the *Syrinx* or Flute of Pan among the Greeks. In this way men were gradually led, perhaps by reflection, but more probably by what we call accident, to discover that the same pipe could be made to vary its tones by holes made into its sides, which changes the performer could readily effect by opening and closing these holes with his fingers. It was next discovered that instead of using the human lungs, air could be forced into the pipes from a leather bag; and thus was the bag-pipe discovered. The next step was easy and natural, namely to apply a sliding machine, by which those pipes to be used could be opened, and those desired to be silent, could be closed, by means of keys to be worked with the hand.

This advance created an instrument mentioned by Daniel, the *Maschro-kitha*, in the English Bible rendered flute, and in the German, trumpet. Dan. iii: 5. This, the learned say, was an instrument, like the *Syrinx* of the Greeks, made of seven pipes joined together, enclosed in a small box, open at the top, having its valve below. On one side of the box was a handle whereby it was held to the mouth, on the other a touch-board, and in front a mouth-piece through which the player supplied the instrument with wind.

Larger than this was another instrument, the *Ugav*, in the English Bible rendered organ, and mentioned early in sacred history. Gen. iv: 21; Job xxi: 12--xxx: 31; Psalms cl: 4. This was probably at first only a single pipe; but there is evidence that at a later period it grew into a compound instrument of twelve metal pipes. It is said that it was of such powerful capacity, that when played in the temple, the people throughout all Jerusalem could not understand one another in conversation.

Next came the *Hydraulus* or Water-Organ, the invention of which Tertullian ascribes to Archimedes who died A. C. 212; but the credit of which Virtruv and Pliny give to Ktesibius, a machenist of Alexandria, A. C. 120; who if he did not invent the instrument yet greatly improved it. It is said that the Emperor Nero was taken with such a strong ambition to improve this instrument, that he sometimes neglected to attend to the business of his government, and at other times unduly hastened what he had to do, in order to devote his time to his favorite

work. This instrument had nothing peculiar, except that water was used in the air apparatus to aid in producing and regulating the wind for the pipes. It was of course rude and imperfect compared with the present Organ.

In the time of Augustine, who died A. D. 604, Organs were already pretty large in size, and so improved as to be supplied with wind by means of bellows. Mention is also made of the organ by Cassiodor, who died 562, from which it appears that the instrument had reached a considerable degree of perfection in his day, and its music was much admired.

In France the Organ seems to have been still a new and remarkable thing in the time of Pepin, A. D. 752 to 768. Eginhard mentions with special point, that among the gifts which the emperor Constantine Kopronynus in 757 sent to the King of France, was an Organ. A second Organ was received by Charles the Great, from the emperor Constantine Michael as a gift in 787; which, according to a description given of it by a monk of St. Gall, combined the deep rolling as of thunder with the loquacity of a Lyre or Cymbal.

These Organs, however, were only used at home in the palace. It was not till the year 822 that Ludwig the pious, had an Organ built for a Father in Venice, which was erected in a church in Aachen. This, so far as known, is the first instance in which an Organ was used in divine worship, in a Western church, while in the Eastern part of the Roman Empire it was only used at Concerts and in the Theatre.

Having now brought our history of Organs down to the time when they were first erected in churches, and employed in the public worship of God, we reserve what remains to be said on this subject for our next number.

I SEE THEE STILL.

I see the still.

Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
 Here was thy favorite fire-side seat;
 This was thy chamber; here each day
 I sat and watched thy sad decay.
 Here, on this bed, thou at last did'st lie;
 Here, on this pillow, thou did'st die.
 Dark hour! once more its woes unfold—
 As then I saw thee, pale and cold,

I see thee still.

I see thee still.

Thou art not in the grave confined,
 Death cannot chain the immortal mind;
 Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
 But goodness dies not in the dust.
 Thee, O my friend! 'tis not thee
 Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
 Thou to a fairer land art gone;
 There let me hope, my journey done,
 To see thee still.

SILENCE OF THE BIBLE.

BY ALFRED NEVIN, D. D.

FROM some men's questions more can be learned than from other men's answers. From some men's silence more instruction can be derived than from other men's speech. Indeed, it has become a proverb, that it is evidence of wisdom to know when to keep quiet.

"Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread."

The sciolist, whose pride is as great as his ignorance, will express himself freely on subjects on which the profound scholar prefers to be mute. The one knows, the other does not, that an insufficient explanation of a difficult thing is worse than none. Many a man has lost a cause at the Bar by not submitting it without argument to the good sense of the jury. Many a physician has lost the confidence of the public by attempting too much, or by showing in his talk a want of power of diagnosis, which seasonable taciturnity might have concealed. Many a man, in entering gallery of paintings, or sculpture, where art has placed its grandest achievements, has betrayed his utter lack of æsthetic cultivation, by a boisterous and pretentious manner—the very opposite of that subdued frame, which such productions always generate in those who have taste to appreciate them. Many a man, by opening his mouth out of due time, has sadly changed the impression which his appearance and mien had previously made.

It was remarked by a distinguished scholar, in speaking of the Bible, that "there is such fulness in that book, that oftentimes it says much by saying nothing, and not only its expressions, but its silence are teaching, like a dial in which the shadow, as well as the light, informs us." Beautiful and truthful representation! We are learning, ever learning! not only in the roaring city, but also in the noiseless forest; not only in the excitements of the day, but also in the calm midnight-hour; not only in the "quiet night" of the beautiful light, but in the thick darkness that brings worlds to our view, which, but for its gathered curtains, would never have been visible at all; not only in the raging of the storm, but also in the hush which precedes it; and not only in the brilliant saloon, with its cheerful crowding throng, but also in the chamber of death, where the corpse of a loved one is lying, with a fixedness that seems to mock the agony that has been occasioned by its removal.

Even so are we ever learning from the pages of inspiration, not only when we gaze upon the high hills on which Revelation has poured the effulgence of its beams, but also when we stand and look upon the valleys, and chasms, and blanks, which have been left, and can find no other vehicle for our feelings than the words, to which an Apostle himself was driven, "O, the depth!"

I like the assumption or silent recognition of God's existence, at the beginning of his record. How wise was this, in comparison with what

a metaphysical proof would have been, of a truth which none but a "fool" can deny, and he only "in his heart," as what he *wishes*, says Lord Bacon, rather than what he *believes*! I like to read that the Prodigal, though he determined, when he was in a far country, to say to his father, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," yet did not mention his refusal to expect a child's portion and place when embraced by his welcoming father. Why? Because, from this apparently fortuitous omission, "we may learn wherein the true growth in faith and in humility consists; how he that has grown in these can endure to be fully and freely blest; to accept *all* even when he most strongly feels that he has forfeited *all*: that only pride and the surviving workings of self-righteousness and evil stand in the way of a reclaiming of every blessing which the sinner has lost, but which God is waiting and willing to restore."

I like to sit at the feet of Paul, as he descends from the third heavens, and hear him say, he heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful or not possible for a man to utter. Some might be disappointed that he has nothing to communicate, but I am not. I like his silence far better than any description that could be given. *This is*, in fact, the most animating description that we could receive, just as we have the grandest conception of the mountain's loftiness because it is hidden in the clouds. "I wish to be defeated in every effort to understand futurity. I wish, when I have climbed to the highest pinnacle to which thought can soar, to be compelled to confess that I have not yet reached the base of the everlasting hills. There is something surpassingly glorious in this baffling of the imagination. That heaven is inconceivable, is the most august, the most elevating discovery. It tells me that I have not yet the power for enjoying heaven; but this is only to tell me that the beholding of God 'face to face,' the 'being for ever with the Lord,' requires the exaltation of my nature; and I triumph in the assurance that what is reserved for me pre-supposes my vast advancement in the scale of creation."

If I had been writing a book that I wished to be very popular, I should have been careful to do two things, or one of them. First, I would have ministered to human curiosity as much as was in my power. I would have made myself acquainted with the numerous strange and speculative inquiries which men are ever ready to propose, and have answered them. Or, if this could not have been done, I would not have touched any subject that I could not thoroughly handle and elucidate. But I find no such disposition on the part of God's amanuenses. If we come to them with profitless questions, the oracle is dumb. Neither, on the other hand, do they shun a subject, though in presenting it clearly enough to be seen, they are to leave much of it in shadow. This *independence* is very significant. It indicates conscious strength. It is not, as is generally supposed, the man who talks much that is independent, but the individual who talks little or none. The former shows his felt weakness, by reaching out of himself by conversation to find some support—the latter indicates, by putting forth no such effort, that he is self-reliant.

The "holy men of old who spoke" and wrote "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," were not afraid to broach a theme, though aware

that many things concerning it could not be stated. They were bold to tell of Lazarus rising, without throwing in sketches of his appearance "out of the body." In this view, if it be necessary for men like ourselves to *speak* that we may know them, it is also true that it was necessary for God's prophets, and evangelists and apostles to be, in a great measure, *silent*, that we might know them. Had they undertaken to tell us everything, what a different impression would they have made! And how much in harmony with our minds have they acted, by revealing to us all we need know about duty and destiny, doubtless all they knew themselves, and leaving—as we cannot but feel they ought to have left—ininitely more for the explorations, and discoveries, and delights, of the eternal future!

THE TURN OF LIFE.

Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself, may be considered in the prime of life; his matured strength of constitution renders him almost invulnerable to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death comes before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this is a viaduct, called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond, without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters, are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler and thrust him from the pass, but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life," is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into a grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a supply of careful props, and the withdrawel of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.

"There are some moments in this lone
And desolate world of ours that will repay
The toil of struggling through it, and atone
For many a long sad night, and weary day.
They come upon the mind like some wild air
Of distant music, when we know not where."

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THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEAD.

BY REV. THOS. SMYTH, D. D.

The clay that is moistened sends back no sound. Yes, Death is silent to the ear, but it ever speaketh to the heart.—HERVEY GILES.

The good and the true,
Never die—never die;
Though gone they are here
Ever nigh—ever nigh.

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the Living. These we would not exchange for the song of pleasure or the bursts of revelry.

CHRISTIANITY is distinguished from all other forms of religion in all that is essential both to the well being of the life that now is and of that also which is to come. But in nothing, perhaps, is this contrast more striking than the aspect in which it regards sorrow, bereavement and death. These constitute the mystery of life, and the mastery of all human wisdom and philosophy; hovering over humanity in fearful darkness; terrifying us by the loud and incessant crashes of their thunder; and ever and anon bursting in storms of devastating fury. And as all other religions have stood aghast, mute and motionless before such appalling phenomena, christianity demonstrates its inspiration and divinity by at once resolving the mystery, and imparting peace and consolation to the troubled spirit.

The earth, as christianity teaches us, is now enveloped in a murky atmosphere of cloud and sunshine with its ever varying lights and shadows, as emblematic of the blighting curse of sin, of which all sorrow is the shadow and all death the penalty. The present dispensation and government of the world is therefore, christianity teaches us, temporary and not final, partial and not complete, preparatory and not perfect, probationary and not retributive. It is purely a disciplinary dispensation, where everything is made to work together so as to form, develop, and mature character, whether evil or good, in view of a state,

and life, and world, everlasting. The race of man is not now in its pristine and perfect condition. The earth is not what it first was. The relations between God and man are not those of a father infinitely wise and benevolent rejoicing over his children in whom He sees everything good. Men are now fallen, sinful, guilty, imperfect and helpless creatures; and God is now revealed, as having in Christ, devised a scheme of infinite mercy, whereby He is reconciling sinners unto Himself, reinstating them in holiness, and fitting and preparing them for full and final happiness in His heavenly kingdom.

All events are therefore subordinated to this gracious purpose, and to be interpreted by this light. And is it not a blessed light? Does it not at once dissipate all darkness, bring order out of confusion, impart joy to sorrow, hope to despair, life in death, and brighten every cloud of grief with a tinge of heavenly wisdom and unspeakable tenderness. Sickmess and sorrow now become hand-maids to virtue; tutors and governors training and educating immortal minds for the maturity of perfect men in Christ Jesus. Death is not an end. It is only a transition, a stage in our journey, a step on the onward march to immortality, a halt in the pilgrimage through the desert on our way to the heavenly Canaan, a passage over the Jordan, or a transformation out of this earth-worm, chrysalis condition, to the seraph-winged beauty of a spiritual and angelic nature.

All other religions have considered death as an end, a cessation of existence, an awful catastrophe, the annihilation of the body, and the vanishing of the soul into thin air—to roam in dreary sadness through the gloomy shades and by the turbid waters of some unknown region of the dead.

Christianity alone has brought man's immortality to light, revealed and illustrated it, and endeared it to us by bright and beautiful descriptions of it. Christianity alone has demonstrated that death is a portion, not the end of life; a change, not the destruction of the earthly house of this tabernacle; a development, not a decay of strength and beauty; or to employ its own peculiar and exquisitely attractive representation, a sleep from which the weary and troubled spirit shall awake refreshed and invigorated, rejoicing in the clear dawning of a celestial day.

All other religions also consecrated pride, passion, stoical indifference, insensibility to grief and pain, and forgetfulness of the dead. It was only thus they could, in any measure, escape from the power of these evils, and blunt the point of their severity. And hence, while ordinarily, they carefully concealed and ignored their existence, we find that on occasions of social festivity, they were wont to introduce them in their ugliest form of representation, in order that by the combined hilarity and excitement of the company, they might triumph over their awful power, and make them subservient to their greater excess of riot.

Christianity, therefore, consecrates sorrow, and leads us to the house of mourning. It quickens and refines our sensibilities, that we may be the more susceptible to their hallowed influences. It opens up to them the deepest recesses of the heart, and every principle in our nature. It eliminates from these scenes of trial and these pangs of nature, an elevating, refining, purifying alembic, with which to restore health to the soul and comfort to the disconsolate. It crowns with the diadem of

valor—patience in tribulation, and fortitude in adversity. It exalts as the greatest hero the greatest sufferer, who is made perfect through manifold afflictions, and who in hopeful confidence presses on to the kingdom of God. Instead of hopelessly drawing from these sufferings and sorrows provocations to abandoned self-indulgence in present pleasures, christianity regards them as incentives to self denial, humility, activity in well-doing, and a hearty consecration of the life that now is, to a fitting preparation for the great hereafter.

Other religions buried their dead out of sight that they might soon pass out of mind; covered them with the pall of silence, and left them in eternal darkness.

Christianity on the other hand, cherishes the dead. She keeps them alive in undying memories. She communes with them spirit with spirit. She consecrates their graves, adorns and beautifies the place of their repose, and plants it with flowers and trees of heaven. This is to her a place of frequent resort. She loves to wander there, to read the past, to bring up the dead, to converse with them, and though dead, to hear them speak in the still small but thrilling voice of sainted purity. Here in her earliest times, she was sure to be found when hunted by the bloodhounds of persecution, and how often did the christian mourner water with her blood as well as tears, the grave of departed piety. And when driven from the *face* of the earth by relentless and inexorable inhumanity, christianity took refuge within its bosom, and there amid the labyrinthine passages of catacombs, buried her dead, and amid their corpses slumbering peacefully in the surrounding niches of those subterranean walls, worshipped their common Saviour, sung praises to Christ as God, and made the caverned vaults resound with the songs of glory to Him who had abolished the reign of death, disarmed it of its sting, and the grave of its victory, and united the living and the dead who die in the Lord, in inseparable, blissful union.

And so it is now, and every where, and always. Satisfying every natural instinct and affection of the heart, christianity recognizes and sanctifies our yearning for our departed friends. How beautiful is the memory of the dead, as seen in her mellowing light! What a holy and chastening influence does it exert upon the human heart! Is there one who has not some loved friend gone to heaven, with whom he delights to live again in memory? Does he not love to sit down in the hushed, and tranquil hour of silent meditation, and bring before him the face and the form so familiar and cherished—to look into the eye which mirrored not more clearly his own face, than the soul which he loves, and to listen to the tones that were once melody in his ear?

Yes, let us, as we may well do, talk pleasantly of the pious dead, as of those who no longer suffer and are tried. With them the fear and the longing, the hope, the terror, and the pain, are passed. The fruition of life has to them begun. How unkind, how selfish, how unnatural, were it, when we inter their bodies to cease the utterance of their names—the tender-hearted dead, who so struggled in the parting from us—and more for our sakes than their own—why should we speak of them with awe, and remember them only with sighing! Very dear were they when hand clasped hand, and heart responded to heart, and why are they less dear, because grown perfect in loveliness and in loving kindness?

By the hearth side, then, and by the grave side, in solitude and amid the multitude, let us speak cheerfully and lovingly of the dead.

Our beloved have departed,
While we tarry broken-hearted,
In the dreary empty house;
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reached the home of glory
Over death victorious.

The dead are still with us. There is a communion more real and more satisfying than that of mere bodily, physical and social presence. We are, by original constitution, more mental, moral, emotional, and spiritual beings, than we are sensitive, sensual, and physical. And were we now what we were intended to be, that is, sinless beings—the body with its appetites and wants would be subordinated and kept under, and occupy but a small place in our estimation and regard. The subjugation of our affections and souls to the craving power and tyranny of bodily appetites and desires is that vanity to which the creature is now, by reason of sin, reduced, and in consequence of which the whole creation groans and travails in pain together, so that even the children of God groan within themselves, being burdened. Christianity hears the despairing cry, “oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death,” and brings deliverance. Grace elevates and ennobles man's nature just in that proportion in which it reigns and rules within us. It purifies the moral atmosphere, dissipates the rank vapours of sensuality, and imparts to the faculties of memory, association, and imagination, power of abstraction, an ideal life, and a capacity to roam the future, bring near things distant, and clothe with reality things invisible and spiritual.

Oft when we pine afar from those we love
More close we knit the spirit's sympathies.
By mutual prayer, distance itself doth prove
A greater nearness. With such stronger ties
Spirit with spirit talks, that when our eyes
Beheld each other, *something sinks within,*
Mocked by the touch of earth's realities.

We are therefore made capable of a communion far deeper than that of bodily presence, or even of memory. It is a spiritual communion. It is that fellowship of which all that is material, all of the eye, and lips, and hands, all that constitutes our daily and most endearing social intercourse, are but the symbols. These are only interpretations of an interior intercourse, the sensible proofs of an insensible affection, pledges of its reality, means through which the spirit communes with spirit. They are therefore necessarily imperfect and unsatisfying. They are found, after all, to be barriers and interruptions to that closer and more endearing sympathy which their very intervention renders impossible. And hence it is, that they leave behind them an unappeased, quenchless longing for a nearer, dearer, and more perfect fellowship. The brightest hopes are darkened by their realization. Expectations the most enlarged are crashed by the felt poverty even of the richest luxuriance of earthly good, and feelings the most intense, which a letter read in ab-

sence will kindle into a flame, often die away into slumbering ashes upon the hearth stone of our homes. How much more soul-stirring is our communion with some gifted author, when we read his works, than when we see him face to face? And when we peruse the letters of a friend long dead, how powerfully beyond all personal presence, do they stir up the fountain of our deepest emotions.

And thus by some celestial art
With friends that are apart.
Associate feelings will awake.
Or thoughts responsive break:
As if some spirit of the skies
Convey'd their sympathies!

Moves there 'mid minds some unseen power.
Like bee from flower to flower?
With intermingling of their kinds—
From each to each it winds,
The seed, or dust, or honey brings
On loaded thigh or wings.

Thus also it is that in the perusal of the Bible, in prayer, in worship, in the ordinances of the Lord's house, and especially in the Lord's Supper—the soul enjoys such near and living and delightful communion with that adorable and ever blessed Saviour, whom having never seen, it nevertheless loves, and in whom though now it sees Him not, it rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory. And so also is it found, that in the upper chamber where brethren are gathered together with one accord for prayer, and praise, and mutual exhortation, that heart blends with heart, and all are melted together as unto one living, loving soul.

Prayer! mighty accent—language winged—supreme—
Which in a single sigh blends all of love,
Which makes a thousand loved ones, scattered far,
Seen by the heart, and present before God,
Making among them, by fair virtue's boon,
'The viewless interchange of heaven's best gifts,
One general speech, which swells unto the sky,
And rises higher to be better heard.
Incense unquenchable, which doth perfume
Him who receives and him who lights the flame.
For thus does soothing hope her powers employ,
Sweet visions of long severed hearts to frame,
Though absence may impair or death destroy,
'Their constant presence draws us still the same.

Such also is our permitted communion with the dead. Though dead, they yet live. They yet speak to us. They are near and round about us. We see them not. We hear them not. We feel them not, though even this one sometimes seem to do in sweet visions of the night. But we think of them. We conceive their well known forms. We remember all their love, all their natural features and manner and character. We believe them to exist and to be still identical, still personal. We believe that they also retain though purified and enlarged, these same powers and affections. They abide with them imperishably and forever. They must therefore be exercised towards us as ours are towards them, and

thus produce mutual and real communion of souls and hearts, of memory, love, and hope. Wherever they are, and whatever may be their condition, we know of the pious dead that they are happy and holy, that they are with Christ in paradise, that they remember us, and pray for us from beneath the throne.

The dead. The dead are with us :
And they throng around our way,
And the greenness of their memory
In our hearts can ne'er decay.
When round the hearth we gather,
We know that they are there ;
And with them our spirits worship
In the holy place of prayer.

Around our couch at midnight,
Their forms flit slowly by,
And in olden tones they speak to us,
Ere they fade into the sky.
At twilight, when the dew falls,
They walk with us and sing,
And their voice is like the murmuring
Of swallows on the wing.

And when in social circle
We join the merry band,
Or in the hour of sorrow,
Sit silent hand in hand.
They come and sit beside us,
And gaze into our eyes ;
And we listen to their voices then,
With a calm and mute surprise.

The departed—the departed,
They crowd around me now,
And a sweet and cheerful light of peace
They shed upon my brow.
I know they have not left me,
Tho' no more I see their forms ;
And their presence 'mid the strife of life,
Is like sunshine seen in storms.

The beautiful, the beautiful,
All silently they stand,
Within the chambers of my soul,
A fair and shadowy band :
And from out those chambers now and then
This cheerful voice is given,
“ Oh ! faint not, while ye walk below
Ye dwell with us in heaven.

“ No earthly sorrow blight us,
No chill misfortunes pain ;
Then weep not, tho' with you no more—
In form we walk again.
Ye feel that we are with you—
When ye wander by the streams,
And ye see our faces as of old,
In the pleasant light of dreams.

“And when in twilight musings
Ye think of us as dead—
And o’er our grassy resting place
The sweet spring flowers ye spread.
Remember, for the soul that *lives*
There can no ending be—
Remember that the soul once born,
Lives thro’ eternity.”

The dead, therefore, still speak to us. They soothe and comfort us with a present, a living, and a loving communion, and with the hope of a perfect personal union in that better world where we shall see eye to eye, and know even as we are now known. They draw our hearts after them. They are not gone where we never expect, or wish, to go, but to a better country than this, a country which is ours also—to which we have an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, reserved for us—and to which we have even now secured to us an indisputable title.

We remember when a boy, seeing a much elder brother jump from the wharf into the boat which conveyed him to the vessel that bore him to this foreign land. He was the first link severed from a large family, and the event was sadly impressive. How anxiously did we watch the receding sail until it was finally lost in the blue horizon. How often afterwards when walking along the sea shore did we feel consoled by the thought that the same Atlantic ocean which spread itself out in magnificent beauty before us, rolled its waves to this further shore, where he might be also treading—that the sun which was sinking beneath the western horizon, would in the morning rise up on the eastern—and that the same moon and stars which kindled glory in the evening sky, attracted the upward gaze of the distant wanderer. When we met around the family altar, how refreshing was it to mention his name, to remember him in prayer, and to feel that around the mercy seat, however separated in body, we could mingle our spirits and our petitions. And as one brother after another were attracted to this land of promise, how were the affections of those behind centered here! How home-like did America become! And how gradually were all remaining ties of home and kindred loosened, until they were willingly, though sadly, severed, in the hope of a re-union here. And thus is it when friend after friend departs to the celestial land. They are not lost, but gone before. They are not dead, they only sleep bodily in our dust, while their spirits have returned to God. They are now with him. They are where we wish soon to be, and where alone we can be fully and abidingly happy. They are gone to prepare a place for us, that where they are, we may also be. And we cannot but feel more and more weaned from earth as we think of them, and commune with them, and as we become more and more desirous to depart and be with Christ and them, which is far better.

Were earth our home, our rest, our end, these severings of heart-strings, these separations of commingled souls by the blank wall of death through which we cannot see, and over which we cannot pass, how dreadful would they be! But if this world is but our place of probation, discipline, and preparation for our true homes and rest, oh how needful are these bereavements to sever our affections from the things of earth, around which, like parasitic plants, they so luxuriantly en-

twine, and thus open up to us that heavenly radiance they had so much observed. How sweetly does Fanny Forrester depict these earth loving ties of every human heart.

O do not let me die ! the earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well ;
Tho' heaven is holier, all replete with light,
Yet I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.

I cannot die ! the flowers of earthly love
Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart ;
There may be purer, brighter flowers above,
Yet with these ones 'twould be too hard to part.

I dream of heaven, and well I love those dreams.
They scatter sunlight on my varying way ;
But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams,
Of brightness, and on earth O let me stay.

It is not that my lot is void of gloom,
That sadness never circles round my heart ;
Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,
That I would never from the earth depart.

'Tis that I love the world, its cares, its sorrows,
Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,
Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows,
Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm.

I love them all ; but closer still the loving
Twine with my being's cords and make my life ;
And while within this sunlight I am moving,
I well can bide the storms of worldly strife.

Then do not let me die ! for earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well—
Heaven is a land of holiness and light,
But I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

And as no one has learned by more touching sorrows and bereavements their heavenly power to wean the renewed soul from earth, and assimilate and uplift its desires to heaven, so no one has more beautifully and feelingly portrayed it than this same writer :

Yes, let me die ! Am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all of earth ?
O make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell.

'Tis sweet to die ! The flowers of earthly love,
(Frail, frail spring blossoms) early droop and die ;
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.

Life is a dream, a bright but fleeting dream
I can but love ; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness a gleam
Of heavenly light, of truth immortal breaks.

I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings
Across my pathway ; nor from cares that rise
In every foot-print ; for each shadow brings
Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.

But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure ;
There angels fold in love their snowy wings ;
Their sainted lips chant in celestial measure.
And spirit fingers stray o'er heav'n-wrought strings.

There loving eyes are to the portals straying ;
There arms extend a wanderer to fold ;
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
His *own* in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

Then let me die. My spirit longs for heaven.
In that pure bosom evermore to rest ;
But if to labor longer here be given,
"Father, thy will be done !" and I am blest.

Were this communion with the dead more constantly and believingly maintained, would it not have much influence in learning us to live better and happier and holier lives. Selfishness, self-will, and many painful infirmities of disposition and peculiarities of character interfere, to a very unhappy extent, with social enjoyment and happy fellowship even in families and kindred. In the daily intercourse of life, these occasion many a harsh jar and dissonance of feeling, and mar the harmony of the best consorted spirits. They lead us sadly to undervalue the sweet charities of love, and kindness, and self-denial and forbearance. They lead us to dwell upon the rough and ugly, or at least unlovely features in each other's character, and to think less of those which may be lovely and attractive. Alas for us, we are blind and ignorant as to what the real happiness of earth is, until it is forever taken from us. This is one chief reason why in absence our affections are so much deepened. We cease to think so exclusively or frequently of what is imperfect and unlovely. All that is good and true and beautiful, comes before us as they do to the poet's and the painter's eye, enshrine the ideal picture on which we so fondly gaze, and make us wonder that in communion with such a character, we should not enjoy perfect union of heart and sympathy. But it is only, as has been said, when those whom we love pass away, that, realizing a great loss, we learn how vital was that relation, how inestimable the privilege which is withdrawn forever. How quick, then, is our regret for every harsh word which we have spoken to the departed or for any momentary alienation which we have indulged ! This, however, should not reduce us to a morbid sensitiveness, or an unavailing sorrow, seeing that it is blended with so many pleasant memories ; but it should teach us our duty to the living. It should make our affections more diligent and dutiful. It should check our hasty words, and assuage our passions. It should cause us day and night, to meet in kindness and part in peace. Our social ties are golden links of uncertain tenure, and, one by one, they drop away. Let us cherish a more constant love for those who make up our family circle, for "not long may we stay." The allotments of duty, perhaps, will soon distribute us into

different spheres of action; our lines, which now fall together in a pleasant place, will be wide apart as the zones, or death will cast his shadow upon these familiar faces, and interrupt our long communion. Let us, indeed, preserve this temper with all men—those who meet us in the street, in the mart, in the most casual or selfish concerns of life. We cannot remain together a great while, at the longest. Let us meet, then, with kindness, that when we part, no pang may remain. Let not a single day bear witness to the neglect or violation of any duty which we owe to our fellows. Let nothing be done which shall lie hard in the heart when it is excited to tender and solemn recollections. Let only good-will beam from faces that so soon shall be changed. Let only pleasant and fragrant feelings spring up in those hearts over whose common grave nature will soon plant her tributary flowers

With what patience and thankfulness also, do the dead teach us to enjoy the blessings which are still continued to us, and to bear with thankful resignation the trials and discomforts which are mingled with our lot. Imperfect in ourselves, we nevertheless, with monstrous inconsistency, expect perfection in others, and while unhappy and discontented within ourselves, we are easily worried and fretted by trifling inconveniences around us. We take but little account of our multiplied mercies, in our undue regard to incidental evils. It is only when some loved one is taken from our family circle, that we realize how, in comparison with the loss of that child, or wife, or husband, or parent, all the inconveniences and trials of life are as nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity. We could now cheerfully endure a thousand ills greater than any we have borne, if only borne in fellowship with the departed one. But in Him as by one devastating wave, everything has been swept away, and the earth has become a dreary waste. What was before great, has become of little value. What we most coveted, ceases to attract. And the trifles which annoyed us, have sunk into insignificance. Let us then lay this to heart. Let us learn and ponder upon the needful lesson. Let us turn our thoughts to the friends still spared to us. Let us duly estimate their priceless value. Let us practically feel the evanescent, temporary, and incidental nature of all our possible trials. And remembering how soon God can desolate our hearts and our homes, by one single visitation of His bereaving providence, let us prize one another as our chiefest earthly treasure, and find in each other's society, hallowed by pure and undefiled religion, the only antidote to all our earthly cares, the compensation for all our trials.

INTERMARRIAGES.—Speaking of the effect of intermarriage among blood relations, the *Fredericksburg (Va.) News* says:

“In this county, in which we were raised, for twenty generations back certain families of wealth and respectability have intermarried until there cannot be found in three or four of them a sound man or woman! One has sore eyes, another scrofula, a third is an idiot, a fourth blind, a fifth bandy-legged, a sixth with a head about the size of a turnip, with not one out of the number exempt from physical defects of some kind or other.”

T H E A N G E L .

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

As soon as a good little child dies, one of God's angels descends to the earth, takes the dead child in his arms, spreads out his large white wings, and flies over all the places that were dear to the little one when it was alive; and on the way he gathers a handful of flowers, which he then carries to Heaven, in order that they may bloom still more beautifully there than they did here on Earth. The loving God presseth all these flowers to His bosom; but the flower that He loveth best He kisseth; and then it receives a sweet clear voice, so that it can sing and rejoice with the happy hosts around.

An Angel of God related this as he bore a dead Child to Heaven; and the Child heard as in a dream; and they flew over all the spots around the home where the little one had played in its lifetime, and they passed through gardens with the loveliest flowers. "Which flower shall we take with us and plant afresh in Heaven?" asked the Angel.

And a beautiful slender rose-tree was standing there; but a rude hand had wantonly broken the stem, so that all the branches, that a short time before were so fair and green, and which were full of large half-open rose-buds, now hung down quite withered and sad, upon the soft, smooth carpet of turf.

"The poor tree!" said the Child; "take it, so that it may bloom again on high with the loving God"

And the Angel took it, and kissed the Child; and the little one half-opened his eyes. They gathered some of the superb flowers; but they took the despised daisy and the wild pansy, too.

"Now we have flowers," said the Child, and the Angel nodded, as if to say, "yes;" but they did not yet fly up to Heaven.

It was night: it was quite still. They staid a while in the great city, near which the child had lived, they floated to and fro in one of the narrowest streets, where great heaps of straw, of ashes and rubbish, lay about: there had been a removal. The streets looked disordered and dirty. There lay broken pots and plates, plaster figures, rags, the crowns of old hats; nothing but things that were displeasing to the sight.

And amidst the devastation the Angel pointed to the fragments of a flower-pot, and to a clod of earth that had fallen out of it, and which was only held together by the roots of a great withered wild flower; but it was good for nothing now, and was therefore thrown out into the street.

"We will take that one with us," said the Angel, "and I will tell you about it while we are flying.

And now they flew on; and the Angel related:

"Down yonder, in the narrow street, in the low cellar, lived once a poor sickly boy. He had been bedridden from his very infancy, for an incurable disease had seized upon his tender frame. When he was very

well indeed, he could just go a few times up and down the little room on his crutches; that was all. Some days in summer the sunbeams fell for half an hour on the little cellar-window; and then, when the boy sat there, and let the warm sun shine upon him, and saw the red blood through his small thin fingers, then it was said, 'Yes, he has been out to-day.' All he knew of the wondrously beautiful spring-time, the green and beauty of the woods, was from the first bough of a beech-tree that a neighbor's son once brought him as a May-day token; and he held it over his head, and dreamed he was under the green shelter of the beech-trees, where the sun shone and the birds were singing around him.

"One day in spring his neighbor's son brought him some wild flowers also, and among them was by chance one with a root; it was therefore planted in a flower-pot and placed in the window close by his bedside. And a fortunate hand had planted the flower; it thrived, put forth new shoots, and every year it bore sweet-smelling flowers. To the eyes of the sick boy it became the most beautiful garden—his little treasure upon earth: he watered and tended it, and took care that it got every sunbeam, to the very last that glided by on the lowest pane. And the flower grew up in his very dreams, with its colors and its fragrance; it was overlooked by others, and for him alone it bloomed and smelt so sweetly: to it he turned in dying, when the loving God called him to Himself. He has now been a year with God—a year has the flower stood in the window withered and forgotten, and now, at the removal, it has been thrown among the rubbish into the street. And that is the flower, the same poor faded flower, which we have taken into our garland; for this flower has caused more joy than the rarest flower in the garden of a queen."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the Child whom the Angel was carrying up to Heaven.

"I know it," said the Angel; "I was myself the little sick boy that went on crutches; I must surely know my own flower again."

And the Child opened his eyes and looked in the beautiful, calm face of the Angel; and at the same moment they were in Heaven, where was only joy and blessedness.

And God pressed the dead Child to His bosom: thereon it became winged like the other Angel, and flew hand in hand with him; and God pressed all the flowers to His bosom, but the poor withered flower He kissed; and a voice was given to it, and it sang a song of triumph with all the angels that moved around God in Heaven, some sweeping on their bright wings quite near to him, others round these in larger circles, always further away in immensity, but all equally blessed.

And they all sang, great and small; the good, innocent little child, who once limped about on his toilsome crutches, and the poor field-flower that had lain withered among the sweepings in the narrow, dingy street.

FAITH builds, in the dungeon and the lazar-house, its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut up the eye of Heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro.

FARM-LIFE A SCHOOL OF TRUE MANHOOD.

THE men who have left their mark upon the ages in which they have lived, have done a great and noble work for the race, have been, with few exceptions, men of noble physical mould. The foundation of their greatness and of their fame was laid in the early and patient training of their physical powers. Such a man was Washington, and most of the worthies who were associated with him in the struggle for our liberties. Such were Clay and Webster, and many of their contemporaries in our national Senate. Their early days were spent upon the farm, and the thoughts of their declining years were given to the improvement and the embellishment of their respective homesteads. Ashland and Marshfield will long be scenes of pilgrimage to the husbandman as well as the patriot.

The whole tendency of farm life is to develop the body healthfully and symmetrically. The child is not pent up in the narrow backyard of a city dwelling, nor turned into the thronged and filthy street, to pursue his sports. His eyes open first upon green fields and fragrant meadows, and his first footfall out of doors is upon the matted grass beneath the shadowy trees of his rural home. He drinks in health from every breeze, and all the scenes around him call forth that playfulness which performs so important an office in our early training. * * *

And this leads us to speak of the influence of farm life upon the home virtues. No occupation can be more favorable to the cultivation of those qualities which are the charm of the domestic circle. The farmer is much more at home than is possible with many other men. How many there are in our cities who only see their families at evening, or on the Sabbath. They live for their business, and this, from its location, takes them from home early and late. How many from this same cause, forsake housekeeping, and huddle into boarding-houses and hotels, where the charm and beauty of the family, as God instituted it, are entirely lost, and children fall under a thousand unfriendly influences that would never reach them at home! With the best arrangements wealth can command in the city, it is well nigh impossible to keep children under the influence of their parents, so that they shall have a distinct family character, and bear the moral, as they do the physical image of their progenitors. Parental influence is dissipated amid the varied social influences to which they are subjected from their earliest days. Then what perplexities harrass the man of business in the city—his capital often invested in profitless enterprise, exposed to the depredations of dishonest men, betrayed, cheated, and ruined by knaves and bankrupts. From the very character of his business, he has to trust far more of his available means to the integrity of his fellows than the cultivator. His debts are often scattered over a wide extent of territory, and collections are not only expensive, but exceedingly uncertain. But his commercial credit depends upon this uncertainty, and he is often compelled to fall back upon nothing, a ruined man. Ninety-five failures in a hundred, among business men in the city, tell a sad tale of the perplexities and sorrow, the corroding cares and anguish, of mercantile life. How can a father, goaded with these anxieties from the beginning to the end of the year, do justice to his children, even if his business

allowed him to be with them a part of the time? He is not in a frame of mind to superintend their education and to perform a father's office.

The farmer preserves the family in its integrity. The home has in it that charming thing, the fireside, around which parents and children gather, and where the bright and cheering blaze upon the hearth is but a true type of the flame of love that glows in every heart. The parents have been drawn together, not by the sordid motives of wealth, or ambitious desire of social display, but for the personal qualities seen in each other. The glory of that fireside to the husband is that the wife is there; and to the wife that he is there who is head of the woman, and the band in that home circle. Here they gather at morning and evening, and at noon. The board is almost always surrounded with the same circle, and here they spend the long winter evenings together.—*American Journal of Education.*

POLITE CHILDREN.

It is particularly pleasing to meet with polite children. We like the soft "please," cordial "thank you," and hearty "yes, sir." We like to see them pick up mamma's glove, hand papa's hat and cane, and jump to open the door for half blind grandma, who is feeling with shaking hands after the knob.

Their politeness is perhaps the more agreeable because we do not always expect it. We expect *grown* people to be polite, but knowing how forgetful, careless and inattentive children are, we are not surprised, and do not condemn them, if they do not always exhibit this most agreeable quality. But when they do, we always notice it, and remember it with pleasure.

I happened to be traveling a little distance one of those freezing days last winter, and entered the ladies' room at a depot, shivering with cold, for in my anxiety to keep baby warm, a pin in my shawl had escaped its fastening, and I wanted to replace it. But my pin ball was in my pocket, filled with toys and bon-bons, (we had "been to Christmas,") and what with bundled up baby, gloves and cold fingers, was altogether inaccessible. So if bub at my side had not got one, I must do as I could without it. Now, his pin ball was in another pocket.

There were only three little girls in the room (perhaps ten years old,) sitting opposite to us, and as I drew my shawl closely around me and moved a little nearer the glowing anthracite, thinking of the value of a bit of sharpened and headed wire, I saw the little girls pass a hand over the front part of their dresses, look at each other, and shake their heads. The next moment one of them stepped across, and handed me a pin, (she must have taken it from a needed place,) saying, in a very sweet tone: "Here is one, if you please."

"Thank you, dear," I cordially replied, accepting it, and she resumed her seat, equally pleased, for the same kindly emotion swayed each little heart.

It was a very trifling act, but whenever I recall the politeness of those little stranger girls, I think of the beautiful definition that somebody gives politeness. It is thus:—"True politeness consists in doing the kindest thing in the very kindest way."

FINAL DESTRUCTION OF THE EARTH BY FIRE.

BY PROFESSOR N. COBLEIGH.

THE final destruction of our world by fire is a doctrine of revelation. Nothing can be more clear and definite, nothing more unequivocal, than the language used by St. Peter touching this subject: "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. . . . But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat?" 2 Peter iii, 7-12. Although no clear statement is made of this doctrine in the Old Testament Scriptures, yet the Jews held it among their traditions. According to Josephus, it was revealed to Adam, who predicted that the world would be twice destroyed, once by water, and ultimately by the force of fire.—*Antiquities*, book I, chap. ii, sec. 3.

That such a revelation was made by Jehovah to some of the antediluvians, is probable from the tradition which prevailed quite generally among the ancient nations, among all the history of whose opinions have come down to us. It was believed and taught by the Greek philosophers, especially the Stoics and Epicureans. That it pervaded the Eastern philosophy may be inferred from the distorted traces of it which may still be found in the various forms of religion that have sprung up in the same lands, inheriting the opinions of antiquity.

Ovid, a distinguished Latin poet, who flourished about a quarter of a century before the christian era, expressed, in his immortal verse, the tradition of the Roman Empire relating to this subject, which is thus translated by Dryden :

"Remembering in the fates a time when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing world above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn."

The scene of the above is laid far back in the past. Jupiter is about to destroy, with his lightnings, the existing race of men, on account of their great wickedness; but calling to mind this ancient prediction, he lays aside his wrathful thunderbolts, and determines to destroy them by a flood. Thus we see that among the heathen, both ancient and modern, in lands widely separated from each other, among nations not only ignorant of the Scriptures, but without intercourse with each other since the confusion of tongues, the opinion has prevailed in common with christians, that the world is to be destroyed by fire. Admit that

it was revealed from heaven to some of the patriarchs when "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech," and the prevalence of this belief is easily and sufficiently accounted for. Deny it, and all is inexplicable mystery.

It may be gratifying to the christian to recognize the existence of this tradition among pagan nations, and to trace it through devious windings back to the source whence it came—the source of all true revelation; but he has a more sure word of prophecy on which to found his belief of the final dissolution of all things. To him the declaration of an inspired apostle is "the word of God." He is convinced by this most substantial of all arguments: "God hath said so, therefore it is true." To an intelligent faith, this is moral demonstration, and secures an unwavering assent.

Yet there are those who reject, wholly or in part, the doctrine referred to, of the final and complete dissolution of our world. Such a superficial skepticism may be founded, partly upon a corrupt desire of the heart that it may not be so, and partly upon a false conception of the intellect that it is either impossible, or contrary to the nature of things. Such a skepticism exists, and is lurking around the outskirts of the christian church, and to some extent, we fear, within its pale. It affects, at least in some localities, a class of well-meaning young men, who would shudder at the idea of becoming, or of being called, *infidels*. It is for this class more especially that we submit this paper. Representatives of this class of persons existed even in the days of the apostles. Their descendants, the scoffers, will, doubtless, to the end of time, continue to come in the same spirit. In the preaching of that day, as now, the destruction of the world was associated with the second advent of Christ. Some unwisely fixed the time of his coming as near at hand, and when the appointed season had passed, the ancient skeptics tauntingly replied: "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

The uniform stability of nature was to them a sufficient assurance that the present order of things would continue forever, that the solid foundations of earth could not be shaken, that its mighty masses of rock and sea could never be overcome by fire. For such a conclusion as this, there is, doubtless, some outward seeming. So stable and uniform is nature in all her movements and operations, that the skillful mathematician can tell the exact moment of an eclipse of the sun or moon; of the transit or occultation of a given star, which occurred six thousand years ago; and if the same state of things should continue so long, he can exactly calculate every similar event for ten thousand years to come.

Observing this uniform regularity and precision in the operation of nature, the young novitiate in science and philosophy is strangely prone to lose sight of God, and forget the power that first made and still moves the universe. Amazed and bewildered by what he contemplates, he mistakes *effects* for *cause*, and the uniform *law* of movement for the constantly *moving force*. How true the remark of Bacon, that prince of philosophers: "A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism;" and no less true when he added: "But *depth* in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."

We are of those who believe that science, truly so called, when rightly understood, nowhere presents any real obstacle to the fulfilment of any prophecy in the Scriptures, or contradicts any truth therein revealed. We believe that the testimony which nature and science are now giving, independent of the Scriptures, amounts to strong presumptive evidence that the world is approaching its final conflagration. To some points in this testimony we wish briefly to refer.

1. If this globe should be finally destroyed by fire, it is nothing more than we have reason to believe has already happened to other worlds which were once in sight of ours.

It is said that "in the year 1572, Tycho Brahe, on passing from his chemical laboratory to his observatory through the court of his house, observed in the constellation Cassiopeia, at a place where he had formerly seen but very small stars, a new star of uncommon magnitude. It was so bright that it surpassed Jupiter and even Venus in splendor, and was visible in the daytime. It seemed to be a world on fire; and for sixteen months it continued to blaze and shine, until at length it faded away and ceased to be visible." Never since that time, as the telescope, while exploring the heavens, has stopped to gaze upon that place, has any trace or remains of that star been discovered. Recent improvements in the science of optics have vastly augmented the power of the telescope to penetrate the azure depths of heaven. The distant nebulae, which La Place, and many modern astronomers, thought to be but gaseous clouds, floating in the depths of ether, and the materials out of which worlds were formed, the telescope has recently resolved into magnificent suns, the centers of new solar systems, so remote from us that their commingling rays of light made them appear to our optics like extensive beds of star dust. But when sought by all this augmented, far-reaching, space-penetrating power, no traces have been discovered of that *lost world*. Was that, think ye, the day of judgment to the inhabitants of some distant sphere, whose probation being ended, its heavens were wrapped in fire, and its elements were dissolved by fervent heat? It is stated that, within the last three centuries, thirteen fixed stars have, like that one, disappeared from the heavens. Blank desolation now reigns where once they swept through the mighty cycles, joining their harmony with the music of the spheres.

With these analogies from nature, who can say that a similar event may not overtake this planet, when being on fire it shall go flaming through the void, a beacon light of destiny to other spheres, and when exploding like a rocket, it shall go out in darkness, adding another to the catalogue of extinct worlds? Analogy, tradition, and Scripture, say that it will be so. We should, therefore, "be looking for," as we are evidently "hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

2. Such an event will appear still more probable, if we turn our attention to the geology of our globe. The probability that the interior of the earth is a molten mass of matter—a vast ocean of liquid fire—is now generally admitted by geologists and scientific men in both hemispheres. A great variety of experiments made in different parts of

the earth, proves that heat increases as we descend from the surface toward the center. In delving for mines of coal, iron, salt, lead, and other ores, the earth's crust has been penetrated to the depth of two or three thousand feet. Although the increase of heat is not uniform in all places where experiments have been made, yet its average rate is about one degree for every fifty feet in depth, as we descend on a line perpendicular to the surface. With this rate of increase, at the depth of seventy miles, there would be more than seven thousand degrees of heat. This would probably be sufficient to melt, and to keep in a liquid state, any material substance either known to the chemist or to be found in the mineral kingdom.

Geologists differ considerably in their opinions as to the probable thickness of the earth's crust, which separates us from the fiery sea within. Some think it is not more than thirty miles; others, fifty; a few much further than that. One has calculated that we are at least eight hundred miles from that seething caldron. The truth is doubtless somewhere between these extremes. But suppose the crust be eight hundred miles in thickness; we should then have a globe of fire within the earth more than six thousand miles in diameter. What an ocean that would be, six thousand miles long by six thousand wide, with a mean depth of three thousand miles. The probability would seem to be that the crust of the earth is less than one hundred miles in thickness. On either supposition, what a mass of fire is pent up beneath our feet! perhaps eating its way slowly toward the surface, rolling and tumbling in its fury and wearing away something from the lower strata at every revolution of the earth. Here surely are prepared material for a future conflagration. The testimony of geology already given, is sufficient at least to raise the presumption, that the train may now be laid, the match already lighted, and the slow fires creeping stealthily along, like a thief in the night, toward the magazine of the world, for a final and terrific explosion. Why all these fires within? Who can say that they are not kept there by the Omnipotent hand, for the very purpose mentioned by St Peter—the ultimate dissolution of our world?

But there are other natural phenomena which greatly strengthen, if they do not demonstrate, the truth of this theory of a vast interior ocean of fire. Volcanoes, or burning mountains, have been known in all ages of the world, and in nearly every section of the globe. From their open craters issue smoke, steam, and sulphurous gases, sometimes cinders, and flames, and torrents of red hot lava.

Three hundred of these volcanoes are known to have been in operation in modern times. These craters may serve as smoke-pipes and safety valves, to carry off steam from that vast boiler within, which otherwise might endanger the safety of our planet. But for these numerous vents, for aught we know, the globe would be rent into fragments before its appointed time.

The amount of lava occasionally poured forth at a single eruption, is sufficient to prove that there is an immense supply of it somewhere beneath the surface.

“At an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1794, the flowing lava spread over five thousand acres of beautiful vineyards and cultivated fields. At another eruption of the same mountain, in A. D. 94, the cities Herculaneum and

Pompeii were completely overwhelmed by the ashes, cinders, and red hot lava. The sun's light was totally obscured for two days throughout Naples. Great quantities of ashes and sulphurous smoke were carried not only to Rome, but even beyond the Mediterranean Sea into Africa, a distance of more than three hundred miles."—*World's Progress*, p. 580.

But the most tremendous volcanic eruption ever known to have taken place, occurred in Iceland, A. D. 1783. For a time it was feared that the whole island would be rent in pieces. Three fire spouts broke out of Mount Scapta Jocul, which, after rising high in six weeks, ran a distance of sixty miles to the sea, in a broken breadth of nearly twelve miles, and in some places sixty feet deep. Twelve river beds were completely filled and the rivers dried up. Twenty-one villages were wholly destroyed by water or fire, and thirty-four others greatly injured. We have not space to refer to others that have occurred. There are many of them on record. Enough already has been shown to prove, that there is an immense fountain of burning molten matter somewhere, which supplies material for these numerous eruptions. The fact that they occur in nearly all the latitudes and longitudes of the earth, that they are continually in operation somewhere, seems to point, as with a finger of demonstration, from every quarter, toward a central sea of fire, pent up within the bowels of the earth.

In close connection with the foregoing are the phenomena of earthquakes. Like volcanoes, they have occurred in all ages, and their shocks have been felt in all parts of the world. At such times the earth is seized with a violent trembling, the surface rises and falls suddenly, as if lashed by the billows of an underlying tempest-tossed ocean. Occasionally these shocks are so great that houses are demolished by them; the walls of cities are thrown down; sometimes the earth opens, flames of fire and boiling water gush forth, while thousands of unfortunate victims are swallowed by the yawning cavern below. In Sicily, in 1693, fifty-four towns and cities, and three hundred villages were overturned by an earthquake, when the whole city of Catania, with its eighteen thousand inhabitants, entirely disappeared. In A. D. 742, an earthquake occurred which shook Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor. Five hundred cities were destroyed, and the destruction of life surpassed all calculation. Sometimes the whole continent feels the dreadful sensation, for thousands of miles around. The theory that now prevails among scientific men, and one consistent with the known facts in the case, is, that earthquakes are caused by the action of a liquid fiery ocean somewhere within the earth. An ingenious French philosopher, M. Alexis Perrey, Professor in the Faculty of Sciences at Dijon, has recently submitted to the French Academy, a paper "On the Relation which may exist between the Frequency of Earthquakes and the Age of the Moon," and "On the Frequency of Earthquakes relative to the Times of the Moon's passing the Meridian." In this paper the learned professor would account for the phenomena of earthquakes, by the action of a *tide wave* on the internal ocean, produced by the joint influence of the sun and moon's attraction, acting upon and through the crust of the earth, similar to that produced by the same influences on the exterior ocean. It was very natural and easy for a philosophic mind to perceive, that if the center of the earth is in a pasty or liquid state, the same influences which cause the

tides, must affect, though not so powerfully, the yielding mass within. We have neither time nor space to discuss the merits of this question here. We would simply add, that the theory already has the sanction of great names, and is now attracting the serious attention of scientific men on both sides of the Atlantic. Professor Perrey has made out tables of all the earthquakes which have occurred since 1801, and finds that the time and place of their occurrence closely corresponds with the position of the moon, and also that the greatness or lightness of their shocks have their explanation in harmony with his theory. He has been requested to extend his investigation, and make out tables of earthquakes which happened prior to 1801.

We do not claim in this paper that it is fully demonstrated, as yet, that the interior of our globe is a mass of liquid fire. We only claim that in the present stage of the argument, founded upon the facts and principles of the science, the presumption and probabilities in that direction are very strong. Hence, we say, from the testimony of nature and science, it is quite evident that there can be no want of fire, and of fire in sufficient quantities to produce the predicted conflagration.

3. The probability of a complete dissolution of the earth is still more increased, when we take into the account the chemistry of the globe. According to the known principles of chemistry, is the earth capable of such a dissolution by fire, as is set forth in the language of the apostle? From the experiments which have been made, it is now universally admitted by chemists, that any and all inorganic substances found upon the *surface* or *in* the earth, can, by heat, be reduced to a liquid state. Seven thousand degrees of heat are supposed to be sufficient to accomplish this, to *melt* any mineral substance. Recent experiments prove that the solid granite, and the quartz rock, by the application of heat, can be reduced to a liquid, as clear and transparent as the purest spring water. It is also universally admitted, if not fully proved, that when any substance has been reduced to a liquid state, it can be still further dissipated into *gases*. To reduce the whole to a single proposition we would say: by the application of a sufficient degree of heat, all inorganic mineral substances can be reduced, first to a liquid, and then to a gaseous state. All vegetable and animal substances readily fall a prey to fire, which consumes and dissipates them. Thus far science presents no obstacle to the complete dissolution of the solid portions of the earth. But how shall we dispose of the *water*, which covers about three-fourths of the earth's surface? Besides this, large quantities are held in solution in the upper air in the form of mist, vapor, and clouds. Can this universal extinguisher of fire be made to burn? If not, we do not see *how* the declaration of the apostle can be accomplished, though we might still implicitly believe the inspired word. To this question the recent developments of science presents an easy solution. It has long been known that water is the composition of two elements or gases, oxygen and hydrogen; that water can be decomposed or separated into its original gases; and that when thus separated, hydrogen is highly combustible, and oxygen is the great supporter of combustion. Also oxygen may be burned in an atmosphere of hydrogen or sulphur, as well as sulphur and hydrogen in an atmosphere of oxygen. In a word, oxygen and hydrogen are each combustible and mutually supporters of

combustion. All that is wanting to wrap the earth in flames, is simply to separate the great bodies of water in the earth and air, into their component gases, and then to ignite them. No rational theist can doubt the power of God to produce in a moment such a change in the elements which compose the waters of the globe, if he saw fit to do so. None can doubt, that in the twinkling of an eye he could then set the heavens and earth in a blaze by his lightnings. These gases, when unconfined, are very expansive. Suppose the whole waters of the globe at once decomposed, the heavens on all sides filled to the top of the atmosphere with the expanding oxygen and hydrogen, and a sheet of flame fifty miles high, kindled around this earth, would it not prepare the way for a sublime and awful conflagration? According to the testimony of science on this point, the waters, though so vast in extent, constitute no obstacle to the burning up of the world; but, on the other hand, are materials in waiting, evidently prepared for the occasion. Yet they are so in God's keeping that we need have no fear of man or even of Satan's applying the torch, to precipitate that day of fire upon us before the appointed time.

The chemist knows that water may be decomposed, under some circumstances, by the agency of electricity. It is also known that the earth is a great electrical battery, in which electricity may be elaborated and stored up in vast quantities. What part electricity now plays in the great economy of nature, and what part it will then play in the world's dissolution, of course must be left chiefly to conjecture. For aught we know, God may employ it as the agent for destroying the equilibrium of nature, for changing the organic laws of combination, for dissolving the mysterious union between hydrogen and oxygen, and for precipitating those inflammable gases at once upon the world. It is very evident from the Scriptures, that lightnings will be actively employed on that day of physical doom. The apostle says that "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise." We can readily conceive that it will be so. It would be difficult to conceive it otherwise. When the electricity which has long slumbered in the bosom of the earth shall, at the voice of God, dart forth in every direction through earth, sea, and air, have we not at hand materials for such a concert of thunders as never yet broke upon the human ear, nor shook the earth and heaven? When this shall take place, when the new-made flames without shall vie with the imprisoned fires within the earth, when God shall give the signal by his awful thunders, we may well imagine that the earthquake will lift up its mighty voices, while the whole globe is rending into fragments. It would seem that God has often given intimations of what the inhabitants of earth might expect and fear. The mighty throes within, that so frequently shake our globe, find relief and rest only by the terrible eruptions of volcanoes or immense openings of the surface. Suppose these vents should be suddenly closed, or the internal explosive gases should rapidly accumulate, how easily, if God so willed it, the crust of the earth, the solid globe itself, might be shivered into atoms. The deep-rooted mountains, torn from their rocky beds, may literally fulfil this line of the poet's—

"And mountains are on mountains hurl'd."

When the everlasting foundations of granite are breaking up and melting

amid the judgment fires. As mass after mass, fragment after fragment, mountain after mountain, shall fall back from the distant point to which it had been thrown by the exploding force, into the liquid ocean now bereft of its external covering, all will doubtless melt down and mingle together in one common mass.

CHURCH ORGANS.

BY THE EDITOR.

To complete the sketch commenced in the previous number, we here add a few words more on the history and rise of this noble musical instrument.

In the early part of the ninth century Charles the Great introduced skillful organists into France from Italy. The Germans also received instructions from Italian masters; and before the tenth century the Germans brought the Church under obligations to them by their skill and zeal in the improvement of the organ—it having been up to this time in many respects very imperfect. Mention is made, for instance, of a celebrated organ in the year 980 of only 400 pipes, which was supplied with wind by twelve bellows above and fourteen beneath, worked by seventy strong men who freely perspired at their work! In other respects it was equally clumsy and rude.

Thus it is not to be wondered that the organ in those days, notwithstanding its many friends, had also numerous enemies. Yet the objections to the use of the instrument sprang wholly from its imperfect construction, which became the means of urging men of skill to labor for its improvement. It was not until the latter half of the sixteenth century that the organ attained anything like its present excellence and perfection.

The organ in St. Mary's Church, Danzig, built in 1585, has 4000 pipes. The celebrated organ in Amsterdam, built in 1738, has 8000 pipes. That of St. Peter's, at Rome, is a mammoth work; and that in the Convent of Weingarten, at Ravensburg, is still larger. Besides these, almost every important town and city of Germany has its more or less celebrated organ. These lead the Psalms and Hymns of "the great congregation," and greatly serve to subdue and at the same time inspire the hearts of the worshippers.

Though Germany is the classic land of organs, yet other countries also possess some celebrated instruments. A magnificent organ has lately been built in Birmingham, England. Spain, though poor in organs, has an imposing one in the Cathedral of Seville. Some organs of very respectable size and capacity have also been built in America.

Though opposition to the use of organs in divine worship first rose, as we have seen, from their rude construction, yet later they also met with formidable resistance on another ground. The propriety of their use was earnestly questioned. Not only the strict Puritans of Scotland, till the beginning of the last century, earnestly opposed their introduction, but even the Reformed Swiss protested for a long time against their

use. Berne, even in the last quarter of the last century had no organ. The Greek Church, up to this day, has not allowed its use in worship. This opposition to organs was strengthened by a misuse often made of the instrument by the organists themselves, in playing music not suited to the sanctuary.

Our object has been rather to give a brief history of organs than to discuss the question of their use in public worship. Those christians who have been accustomed to worship with an organ as an accompaniment of their songs of penitence and praise would be brought with difficulty to doubt the propriety of their use. The organ has great power over our associations, and it is part of the furniture and charm of a church, the good influence of which cannot well be calculated. That the Bible sanctions the use of instrumental music is very plain. Those commit themselves to by far too much who in regard to this pious attempt to set the New Testament against the Old. Such supposed antagonism betrays a want of insight into that unity in spirit and life of both dispensations which our Saviour so plainly recognized.

There is moreover something so heavenly in music that we cannot suppose any part of it is designed to be surrendered to the world. Christianity seeks, not to ignore and abolish but to sanctify and appropriate all art, and to work by and through all those powers by which the heart is to be reached, and through which its associations may be bound to itself, elevated and controlled.

MY SPELLING BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

My Spelling Book—that is to say, good, old Noah Webster's, is a religious book. We do not mean that it contains nothing else than religion. It has its rules, and its spelling tables, like other spelling books; but a religious soul pervades the entire book. A religious man is not therefore the less a secular man. He attends to his worldly affairs like other men; but he does all in a pious spirit. Piety is with him the first and greatest thing, and consequently its spirit pervades all his acts, as the life pervades the body. So with our Spelling Book; it teaches in the spirit of piety.

The author announces this fact plainly and nobly in his preface. He hopes that the book will prove acceptable to the public, "by facilitating the education of youth, and enabling teachers to instil into their minds, with the first rudiments of the language, some just ideas of religion, morals and domestic economy." He believed that religion is the only true basis of all education, and that its life must be infused with even "the first rudiments of the language;" and by mentioning it first in order, shows his belief that it is also the foundation of all "morals and domestic economy." How truly it is so, is abundantly proclaimed by all observation and experience. In vain do we look for morals separate

from religion ; and equally in vain do we seek for "domestic economy" where the spirit of piety does not reign. In all respects that great declaration is true: Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life which now is, as well as that which is to come.

In what bold and significant contrast with this principle of Webster, is the spirit of our modern spelling books. This we shall hereafter more fully show. At present we need only quote a sentence from one of our late spelling books "carefully arranged in progressive order, and on practical principles." The Author lays down his basis thus: "The object of a work of this kind should chiefly be to teach *orthography* and *pronunciation*, and all extraneous matter should be omitted." The whole book shows plainly that he reckoned religion as "extraneous matter." It is as cold as moonlight from beginning to end, and would be as well adapted for Jews, Turks, and Infidels, as for schools in a christian land.

It is only necessary to contrast our spelling book with any modern one to see how these last sink everything down into the mere secular and natural; and in such a flat way too as to render them fairly ridiculous to one who knows of something better. To show this, let us contrast the first reading Lesson in each. Our Webster, in a truly priestly style, and in anointed words, begins thus:

"No man may put off the law of God:
My joy is in His law all the day.
O may I not go in the way of sin!
Let me not go in the way of ill men."

Now take the first Lesson in our modern book, and keep from laughing if you can:

"The cow is in the lot,
The pig is in the sty,
The cat is on the mat,
The cat can mew and pur."

If this is not a coming down from the sublime to the ridiculous, we are no judge. This contrast, moreover, is not accidental, but furnishes a fair specimen of the same difference as it runs through both books.

Take the next lesson designed for the next stage in the child's progress in reading. Our spelling book gives it piously thus:

"The time will come when we must all be laid in the dust.

"Keep thy tongue from ill, and thy lips from guile. Let thy words be plain and true to the thoughts of thy heart."

The sentiments here are all imbued with the spirit of piety. Now take the following from the "improved system:"

"Ann had a bird by the name of Ned, which she kept in a neat wire cage.

"Ann was quite fond of Ned. He would hop round his cage and sing for an hour at a time."

Very instructive! It strikes us as admirably adapted to fill a child's head with those vain fancies in which the rich of cities indulge their charming little pet children. It is cruel, to say the least, to fill the mind of some poor man's child with desires for a "neat wire cage," and a pet bird, of which otherwise it would not have dreamed; or thus tempt it to

annoy some more favored child in the same school who has both cage and bird.

Let us compare the poetry of these books. In order to be fair we again take the *first* piece in each book. Never have we forgotten the beautiful poetry and the excellent lesson of the first poem in the Spelling Book. Here it is :

THE ROSE.

The rose had been wash'd, lately wash'd in a show'r,
That Julia to Emma convey'd ;
A plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And seem'd, at a fanciful view,
To weep with regret, for the buds it had left,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd ;
And shaking it rudely—too rudely, alas,
I snapt it—it fell to the ground.

“ And such,” I exclaimed, “ is the pitiless part
“ Some act by the delicate mind ;
“ Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
“ Already to sorrow resign'd.

This beautiful rose, had I shaken it less,
“ Might have bloom'd with the owner a while ;
“ And the tear that is wip'd, with a little address,
“ May be follow'd perhaps with a smile.”

Now, take the first in the modern improved book. Can it be called poetry? It has no point at all, and even the attempt at humor is flat, and must be pronounced a failure. It has not even the merit of being smart and funny :

THE BOY AND HIS DOG.

Old Rover is the finest dog
That ever ran a race ,
His ear is so quick, his foot so fleet,
And such an honest face.

My play-mate he, in every sport,
The moment I begin ;
He's always ready for a race,
And always sure to win.

One day he stole my hat, and ran
Away across the plain :
While loudly laughed a boy and man
Who saw me chase in vain.

So, tired at last, I sat me down
Upon a green grass-plot,
When quick, old Rover turned about,
And brought me back my hat.

At home, abroad, where'er I go,
There Rover's sure to be;
There never was a kinder dog,
Than he has been to me.

So! What an adventure! We ask the reader's pardon for printing such nonsensical doggerel in the Guardian. We have done it solely to illustrate the fact that in our modern spelling Books every thing is brought down flat to the earth, and to prove what we assert by facts.

Any amount of ridiculous stuff could be quoted from these modern spelling books. After the specimens presented, it is scarcely necessary to add others. Yet the reader may here take one more of these gems and wise sayings. Thus, the child is gravely informed as follows.

"Every dog has *four* legs: but no dog has *fore* legs behind."

This is intended to illustrate how different words have the same sound. All right. We only find fault with the sentence by which it is illustrated. This could have been done equally well by a sentence containing sense, and even pious sense.

The wisest thing we have yet found in any of these modern books is contained in the opening sentence of the preface to one of them. We agree with it entirely. "There have been many attempts within a few past years to improve the Spelling Book, but no author, as yet, has succeeded in producing a book which has supplanted the old ones, or entirely satisfied the public mind." All true. Though the author evidently thinks he has succeeded. We differ with him. It would be no matter of surprise to us to see the time when our Spelling book, even old Webster, should be reprinted with such improvements as the gradual change in all living languages makes necessary. Even as it is, it is better than all the rest put together.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

THIS number closes another volume of the Guardian. Eight years it has gone forth on its humble mission of doing good, nor is it yet weary of its way. If God permit it will enter upon a new year with the first of January. May we not express the hope that our subscribers will go with us in the future as in the past. These are "hard times," in a pecuniary point of view; economy and retrenchment in expenses are necessary; yet permit us to ask the reader whether he ought to begin with the *dollar* which he pays for the Guardian? Are there not some other items of expense where the retrenchment can be better made? If you have derived pleasure from our Magazine, and wish it success and long life, why will you break with it for the sake of a dollar which you can save in some other place in your expenses. Even as you have to do, so has the Guardian also, to work its way through the "panic;" and should others also begin their economy by dismissing it, no doubt the aggregate would prove an enemy which would cost it sorrows to overcome. The hope is that we shall in less than a year leave the "hard times" behind; and we shall all be out again on calm seas. So, if you will, give us your hand, and go with us another year.

We would respectfully ask our friends, old and new, to lend us their aid in procuring some additional new subscribers at the opening of the new volume. The January number will be sent out some time in this month. A word in commendation of it from its friends will be taken as a special kindness at this time.

One great object which we had in view in founding the *Guardian*—indeed we may say the most prominent one—was to aid and encourage young men who struggle amid untoward circumstances to overcome the difficulties in the way of securing for themselves a liberal education. This aim has never been out of our mind. Every Number has been prepared with some reference directly or indirectly to this end. We have also had abundant evidence, during its history, that its mission in this respect has not been in vain.

Among all our letters—for we keep all—there are none which we preserve and review with more real delight than those we have received from young men, and ladies too, at academies, seminaries, and colleges, or on their way thither, who gratefully acknowledge that the *Guardian* either started them in that direction, or smoothed and cheered their way. We mean no compliment to ourselves, when we say that many have so written to us. We state it solely as a fact that goes to show that our *Guardian* has a business in the world. Nor is it a presumptuous guess to suppose that there may be many others who have never made it known, who have been strengthened in their purposes by its quiet words.

There are many earnest young men in “pursuit of knowledge under difficulties;” but there are few who witness their outward life that know the full extent of their varied and severe trials. They, in most cases, not only share the neglect of a cold and selfish world, which because it is not in earnest, carelessly passes by those who are; but they often receive even positive discouragements and opposition from such as, in the order of social life, ought to sustain and cheer them. Such young men feel inwardly impelled by the sense of a mission which they themselves do not fully understand; and the necessity which is laid upon them seems neither to suffer them to rest where they are, nor to show them whither to go or what to do. Very often they live in the midst of surroundings from which they can obtain no counsel, except the advice to “put such foolish notions out of their heads!” Thus they are alone; and their heart knoweth its own bitterness.

We speak not vainly, but with a high purpose, when we say that we know something of the cares and pains of such young men from personal experience. We traveled the road and are deeply familiar with all that lies along it. We also encountered Giant Despair at many a hill of difficulty, and know the discipline of those who fall into his hands. Had this not been so, the *Guardian* had never been published. The hope of benefitting such, inspired us with the desire to extend toward such a heart of sympathy and a hand of help. Hence, in the first prospectus, eight years ago, we wrote: “We will make it a prominent point to encourage Self-Culture, or Self-Education, among the young. We will aim at leading them to habits of study and reading, and to the useful employment of leisure time. To this end we will give at times, short biographies of men who became great and useful by a

course of persevering Self-Education, hoping in this way to incite the young to imitate their example."

We remember, also, the benefit we ourselves received from a magazine in our youthful struggles. We sold our fishing out-lines and a pair of gloves to procure the money to pay for it. Though not as large as the Guardian, it cost more—\$1.50 a year. When it had been sent about six months the establishment broke up, and we received it no more—thus losing the half of our money, the first serious loss we ever sustained! Though its history was brief, and it was not directly and fully adapted to our wants, having much in it that was light and trifling, yet we drew forth much from it that was food for our hunger, and light on our way. Even now we remember some articles distinctly, and can quote some passages from it. Such was the impression made upon our young mind by this magazine.

This fact, we confess, had also much to do with the founding of our Guardian. The hope of publishing a magazine that should meet among the young a want, such as we ourselves deeply felt in youth, became one of the most beautiful dreams of our life. We made the attempt—and are still endeavoring to realize our ideal. In so far as we have succeeded, we devoutly give praise so our Father in Heaven. In so far as we have failed, our weakness, and not our wish, is in the fault.

In this same path the Guardian proposes to walk during the coming year. We affectionally ask our friends to go with us if they can approve of what we do, and attempt to do. The general troubles in the monetary world as we have intimated, may tempt some, even of its warm friends to withdraw their subscriptions from our magazine. We hope, however, that before they do so they will consider what we have suggested, and ask themselves whether they may not retrench their expenses at some other point, and still spare \$1 for the Guardian. We feel-almost sure that any one may do it without *selling his fishing implements and his gloves!*

THE NEW PROSPECTUS.—We call the attention of our readers to the Prospectus for 1858, which will be found on the Cover of this Number. We shall be thankful to any lady or gentleman who will procure for us a Club of subscribers in their locality. Please make the effort, and send us the result.

PORTRAIT OF DR. WOLF.—We have received a copy of the portrait of Rev. Bernard C. Wolf, D.D., Professor of Didactic and Pastoral Theology in the Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. It has been done in large size by Sartain, who stands confessedly at the head of his profession in this country. The oftener we examine this effort the more strongly are we assured of its entire success. It is certainly as life-like as any thing absent from the Doctor himself can well be, and must be very acceptable to his numerous friends and former parishioners. It is published by Prof. T. Apple of Lancaster, Pa., and can be had of him at \$1 per copy.



